

Saturday June 20 1998

Abu Dhabi D 5.00	Green D 5.00	Omaha OR 1.00
Abu Dhabi D 5.00	Green D 5.00	Omaha OR 1.00
Abu Dhabi D 5.00	Green D 5.00	Omaha OR 1.00
Abu Dhabi D 5.00	Green D 5.00	Omaha OR 1.00
Abu Dhabi D 5.00	Green D 5.00	Omaha OR 1.00
Abu Dhabi D 5.00	Green D 5.00	Omaha OR 1.00
Abu Dhabi D 5.00	Green D 5.00	Omaha OR 1.00
Abu Dhabi D 5.00	Green D 5.00	Omaha OR 1.00
Abu Dhabi D 5.00	Green D 5.00	Omaha OR 1.00
Abu Dhabi D 5.00	Green D 5.00	Omaha OR 1.00

The Guardian

INTERNATIONAL

Printed in London, Manchester, Frankfurt and Roubaix

After the thuggery:

Can the left find a new patriotism?

Saturday, page 15

Adam-Mars Jones on:

'I didn't like gays. And I am one.'

Saturday, page 17

First round of the US Open

Putting trouble haunts Faldo

Sport, Page 28

Judge's sacking reopens Maxwell mystery



Robert Maxwell: huge debts

John Hooper in Tenerife and Dan Atkinson

THE mystery surrounding the death of the disgraced publisher Robert Maxwell has been reopened by the sacking on grounds of mental illness of the Spanish judge who handled the original inquiry, the Guardian has discovered. Her dismissal throws doubt on her verdict, which ruled out foul play.

Judge Isabel Oliva has

been declared unfit because of "permanent incapacity". Complaints and disciplinary moves against her stretch back to 1991, the year of Maxwell's death.

The decision to remove her, taken by Spain's highest judicial body, the Consejo General del Poder Judicial, casts a new light on the succession of confusing, often bizarre, events after the press baron's corpse was pulled from the Atlantic off the Canary Islands on November 5, 1991.

She was criticised at the time for failing properly to interview the crew and for

not conducting proper tests on Maxwell's bedroom on his yacht.

Members of the Maxwell family were said to be appalled when they arrived to find people wandering around what ought to have been a sealed-off area on the vessel from which he is thought to have fallen.

Few of the routine scene-of-investigation precautions against contamination of evidence seemed to have been taken.

Now — with the most serious questions raised about Ms Oliva's professional competence at the

time of Robert Maxwell's death — calls are likely for a new, thoroughgoing and independent inquiry.

A Guardian investigation has disclosed that: □ Ms Oliva was disciplined for professional misconduct in the year of Maxwell's disappearance.

□ She has twice since been put on trial.

□ Her unexplained inaction in the months after the Spanish inquiry helped to scotch plans for a separate, British investigation into the causes of the media tycoon's death.

Maxwell's body was identified and examined on the island of Grand Canary.

But responsibility for the inquiry was handed to Ms Oliva, a judge in the little hill town of Granadilla on the neighbouring island of Tenerife. Maxwell's yacht had dropped anchor on a stretch of coast within her jurisdiction at the end of its fatal voyage.

Ms Oliva closed the inquiry with a verdict that ruled out foul play. But, under Spanish law, she was not required to rule on the issue — vital for insurance purposes — of whether Maxwell committed suicide. A suicide verdict would have cancelled his insurance policies.

Theories, some fanciful, have abounded since then suggesting, among other things, that the tycoon took his own life, that he was murdered by agents of — variously — Bulgaria, Israel and the United Kingdom, and that he blacked out when relieving himself over the side of his boat and drowned.

This last theory, pressed by Kevin Maxwell's defence when he and his brother Ian were tried for fraud, was backed by evidence

suggesting blackouts in such circumstances were relatively common.

Britain did not hold a separate inquest into Maxwell's death, despite concerns about the post-mortem examination and the handling of affairs in Spain.

Robert Maxwell was found at sea just as his international media empire was collapsing under \$3 billion of debts.

Shortly afterwards, it was discovered he had used \$425 million of pension-fund assets in a last bid to keep the group in business.

Fury over new job for watchdog

David Hencke Westminster Correspondent

LORD Neill, the senior lawyer appointed by Tony Blair to clean up corruption in public life, has as founded colleagues and angered MPs by taking a lucrative brief to represent Dame Shirley Porter, the former Tory leader of Westminster council, in her fight to overturn a £27 million surcharge for "disgraceful and improper gerrymandering".

MPs were last night incredulous that a life peer, ennobled by the Prime Minister, should take up Dame Shirley's case while being paid £500 a day to hold an inquiry into party funding.

His decision — taken without reference to colleagues on the inquiry — provoked calls from Labour MPs to reconsider it.

Andrew Dismore, MP for Hendon and a former leader of the Labour group on Westminster council, said: "I am astounded that Lord Neill has taken Shirley Porter's shilling. There must be a clear conflict of interest between his duties in looking into party funding and local government and such a high profile case that goes to the heart of probity in local government."

Peter Bradley, Labour MP for the Wexham and formerly deputy leader of the Labour group on Westminster council, described Lord Neill's decision as "an extraordinary lapse of judgment".

Mr Bradley said: "He must recognise that this is a massive propaganda coup for the Labour group. This has clearly compromised his position. ... I am not questioning his integrity, but I think serious questions are raised about his judgment. He, above all people, should recognise that it is not sufficient to be free from conflicts of interest. It is crucial that he is seen to be free from those conflicts."



Shirley Porter: choice of Lord Neill 'a coup'

Lord Neill defended the move, in a statement claiming that the cab-rank principle, whereby practising lawyers take the next case in line, meant he had to take the brief. "I confirm that I was instructed by solicitors Nicholson, Graham and Jones to seek leave from the Court of Appeal for Dame Shirley Porter to appeal against the adverse decisions of the lower courts. Leave has now been granted."

"The appeal raises important questions of law. By long tradition, members of the Bar accept instructions on what is called the cab-rank principle. They do not pick and choose their cases on the basis of popularity or unpopularity of the case or the client."

This was dismissed by Dale Campbell-Savours, Labour MP for Workington and a member of the Commons Standards and Privileges Committee. "It is well known that the cab-rank principle can simply be ignored by telling your client that you are too busy," he said.

Members of Lord Neill's Committee on Standards in Public Life did not want to comment on his decision — but some were taken aback by it. A colleague who did not want to be named described the decision as "a very stupid lapse by a very clever man".

Downing Street was last night distancing itself from the disclosure. A spokesman said: "It's entirely a matter for Lord Neill. It is nothing to do with the Government."

The 71-year-old lord's decision to pick up the brief comes at a crucial time for Dame Shirley. The district auditor John Magill found her guilty of "willful misconduct and improper and disgraceful gerrymandering" after a seven-year investigation into what became known as the "homes for votes" scandal.

She, five other councillors and four officials were found guilty of selective sales of council houses at the expense of the homeless in an attempt to prevent Labour winning the 1990 council elections. Last year the High Court judge upheld the findings against her and the deputy leader, David Weeks, branding her a "liar" and refusing leave to appeal. Dame Shirley went back to court to restore her right of appeal.

Formidable lawyer, page 5; Leader comment, page 10



Trumpeting success... Nigerian fans celebrate their team's 1-0 victory over Bulgaria in Paris yesterday

PHOTOGRAPH: OLEG POPOV

Police prepare new hooligan sweep

More UK spotters ready to follow 'unknown army' in France

Stuart Miller and John Duncan

MORE police spotters may be sent into France to help round up English football hooligans, it emerged last night.

No decision has been made, but senior officials have been involved in behind-the-scenes discussions with their French counterparts to prepare for more spotters to be "parachuted" into France to boost the security effort.

As the operation to track down hooligans involved in

the violence in Marseille continued, intelligence sources also revealed that police will attempt to extradite hooligans who escape justice in France and make it back to Britain.

Details of the new measures came as Sir Brian Hayes, the Football Association's head of security, defended his decision to take a three-day break in Spain to fulfil a long-standing family engagement.

Sir Brian said critics of his absence were "very ill-informed" about his role. "They have the wrong concept of what my function is," he told Radio 4's The World at One

programme. "I have nothing to do with the running of the policing arrangements."

The Home Office confirmed last night that the number of spotters in France was under review, but stressed that no formal approach had been made by the French. A spokesman said that any moves to draft in more would not be a tacit criticism of the French security effort.

But it might amount to recognition that the spotters already on the ground have struggled to cope because many of the worst offenders have been unknown to police.

According to a French source, the man identified as the main villain of Marseille is not known to British officers. He is now top of French

police's hooligan hit-list. Video surveillance of 60 to 80 English hooligans involved in the Marseille violence has been distributed to police across France.

The events in the city's old port area were filmed by the 14 British police spotters as well as by French police and closed circuit TV cameras.

The first capture of their hooligan sweep was Carlon Maddocks, arrested two days ago in Montpellier and jailed for two months yesterday.

The main problem faced by British police in trying to extradite suspects is that only serious offences are normally considered worthy of procedures, but there were hints yesterday that the Government might be asked to ap-

prove extradition orders for offences that would not usually qualify.

"Our message to the French police has not changed," said assistant chief constable Tim Hollis, who is head of British liaison with the French. "It is to gather evidence, put them before the courts and lock them up because that is the best deterrent we have."

There was a fillip for ordinary supporters yesterday when it was announced that perimeter fences would not be reinstated at Toulouse's Stade Municipal for England's visit.

Hooligans on the march, page 4; Sport, pages 22 and 23; England our England, Saturday, page 15

Letters, leader comment 10

Cricket 20

14 Crossword 26

770261 307866

TO MY DAD

The edible Father's Day card.

Special TOBACCO Father's Day packs available from all leading confectioners.

Sentencing fiasco bill may top £20m

Damages award in test case

Alan Travis
Home Affairs Editor

THE Prison Service last night faced the prospect of paying millions of pounds to thousands of ex-prisoners after the Court of

Appeal ruled that inmates who had their sentences wrongly calculated were entitled to compensation.

The award of damages yesterday in a test case is the final act of a mass early release programme which was dubbed "the great jailbreak of 1996" and which fol-

lowed the original court ruling that the Prison Service had been wrongly calculating the release dates of thousands of prisoners going back many years.

The final bill could be more than £20 million for a mistake by the Prison Service lawyers which happened while Michael Howard was home secretary. He halted the releases in August 1996 when he discovered that 541 prisoners had been freed on a mistake as a result of a new sentence calculation manual sent to governors.

The ruling, which will open

the floodgates to many more such payments, came yesterday from three judges, including the Master of the Rolls, Lord Woolf. They ruled that an ex-prisoner, Michelle Evans, was entitled to £5,000 damages for false imprisonment after she served an extra 59 days in Brockhill Prison, Wrexham, Cheshire.

The judges said the Brockhill governor could not be held to be personally at fault as he was applying the law as it then stood, but said it was "deeply embedded" in English law that somebody

imprisoned without lawful authority was entitled to damages, irrespective of any fault on the part of the person responsible.

Lord Woolf said the European Convention of Human Rights (Article 5) meant it was impossible to give a prisoner immunity from paying damages in this situation. The ruling also means that any prisoner released in the past six years who had his or her sentence wrongly calculated might be able to claim compensation. There are thought to be thousands of

prisoners whose cases fall within the statutory time limit.

The issue centres on the way that time spent on remand is deducted when prisoners are given concurrent sentences.

Michelle Evans was sentenced on January 12 1996 to two years for robbery, nine months, to be served concurrently, for two counts of burglary, and three months, also concurrently, for assault occasioning actual bodily harm. The way the time spent on remand was set against her sentence meant she served 59

days more than she should have and was entitled to damages, the Appeal Court ruled.

The Prison Service is to appeal to the House of Lords and refused to comment further yesterday.

It is believed that there are already at least 40 further cases in the pipeline. Hundreds more are expected as news of the judgment spreads. Paul Cavadino of the National Association for Care and Resettlement of Offenders said the Treasury should find the money to pay the bill so that the Prison Service did not have to cut its budget.

"This was an honest mistake in the light of what the Prison Service believed the law to be. However, these prisoners were made to serve this time on remand twice over," he added.

Harry Fletcher of the National Association of Probation Officers said that, if every prisoner affected by the judgment made a claim for compensation, the bill could reach £20 million.

"At a time when the Prison Service is extremely hard pressed for cash, this is a verdict it could do without," he said.

Six living in fear of CJD win test case damages

Clare Dyer
Legal Correspondent

THE Government faces an estimated \$1.5 million compensation bill after six young adults, who risk developing Creutzfeldt Jakob Disease from human growth hormone treatment they received as children, won test cases yesterday.

The six, whose awards were between £3,500 and £30,000, suffer depression, anxiety, panic attacks and other psychological problems from the fear of developing the disease, which causes dementia and rapid death.

They were among nearly 2,000 children with stunted growth who received injections of the hormone between 1959 and 1985, when the treatment was halted after the first deaths in the United States.

Some batches of the hormone, made from the pituitaries of cadavers, were contaminated. The disease can take up to 30 years to incubate.

Another 40 or so claimants will now have damages assessed. These will depend on the severity of the psychological illness and financial loss, for example losing the chance of a well-paid career.

The High Court judgment against the Department of Health and the government-run Medical Research Council was delivered by Mr Justice Morland, sitting at Lincoln crown court.

Of the 2,000 who received the treatment, 25 have died from CJD and two are dying. Compensation for the 22 deaths for which the Government was held liable — those who received injections after July 1 1977 — is expected to total £2.25 million.



Justin Parkes outside the court yesterday. He won £3,500

PHOTOGRAPH BY RUI VIEIRA

Blair does the honours for end of the peer show

Lucy Ward

MELVYN Bragg and the television entrepreneur Waleed Ali are today among a list of working peers intended by Tony Blair to dilute Tory domination of the House of Lords.

The 27-strong list of life peers — the second issued by Mr Blair — includes 18 nominated by the Prime Minister, together with five Tories, including the former Chancellor and ardent Euro-sceptic Norman Lamont — and four Liberal Democrats.

Labour's nominees, drawn from business, public affairs and the trade unions as well as the Labour movement, included party donors and members of the close Blair circle so decided by the Tories. There was also, as widely leaked, a peerage for outgoing party general secretary Tom Sawyer.

But there was little evidence of the expected influence of Lord Britanna, other than Mr Ali, 34-year-old boss of Planet 24 and friend of Peter Mandelson, and the arts broadcaster and Blair supporter Mr Bragg. He said yesterday he was preparing to vote for the abolition of his hereditary colleagues and urged people to call him Melvyn rather than use his new title.

The list includes Northern Foods chairman Christopher Haskins, who once insisted on paring to vote for the abolition of his hereditary colleagues and urged people to call him Melvyn rather than use his new title.

The Tories, whose 474 peers before today's list far outweighed the 156 taking the Labour whip, claimed Mr Blair's choices reflected Labour's desire to "turn the House of Lords into the Government's poodle". Reform of the Lords will start with a bill next autumn to abolish the

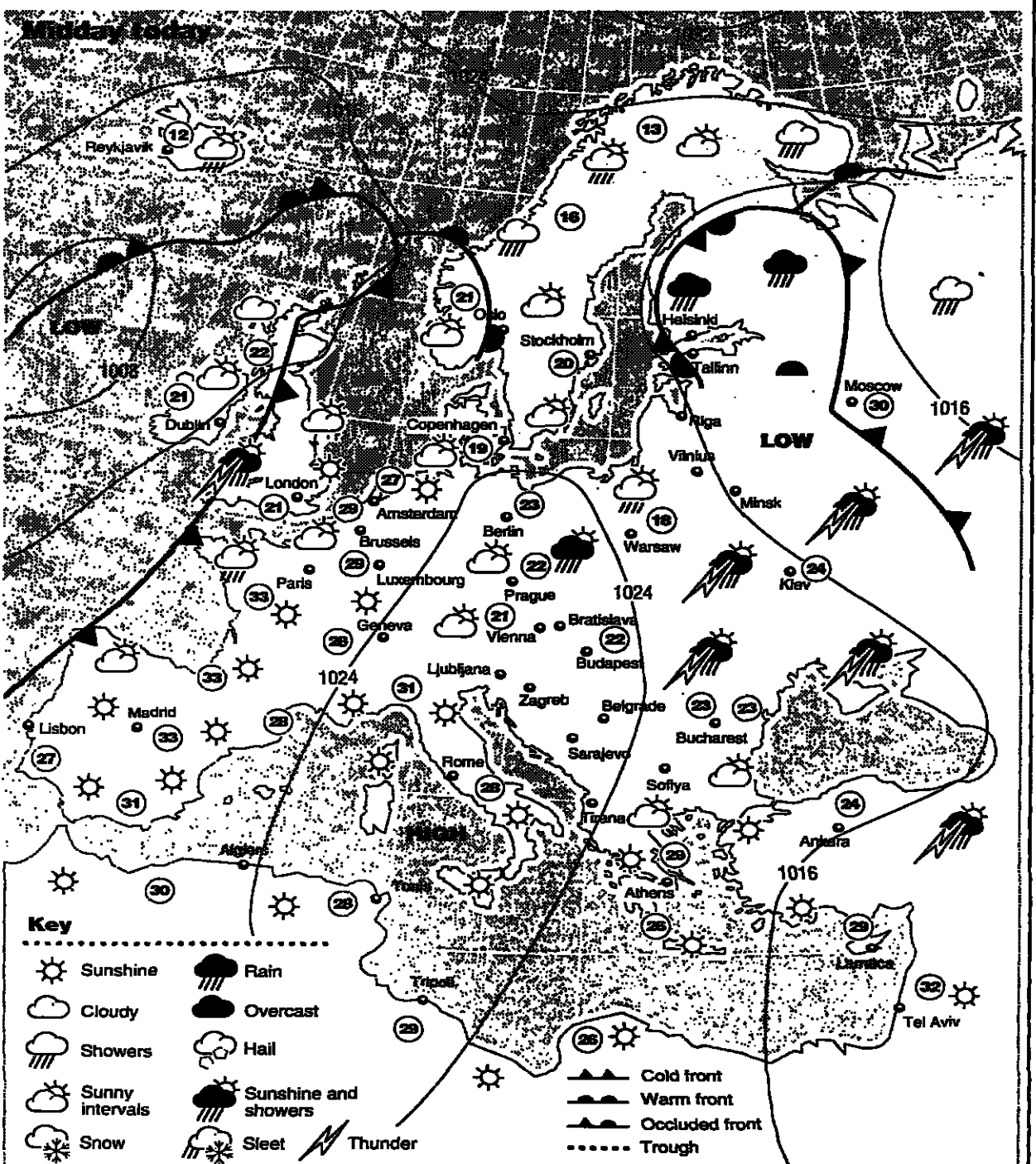


Melvyn Bragg: urged people not to use his new title

voting rights of hereditary peers, but the Government has yet to decide on the second stage.

Conservative deputy chairman Michael Ancram said the Labour peers had "one thing in common: they can all be relied on to do exactly what the Prime Minister tells them".

The weather in Europe



Forecast for the cities

City	Today	Tomorrow
Algeria	28/17	29/18
Amman	28/17	29/18
Amsterdam	28/17	29/18
Antwerp	28/17	29/18
Athens	28/17	29/18
Berlin	28/17	29/18
Bombay	28/17	29/18
Buenos Aires	28/17	29/18
Calcutta	28/17	29/18
Cairo	28/17	29/18
Cardiff	28/17	29/18
Cebu	28/17	29/18
Dhaka	28/17	29/18
Dublin	28/17	29/18
Edinburgh	28/17	29/18
Hong Kong	28/17	29/18
London	28/17	29/18
Los Angeles	28/17	29/18
Madrid	28/17	29/18
Mumbai	28/17	29/18
Nairobi	28/17	29/18
Paris	28/17	29/18
Rangoon	28/17	29/18
Reykjavik	28/17	29/18
Rome	28/17	29/18
Singapore	28/17	29/18
Stockholm	28/17	29/18
Taipei	28/17	29/18
Tokyo	28/17	29/18
Yokohama	28/17	29/18

Around the world

City	Today	Tomorrow
Algeria	28/17	29/18
Amman	28/17	29/18
Amsterdam	28/17	29/18
Antwerp	28/17	29/18
Athens	28/17	29/18
Berlin	28/17	29/18
Bombay	28/17	29/18
Buenos Aires	28/17	29/18
Calcutta	28/17	29/18
Cairo	28/17	29/18
Cardiff	28/17	29/18
Cebu	28/17	29/18
Dhaka	28/17	29/18
Dublin	28/17	29/18
Edinburgh	28/17	29/18
Hong Kong	28/17	29/18
London	28/17	29/18
Los Angeles	28/17	29/18
Madrid	28/17	29/18
Mumbai	28/17	29/18
Nairobi	28/17	29/18
Paris	28/17	29/18
Rangoon	28/17	29/18
Reykjavik	28/17	29/18
Rome	28/17	29/18
Singapore	28/17	29/18
Stockholm	28/17	29/18
Taipei	28/17	29/18
Tokyo	28/17	29/18
Yokohama	28/17	29/18

European weather outlook

Norway, Sweden and Denmark will become warmer and much more settled than in recent days. However, Finland will remain unsettled with some particularly heavy rain over southern parts. Highs 18-21C in the south, but 12-15C in the north. Low: 10-12C. Germany, Austria, Switzerland.

A fine, dry and very warm day with hot sunshine in abundance in most areas. The Low Countries and Switzerland will be warmed with highs of 25-28C but Austria and Germany will be a little cooler with maximum temperatures around 21-24C.

France.

A hot day over the entire country with virtually unrelenting sunshine. However, the far north-west of Britain will become cloudier with the risk of late afternoon and evening showers, some thundery. Highs will range from 24-27C in the north, but most other places will be between 30-33C, although a sea breeze will keep the Mediterranean coast slightly cooler.

Spain and Portugal.

Hot with plenty of sunshine in all areas. Sea breezes will keep coastal areas cooler than inland and cloud will begin to build over north western Spain later in the day. Highs will range between 27-30C over coastal areas, but 33-37C inland.

Italy.

Fine and sunny with cooling breezes keeping southern areas reasonably pleasant, but the north will be hot and steamy. Highs 30-32C in the north, but 26-29C in the south.

Greece.

It will be mainly fine and dry day with plenty of sunshine and a cooling breeze. Highs 27-30C in the north, but 24-26C over the islands.

Television and radio — Saturday

BBC 1	6.00am	The Morning News
	6.30am	News
	7.00am	Breakfast
	7.30am	News
	8.00am	Breakfast
	8.30am	News
	9.00am	Breakfast
	9.30am	News
	10.00am	Breakfast
	10.30am	News
	11.00am	Breakfast
	11.30am	News
	12.00pm	Breakfast
	12.30pm	News
	1.00pm	Breakfast
	1.30pm	News
	2.00pm	Breakfast
	2.30pm	News
	3.00pm	Breakfast
	3.30pm	News
	4.00pm	Breakfast
	4.30pm	News
	5.00pm	Breakfast
	5.30pm	News
	6.00pm	Breakfast
	6.30pm	News
	7.00pm	Breakfast
	7.30pm	News
	8.00pm	Breakfast
	8.30pm	News
	9.00pm	Breakfast
	9.30pm	News
	10.00pm	Breakfast
	10.30pm	News
	11.00pm	Breakfast
	11.30pm	News
	12.00am	Breakfast
	12.30am	News
	1.00am	Breakfast
	1.30am	News
	2.00am	Breakfast
	2.30am	News
	3.00am	Breakfast
	3.30am	News
	4.00am	Breakfast
	4.30am	News
	5.00am	Breakfast
	5.30am	News
	6.00am	Breakfast
	6.30am	News
	7.00am	Breakfast
	7.30am	News
	8.00am	Breakfast
	8.30am	News
	9.00am	Breakfast
	9.30am	News
	10.00am	Breakfast
	10.30am	News
	11.00am	Breakfast
	11.30am	News
	12.00am	Breakfast
	12.30am	News
	1.00am	Breakfast
	1.30am	News
	2.00am	Breakfast
	2.30am	News
	3.00am	Breakfast
	3.30am	News
	4.00am	Breakfast
	4.30am	News
	5.00am	Breakfast
	5.30am	News
	6.00am	Breakfast
	6.30am	News
	7.00am	Breakfast
	7.30am	News
	8.00am	Breakfast
	8.30am	News
	9.00am	Breakfast
	9.30am	News
	10.00am	Breakfast
	10.30am	News
	11.00am	Breakfast
	11.30am	News
	12.00am	Breakfast
	12.30am	News
	1.00am	Breakfast
	1.30am	News
	2.00am	Breakfast
	2.30am	News
	3.00am	Breakfast
	3.30am	News
	4.00am	Breakfast
	4.30am	News
	5.00am	Breakfast
	5.30am	News
	6.00am	Breakfast
	6.30am	News
	7.00am	Breakfast
	7.30am	News
	8.00am	Breakfast
	8.30am	News
	9.00am	Breakfast
	9.30am	News
	10.00am	Breakfast
	10.30am	News
	11.00am	Breakfast
	11.30am	News
	12.00am	Breakfast
	12.30am	News
	1.00am	Breakfast
	1.30am	News
	2.00am	Breakfast
	2.30am	News
	3.00am	Breakfast
	3.30am	News
	4.00am	Breakfast
	4.30am	News
	5.00am	Breakfast
	5.30am	News
	6.00am	Breakfast
	6.30am	News
	7.00am	Breakfast
	7.30am	News
	8.00am	Breakfast
	8.30am	News
	9.00am	Breakfast
	9.30am	News
	10.00am	Breakfast
	10.30am	News
	11.00am	Breakfast
	11.30am	News
	12.00am	Breakfast
	12.30am	News
	1.00am	Breakfast
	1.30am	News
	2.00am	Breakfast
	2.30am	News
	3.00am	Breakfast
	3.30am	News
	4.00am	Breakfast
	4.30am	News
	5.00am	Breakfast
	5.30am	News
	6.00am	Breakfast
	6.30am	News
	7.00am	Breakfast
	7.30am	News
	8.00am	Breakfast
	8.30am	News
	9.00am	Breakfast
	9.30am	News
	10.00am	Breakfast
	10.30am	News
	11.00am	Breakfast
	11.30am	News
	12.00am	Breakfast
	12.30am	News
	1.00am	Breakfast
	1.30am	News
	2.00am	Breakfast
	2.30am	News
	3.00am	Breakfast
	3.30am	News
	4.00am	Breakfast
	4.30am	News
	5.00am	Breakfast
	5.30am	News
	6.00am	Breakfast
	6.30am	News
	7.00am	Breakfast
	7.30am	News
	8.00am	Breakfast
	8.30am	News
	9.00am	Breakfast
	9.30am	News
	10.00am	Breakfast
	10.30am	News
	11.00am	Breakfast
	11.30am	News
	12.00am	Breakfast
	12.30am	News
	1.00am	Breakfast
	1.30am	News
	2.00am	Breakfast
	2.30am	News
	3.00am	Breakfast
	3.30am	News
	4.00am	Breakfast
	4.30am	News
	5.00am	Breakfast
	5.30am	News
	6.00am	Breakfast
	6.30am	News
	7.00am	Breakfast
	7.30am	News
	8.00am	Breakfast
	8.30am	News
	9.00am	Breakfast
	9.30am	News
	10.00am	Breakfast
	10.30am	News
	11.00am	Breakfast
	11.30am	News
	12.00am	Breakfast
	12.30am	News
	1.00am	Breakfast
	1.30am	News
	2.00am	Breakfast
	2.30am	News
	3.00am	Breakfast
	3.30am	News
	4.00am	Breakfast
	4.30am	News
	5.00am	Breakfast
	5.30am	News
	6.00am	Breakfast
	6.30am	News
	7.00am	Breakfast
	7.30am	News
	8.00am	Breakfast
	8.30am	News
	9.00am	Breakfast
	9.30am	News
	10.00am	Breakfast
	10.30am	News
	11.00am	Breakfast
	11.30am	News
	12.00am	Breakfast
	12.30am	News
	1.00am	Breakfast
	1.30am	News
	2.00am	Breakfast
	2.30am	News
	3.00am	Breakfast
	3.30am	News
	4.00am	Breakfast
	4.30am	News
	5.00am	Breakfast
	5.30am	News
	6.00am	Breakfast
	6.30am	News
	7.00am	Breakfast
	7.30am	News
	8.00am	Breakfast
	8.30am	News
	9.00am	Breakfast
	9.30am	News
	10.00am	Breakfast
	10.30am	News
	11.00am	Breakfast
	11.30am	News
	12.00am	Breakfast
	12.30am	News
	1.00am	Breakfast
	1.30am	News
	2.00am	Breakfast
	2.30am	News
	3.00am	Breakfast
	3.30am	News
	4.00am	Breakfast
	4.30am	News
	5.00am	Breakfast
	5.30am	News
	6.00am	Breakfast
	6.30am	News
	7.00am	Breakfast
	7.30am	News
	8.00am	Breakfast
	8.30am	News
	9.00am	Breakfast
	9.30am	News
	10.00am	Breakfast
	10.30am	News
	11.00am	Breakfast
	11.30am	News
	12.00am	Breakfast
	12.30am	News
	1.00am	Breakfast
	1.30am	News
	2.00am	Breakfast
	2.30am	News
	3.00am	Breakfast
	3.30am	News
	4.00am	Breakfast
	4.30am	News
	5.00am	Breakfast
	5.30am	News
	6.00am	Breakfast
	6.30am	News
	7.00am	Breakfast
	7.30am	News
	8.00am	Breakfast
	8.30am	News
	9.00am	Breakfast
	9.30am	News
	10.00am	Breakfast
	10.30am	News
	11.00am	Breakfast
	11.30am	News
	12.00am	Breakfast
	12.30am	News
	1.00am	Breakfast
	1.30am	News
	2.00am	Breakfast
	2.30am	News
	3.00am	Breakfast
	3.30am	News
	4.00am	Breakfast
	4.30am	News
	5.00am	Breakfast
	5.30am	News
	6.00am	Breakfast
	6.30am	News
	7.00am	Breakfast
	7.30am	News
	8.00am	Breakfast
	8.30am	News
	9.00am	Breakfast
	9.30am	News
	10.00am	Breakfast
	10.30am	News
	11.00am	Breakfast
	11.30am	News
	12.00am	Breakfast
	12.30am	News
	1.00am	Breakfast
	1.30am	News
	2.00am	Breakfast
	2.30am	News
	3.00am	Breakfast
	3.30am	News
	4.00am	Breakfast
	4.30am	News
	5.00am	Breakfast
	5.30am	News
	6.00am	Breakfast
	6.30am	News
	7.00am	Breakfast
	7.30am	News
	8.00am	Breakfast
	8.30am	News
	9.00am	Breakfast
	9.30am	News
	10.00am	Breakfast
	10.30am	News
	11.00am	Breakfast
	11.30am	News
	12.00am	Breakfast
	12.30am	News
	1.00am	Breakfast
	1.30am	News
	2.00am	Breakfast
	2.30am	News
	3.00am	Breakfast
	3.30am	News
	4.00am	Breakfast
	4.30am	News
	5.00am	Breakfast
	5.30am	News
	6.00am	Breakfast
	6.30am	News
	7.00am	Breakfast
	7.30am	News
	8.00am	Breakfast
	8.30am	News
	9.00am	Breakfast
	9.30am	News
	10.00am	Breakfast
	10.30am	News
	11.00am	Breakfast
	11.30am	News
	12.00am	Breakfast
	12.30am	News
	1.00am	Breakfast
	1.30am	News
	2.00am	Breakfast
	2.30am	News
	3.00am	Breakfast
	3.30am	News
	4.00am	Breakfast
	4.30am	News
	5.00am	Breakfast
	5.30am	News
	6.00am	Breakfast
	6.30am	News
	7.00am	Breakfast
	7.30am	News
	8.00am	Breakfast
	8.30am	News
	9.00am	Breakfast
	9.30am	News
	10.00am	Breakfast
	10.30am	News
	11.00am	Breakfast
	11.30am	News
	12.00am	Breakfast
	12.30am	News
	1.00am	Breakfast
	1.30am	News
	2.00am	Breakfast
	2.30am	News
	3.00am	Breakfast
	3.30am	News
	4.00am	Breakfast
	4.30am	News
	5.00am	Breakfast
	5.30am	News
	6.00am	Breakfast
	6.30am	News
	7.00am	Breakfast
	7.30am	News
	8.00am	Breakfast
	8.30am	News
	9.00am	Breakfast
	9.30am	News
	10.00am	Breakfast
	10.30am	News
	11.00am	Breakfast
	11.30am	News
	12.00am	Breakfast
	12.30am	News
	1.00am	Breakfast
	1.30am	News
	2.00am	Breakfast
	2.30am	News
	3.00am	Breakfast
	3.30am	News
	4.00am	Breakfast
	4.30am	News
	5.00am	Breakfast
	5.30am	News
	6.00am	Breakfast
	6.30am	News
	7.00am	Breakfast
	7.30am	News
	8.00am	Breakfast
	8.30am	News
	9.00am	Breakfast
	9.30am	News
	10.00am	Breakfast
	10.30am	News
	11.00am	Breakfast
	11.30am	News
	12.00am	Breakfast
	12.30am	News
	1.00am	Breakfast
	1.30am	News
	2.00am	Breakfast
	2.30am	News
	3.00am	Breakfast
	3.30am	News
	4.00am	Breakfast
	4.30am	News
	5.00am	Breakfast
	5.30am	News
	6.00am	Breakfast
	6.30am	News
	7.00am	Breakfast
	7.30am	News
	8.00am	Breakfast
	8.30am	News
	9.00am	Breakfast
	9.30am	News
	10.00am	Breakfast
	10.30am	News
	11.00am	Breakfast
	11.30am	News
	12.00am	Breakfast
	12.30am	News
	1.00am	Breakfast
	1.30am	News
	2.00am	Breakfast
	2.30am	News
	3.00am	Breakfast
	3.30am	News
	4.00am	Breakfast
	4.30am	News
	5.00am	Breakfast
	5.30am	News
	6.00am	Breakfast
	6.30am	News
	7.00am	Breakfast
	7.30am	News
	8.00am	Breakfast
	8.30am	News
	9.00am	Breakfast
	9.30am	News
	10.00am	Breakfast
	10.30am	News
	11.00am	Breakfast
	11.30am	News
	12.00am	Breakfast
	12.30am	News
	1.00am	Breakfast
	1.30am	News
	2.00am	Breakfast
	2.30am	News
	3.00am	Breakfast
	3.30am	News

Saga of a disgraced tycoon

How fall of a judge adds new twist to Maxwell mystery

John Hooper in Santa Cruz de Tenerife and Dan Atkinson report on doubt now being cast on verdict of no foul play

INSURERS who paid out more than £25 million on the death of Robert Maxwell may press for a re-examination of their liability following the sacking of the Spanish judge who headed the inquiry into the tycoon's death. They may revive the theory that he took his own life, thus voiding insurance cover.

And there may be calls for the British authorities to hold their own inquiry into the mystery of the publisher's last voyage seven years ago. There are suggestions that Judge Isabel Oliva's incompetence and unprofessionalism effectively blocked attempts by Britain to obtain witness statements taken in the wake of Mr Maxwell's death.

At the time, the Home Office said a British inquiry would take place only if the tycoon's body were to enter British territory en route to its final resting place on the Mount of Olives in Jerusalem, and were the appropriate coroner to order it. In the event, no inquest was held in Britain.

But the Registrar-General of Shipping in Cardiff could have investigated the death more fully had Ms Oliva been more forthcoming with documents, the Guardian has been told.

Mr Maxwell's life was insured under a so-called keyman scheme, a policy protecting companies against the loss of essential personnel. One group of insurers paid out £25 million in July 1993 in an out-of-court settlement with Price Waterhouse, liquidators of the debt-laden Maxwell Communication Corporation. It was disclosed last year that the remaining insurers paid out £2 million, or about a tenth of the total sum assured, after a five-year battle.

The publisher disappeared from his yacht on the day creditors were due to demand the repayment of debts he was unable to meet. The keyman policy specifically excluded death by suicide.

Although the judge was not required to pronounce on whether Maxwell took his own life, it is possible insurers will declare her entire investigation to be worthless, given her unfitness for office.

A highly-placed source within the Consejo General del Poder Judicial, Spain's

top judicial body, said its decision to sack Ms Oliva earlier this month was taken on the basis of a string of psychiatric reports on her. "All of them stated that the patient suffered from a serious disturbance caused by a persistent state of neurotic depression", the source said.

Ms Oliva, who is in her 30s, will continue to receive a pension equivalent to 95 per cent of her final salary. The ruling put an end to a career marked by controversy and scandal. Lawyers she dealt with on Tenerife still bridle at the memory of her eccentric behaviour.

According to a source close to her inquiry, Ms Oliva gave an undertaking to the British authorities that she would hand over statements she had taken from the crew of Maxwell's yacht so that the Registrar-General of Shipping could begin his own investigation into the cause of death. Some 40 to 50 attempts were made to get the documents from her, but without success, the source added. The Registrar-General, who is charged with investigating deaths at sea, is thought to have taken witness statements of his own, but these would not have been as immediate.

Ms Oliva was twice reprimanded by the judicial authorities before she was fired. Once was in 1994, after the civil guard reported her for commandeering its helicopter for weekend jaunts with her lover.

That scandal was reported briefly at the time, but the Guardian has learned that the order decreeing her removal from the bench also shows she was disciplined in 1991. On that occasion, it was for failing to respect the jurisdiction of another judge. It is not clear from the document whether this had any connection with the Maxwell affair.

After her second reprimand, Ms Oliva was sent to work in another tourist area, Roquetas de Mar on the southern coast of mainland Spain. It was not long before she was in trouble again.

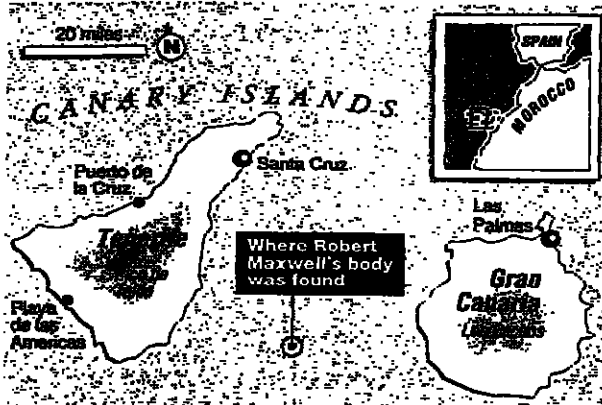
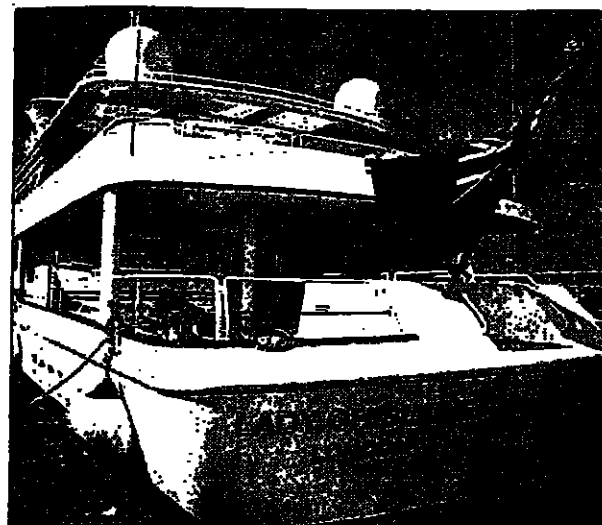
While she was on sick leave, her responsibilities were taken over by the senior judge of the provincial court. He discovered a locked archive in her courthouse which he ordered should be broken into. Inside were papers that led to Ms Oliva twice being tried.

In September 1996, she was found not guilty of wrongful arrest and the falsification of documents in a drugs case. A prosecution appeal was rejected but the judges said her handling of the case had been "clumsy, irregular and even chaotic".

It is possible insurers will declare the judge's entire investigation to be worthless, given her unfitness for office



Robert Maxwell: vanished from his yacht (top right) on the day creditors were due to demand the repayment of debts. Right: Maxwell's funeral in Israel. MAIN PHOTOGRAPH: EAMONN MCCABE



HYUNDAI

At £6,999
you can spend as much
on a family car
as your parents did.



Dobson in row over baby deaths

Minister says third heart surgeon should have been struck off

Sarah Boseley
Health Correspondent

THE future of Janardan Dhasmana, the only doctor to be allowed to continue working after the investigation into the deaths of baby heart patients at Bristol Royal Infirmary, looked in doubt yesterday after Frank Dobson, the Health Secretary, said he should have been struck off the register with his two colleagues.

The United Bristol Healthcare Trust, his employer, would say only that it will be discussing his future employment. It is thought likely his contract will be terminated after such a public vote of no confidence from the Health Secretary, who said he would not agree to be operated on by the heart surgeon.

The medical establishment condemned Mr Dobson for his remarks, but last night he was unrepentant. He stood by his words, and Department of Health officials began investi-

gating ways of removing merit awards from James Wisheart and John Roylance, the two senior doctors who were struck off. Both have retired and the merit payments, which in Mr Wisheart's case amounted to some £25,000 a year on top of salary, have been absorbed into their pensions.

Mr Wisheart, the senior children's heart surgeon and medical director of the United Bristol Healthcare Trust; Dr Roylance, the chief executive; and Mr Dhasmana were all found guilty of serious professional misconduct by the General Medical Council, which investigated 53 operations in which 29 children died. It found that the doctors had allowed operations to continue when they should have known that too many babies were dying.

On Thursday Mr Dhasmana was barred from children's heart surgery for three years but allowed to continue operating on adults. That night, Mr Dobson said on BBC 2's News-



Janardan Dhasmana: 'In a near-untenable position'

night programme: "Under the circumstances, and from what I know of the evidence, if they struck off the two doctors they should have struck off all three."

The President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Sir Rodney Sweetnam, condemned Mr Dobson's comments, and noted that he had placed the 52-year-old surgeon in a "virtually untenable position".

At a press conference yesterday, Sir Rodney said he was surprised by the remarks. "Before making judgment one

needs to know the facts and the evidence which took the GMC eight months to hear. Without having heard that evidence, none of us can make such a judgment in my view, and I certainly would not make my decision with the Secretary of State."

The shadow health secretary, Ann Widdecombe, said she thought Mr Dobson's remarks "improper". She could understand why parents might have said it and even why a constituency MP might say it. But, she added: "It is not proper for the Secretary of State to second guess them... It's a bit like the Home Secretary saying, 'I think that judge should have given 10 years rather than eight'."

But the children's parents backed the Health Secretary. Malcolm Curnow, who founded the Bristol Children's Heart Group, said: "Mr Dhasmana's future was jeopardised right from the outset. No one would be satisfied having surgery performed by him regardless of whether they were adults or children, and regardless of what has been said by the GMC and Mr Dobson."



Dominique Baudis, the mayor of Toulouse, can now only hope that extreme measures for an easygoing town will foil the troublemakers



Flashback to Marseille... Riot police protect England fans from angry Tunisian supporters



Sir Brian Hayes, the Football Association's head of security, appeared shellshocked after the Marseille violence

PHOTOGRAPH: JEROME DELAY

Toulouse tries new tactics for peace

John Duncan
in Toulouse

MAYOR Dominique Baudis walked out of his office eight days ago into the Friday night festivities of Toulouse a happy man.

From the mayor's office in the Grand Capitole building which towers over Toulouse's largest public square, he went home tired but satisfied, eager to see the first of the games of the World Cup when the tournament for which he and his town had planned for six years, would really take off.

His own city, historic, southern French, Anglophile and rugby playing, had embraced football and had already welcomed Cameroon and Austria to its Stade Municipal the night before.

The giant screens in the specially constructed village of culture at the Prairie des Filles had attracted couples on a night out, families and foreign visitors to the centre of town.

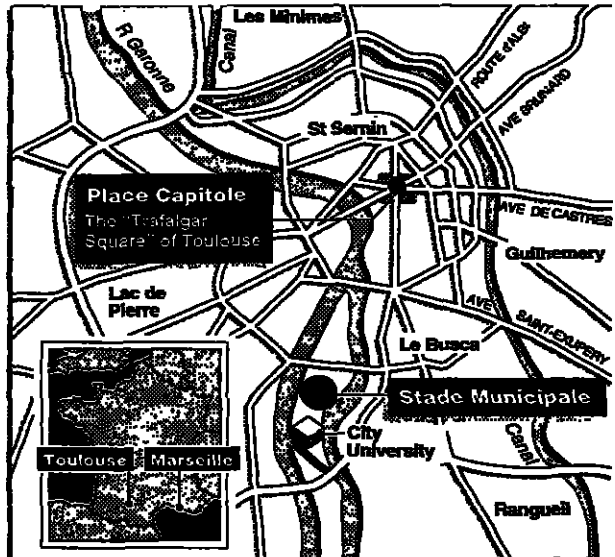
At night, the city had been alive with fans, colourful and celebratory, the first of five party nights with Toulouse welcoming Argentina, Japan, South Africa, Denmark, Nigeria, Paraguay, Romania and England.

The lavish festival which marks the start of summer in Toulouse, when 20,000 people packed the Place Capitole to listen to music, would happen in the middle of the World Cup party. That Friday there were still four matches on which the eyes of the world would be fixed.

But as Mr Baudis walked home, the first England supporters were already arriving in Marseille for their team's game three days later, most of them looking forward to beer, sunburn and soccer, a ticket if they could get it, a good time at the beach if they could not.

Among them were a few who wanted to let the foreigners know what it means to be British, to teach them some respect. But all had been warned the French would take no prisoners, the traditional warning ahead of every England visit. No-one wanted to get nicked.

As the trickle of fans arriving in Marseille turned into a torrent on Saturday afternoon, a crowd of England supporters gathered outside the Café Olympique, the tradi-



tional post-match watering hole for the city's football fans. Numbers grew throughout the evening, fuelled by drink and the confidence inspired by the puzzling lack of any police presence, they became more rowdy and started to spill into the road. Around midnight a youth stood on a car and as it sped away he fell head first, and lay unconscious for 20 minutes. The car behind him was kicked and the windows smashed, its driver sped off.

Saturday night should have been a warning, but was dismissed by the Football Association head of security Sir Brian Hayes as "high spirits". But it was obvious the lads were trying to find the line. What would happen when they crossed it? There was no hint of an answer.

The lack of police outside Café Olympique was unusual enough to be a deliberate strategy. The previous night, when France played South Africa, a crowd of noisy French supporters had congregated at the same café to be met by police vans and riot police with dogs itching for action.

On Sunday afternoon, the crowd gathered in a bar on the corner of the Quai Des Belges, a smaller venue with easy access to side streets. The mood was uglier than the night before. The England yobs call to arms — "no surrender, no surrender to the IRA" — more insistent and confident.

The vans inside were still looking for a line. When a group of Tunisians marched

across the square to taunt them they responded with bottles. It was the first exchange in riots and skirmishes that continued for eight hours. By the time the line was drawn however, it was too late to prevent the ugliness that dragged on for the next two days.

Bad policing cannot take the full blame for what happened. None of those involved needed to behave the way they did. Given that everyone knew they would turn up among the peaceful majority, something had gone terribly wrong.

A great deal of planning had gone into avoiding what happened in Marseille. The byword was co-operation, discussions had gone well, the man liaising for British police, Eddie Curtis, spoke French and had won the respect of his French colleagues. The British police's message was that fans would respond to being treated well, and that message was firmly fixed in French minds.

The confusion appears to have arisen because there were no plans to respond appropriately if a plan A wasn't working. Added to that, the French police were desperate to project a positive image, not to appear heavy handed, even at the expense of watching a riot develop before their very eyes.

Georges Querry, the head of security for the World Cup explained their philosophy. "If we had gone in hard and English fans had been injured we would have been heavily criticised as it is we have 32 minor injuries and two seri-



Early closing... a waitress prepares a sign in Toulouse explaining the curtailed hours for bars ahead of the England match. PHOTOGRAPH: LIONEL BONAVENTURE

ous ones. "It could have been much worse because you saw out there lads who were intoxicated with drink and violence and when you have that anything can happen. We decided not to take them on head on."

The day after, the British were supportive of French police's actions. "It was handled very much as it would have been handled in England," said Mr Curtis.

They have our full backing. Not really true, of course. British police would never have allowed such a small group to get so hopelessly out of their control but Curtis could hardly say anything else.

Problems arose because the culture of policing in France is different to that in England where police strategy is simple and well tested: identify the problem group, contain them with force of numbers, stop the yobs from moving, clear the area and create a "sterile zone", disperse bystanders, restrict ac-

cess to alcohol and let the disturbance die of boredom if possible.

It is no idle theory. This is exactly what happened in Euro 96 in Trafalgar Square after the defeat by Germany when England yobs threatened to rampage in central London.

British police too must take their share of the blame. They had confidently told the French that they knew who all the worst hooligans were and they had sent spotters whose job was to find them, track them and identify them to French police.

What took the spotters by surprise was how few of those who became involved in Marseille were previously known to police, a mere two or three out of 400.

"Our problem has been that there are a lot of faces we have not seen before here in France," said a police source, "a lot of people acting like category C hooligans — organising and organising, who are not on our files."

Events in Marseille left British police in a tight spot. Sir Brian Hayes gave a press conference at midnight from the fringes of the Sunday riot looking shellshocked. No wonder. In public his job was to defend what he privately must have recognised as terrible policing, his priority to maintain good relations and lines of communication with French police while making sure the same basic mistakes were not made again when England travelled to Toulouse seven days later.

It is Tuesday morning and Dominique Baudis has a difficult decision to make. The advice coming out of the Toulouse prefecture which is responsible for law and order, was that Marseille was a cock-up, that better more visible policing could deal with the problem.

But what if they were wrong? And what if it all went pear shaped with 20,000 people gathered outside his own office window for the music festival the day before

the England match. There were to be no risks, he decided. The festival was postponed — "can you imagine what would happen if hooligans rioted with 20,000 people in the square? I will not take that chance," said Mr Baudis.

The measures taken are extreme for a town as easy-going as Toulouse. Every other major street party or open air event has been cancelled. Bars and restaurants will shut at 11 pm — an appeal by bar owners to stay open later last night and tonight was yesterday slapped down, despite complaints about loss of trade.

Those who defy the order have been told by police they will be considered a low priority if trouble breaks out and insurance companies have warned they will not be covered if they defy the ban.

Pavement brasseires and cafes must use plastic glasses and may not leave cans on tables nor can they serve meals on china plates. Booze will not be sold in super-

markets or garages after 11pm. Police officers will patrol the streets in groups of four, with reinforcements a street or two away.

"The problem in Marseille was that they let people fight for half an hour before they intervened," said Mr Baudis. "The important thing is to show them that you are there on the street and ready to deal with them before they start."

But will it work? No-one will say, of course. But there is good reason for optimism. Toulouse is certainly a different kind of town to Marseille, less pugnacious less indignant: there are no opposing fans in any number likely to come from Romania to offer the English yob a spurious provocation; there is less taste for a fight among local youths than there was in Marseille; and there will be less alcohol to stifle the inhibitions than last week.

All that is left is to hope that the party can begin again when England's supporters troop out of town on Tuesday.

Frustrated Japanese relieve scoring problem but not in front of goal

World Cup 98

Diary

FOOTBALL and sex may be the two most popular activities among young men between the ages of 18 and 30, but for the 704 players at the World Cup in France there is a lot of one and not much of the other just at the moment.

The Japanese team are enduring enforced celibacy, but the management have made one small concession to raise team morale: a special delivery of pornographic magazines has been shipped

in to the team's training headquarters in France.

THOSE old World Cup favourites the Three Tenors are cashing in, sorry, uniting once again, this time showing sparkling originality by recording a version of You'll Never Walk Alone. Placido Domingo (the fat one), José Carreras (the thin one) and Luciano Pavarotti (the very fat one) will unveil their gospel version of the song in a concert beneath the Eiffel Tower on July 10.

ANGLA-Australian relations have hit an all time low in the usually serene streets of Bath ahead of Monday night's clash between Romania and England. Film producers from Down Under have chosen upmarket Catherine Street to shoot scenes from the life of Percy Grainger.

A missive was sent to each household asking them to remove their TV aerials for the duration of the shoot for

the sake of authenticity. "Who is Percy Grainger anyway? He's not important enough to warrant me missing England in the World Cup and that's that," said one outraged home owner. In answer to the question, we can reveal that Grainger was a composer and "Australia's greatest eccentric", who stood 5ft 5ins with flaming red hair brushed upwards to nearly a foot in height (yes, he does sound suspiciously like a Scottish football supporter).

LET'S hope events in Bath don't escalate to the scene's witness in Nairobi during the Cameroon-Italy match on Wednesday night. Three hundred Kenyan students went on the rampage after a blackout interrupted television coverage after half an hour at Nairobi university. Armed with metal bars, stones and other crude weapons, the students attacked motorists, smashed windows and looted goods in

the city centre, the Daily Nation reported.

ENGLAND fan Jason Simpson from Plymouth suffered two hours of agony to have the Three Lions symbol tattooed on his chest. Mr Simpson paid £80 for a four-inch high pattern identical to the one on the England team's shirts.

He spent two hours at tattooist Bill Price's shop in Union Street, Plymouth, and the design includes "England" and "1998" above and below the tattoo. That will look good if England go out in this round.

MEANWHILE, the England baked bean controversy rumbled on yesterday when the man from Heinz landed in Toulouse on a mission to persuade Glenn Hoddle to lift the match-day bean ban. Steve Mariner from Heinz gets our vote for most pathetic PR inspired quote of the World Cup so far: "We just hope the ban is lifted before Monday's

game so the team can really put the wind up Romania!"

CORRUPTION once more rears its ugly head in the world of football. A top Hong Kong soccer player pleaded guilty yesterday to accepting a bribe from a bookmaker to fix a World Cup qualifying match last year. Chan Tsz-kong, aged 26, admitted to conspiring with teammates to concede two goals in a World Cup qualifying match with Thailand last March in Bangkok. Hong Kong lost 2-0.

Striker Chan pocketed around £15,000 from the bookmaker. Hong Kong's Independent Commission Against Corruption said. He was among 30 people arrested in a police operation against three gambling syndicates in the territory last week. The commission said there were suspicions that several other qualifying matches played by the Hong Kong team were also fixed.

Janie Wilson

online

Every Thursday in the
The Guardian INTERNATIONAL

Father sever second defen

The Guardian Saturday June 20 1998

She was difficult... she would destroy clothing and hurt herself

markets or garages after 11pm. Police officers will patrol the streets in groups of four, with reinforcements a street or two away.

habitats
For the location and open

صكرا من الامل

Father's seven second defence

Luke Harding

THE trial of Sir Brian Jenkins, who is charged with murdering his 13-year-old foster daughter, took an extraordinary turn yesterday when he was questioned by his own barrister for only seven seconds.

Anthony Scrivener, QC, defending, asked Jenkins "Did you kill Billie-Jo Jenkins?" The deputy head teacher, who was giving evidence for the first time on the 12th day of his trial, replied: "No, I didn't kill Billie-Jo."

The court was stunned when Mr Scrivener sat down and said: "That's all, thank you."

Jenkins's only other exchange with his barrister was to give his name.

It is alleged that Jenkins, aged 40, murdered Billie-Jo

behaviour when she would destroy items of clothing or hurt herself, ripping the heads off dolls.

Asked about the day of her murder, Jenkins denied there had been a dispute that morning or that Billie-Jo had called his wife a "bitch". He said: "Billie had never used that kind of language, or any derogatory term, before."

On that Saturday, Billie-Jo and Jenkins' two elder daughters, Annie and Lottie, were to do some odd jobs to earn extra pocket money. The court heard that Billie-Jo was given about £1.20 a week, and was saving to buy trainers costing £28. Jenkins denied there was a row over which girl should paint the doors.

Earlier, the court has heard it alleged that Jenkins bludgeoned Billie-Jo to death in a "few minutes" between car trips with Lottie and Annie. After killing her, he went off on a "pointless" trip to buy white spirit, to try to distance himself from the scene.

Inside the court, Jenkins was shown a half-full, two-litre container of white spirit, which police found in his house after his arrest. Peering at it, Jenkins said: "I wasn't aware that we had that in our house."

In a witness statement handed to the court, Jenkins claimed that he and his wife had been so concerned about a prowler they wanted to move house. There had been an attempted break-in at their home, when a pane of glass in the patio door had been smashed and the catch forced.

Asked why he had not reported this incident to the police, Jenkins replied: "Because I think we had had so much trouble and nothing had been done." He added: "The marks on the door will still be there."

Billie-Jo's natural parents, Bill and Deborah Jenkins, (unrelated to the defendant), stared intently at Jenkins as he gave evidence.

Jenkins denies murder. The trial was adjourned by Mr Justice Gage until Tuesday.

'She was difficult... she would destroy clothing and hurt herself'

with an 18 in metal tent spike while she was painting the patio doors of their home in Hastings, East Sussex, in February last year.

After formally denying the murder, Jenkins was cross-examined for more than two hours by Richard Camden Pratt, QC, prosecuting.

The court in Lewes, East Sussex, heard that Billie-Jo was a lively girl interested in drama. She had lived with Jenkins, his wife Lois, and their four daughters, for four-and-a-half years.

Rocking backwards and forwards as he gave evidence, Jenkins admitted she was a "disturbed" child, who had arrived with many problems. "Over the years those receded," he told the court. "In the initial years [she] was with us, she was a difficult girl. That was shown in her

The Lord Neill affair



Lord Neill, above, who is acting for former Westminster council leader Dame Shirley Porter, below, in her attempt to quash the £27 million surcharge for 'gerrymandering'



Formidable lawyer who misses the big picture

David Hencke on public standards chief now representing Dame Shirley Porter

"VERY, very clever men can sometimes be very stupid when it comes to the big picture," was the verdict last night from one person who had worked closely with Lord Neill, the 71-year-old chairman of the Committee on Standards in Public Life.

The reaction was typical among colleagues to the news that Lord Neill is now acting for Dame Shirley Porter to quash her £27 million surcharge for "gerrymandering" while she was Tory leader of Westminster council in the late 1980s.

Lord Neill has a formidable reputation as a lawyer. Unlike his predecessor, Lord Nolan, he has a flourishing practice in the Inner Temple. He is said to like nothing better than taking

on a complex case before a senior judge in private chambers. His skill is said to be arguing over the boring details. His success can save millions for grateful commercial clients.

His fault, according to friends, is that he is sometimes so absorbed with detail that he takes no notice of the bigger picture, and can be surprisingly unsophisticated in his dealings. They compare him a little unfavourably with Lord Nolan, who acted as "the epitome of unworldliness, but was remarkably shrewd underneath".

Lord Neill has spent his life, since serving as a captain in the Rifle Brigade at the end of the second world war, in academic or legal circles. He belongs to three top clubs, the Athenaeum, the Garrick and the Beefsteak. A devoted family man,

married for over 40 years to Caroline, daughter of the late Sir Piers Debenham, he spends much of his time at his small Dorset estate. He is also an accomplished classical pianist. He has six children — four sons and two daughters — and eight grandchildren.

In public life he has held a range of appointments, the longest being warden of All Souls College, Oxford, for 18 years from 1977 to 1995. He is also a former chairman of the Press Council, predecessor of the Press Complaints Commission, and a former chairman of the Bar Council.

His most prominent public appointment was as vice-chancellor of Oxford University from 1985 to 1989. Here he was responsible for ensuring the university could raise enough money to keep its independence.

During the present party funding inquiry by the Committee of Standards in Public Life, he took evidence from Henry Drucker on why he had fallen out with Labour and Tony Blair's advisers on using blind trusts.

Mr Drucker was comprehensively denounced by Labour after giving evidence, with the party chairman, now Lord Neill, replying to Lord Neill that his fundraising advice was misguided and not useful.

Labour may not have realised it, but Lord Neill was in a remarkable position to decide on that matter for himself — because Mr Drucker had been advising him personally on raising funds for Oxford University 10 years previously.

Biggest council scandal of the century

David Hencke

THE "homes for votes" scandal at Conservative-controlled Westminster council was the biggest local government corruption story this century.

The scale of the surcharges dwarfed all other scandals — including findings against Liverpool council's Militant-led authority, and Labour-controlled Lambeth.

Westminster was at the time one of Lady Thatcher's favourite authorities with a reputation for low community charges and efficient

public services. Its leader, Dame Shirley Porter, was a national figure with a similar reputation to Lady Thatcher as an "Iron lady".

The auditor's investigation was sparked by complaints from Labour councillors after internal council documents were leaked. The findings, after a seven-year inquiry, were devastating for Dame Shirley.

She was found guilty of "wilful misconduct" and "disgraceful and improper gerrymandering" in an attempt to make sure the Conservatives retained control of the authority in 1990. The scandal

centred around Dame Shirley ordering the design of eight council wards for a huge sale of council homes so they could move out potential Labour voters and hold the council seats.

The policy cost the council £27 million and Dame Shirley and her deputy, David Weeks, have both been surcharged by the auditors to repay all the money.

Last year Dame Shirley took the auditor to the High Court in an attempt to have the findings quashed. Lord Justice Rose threw this out, declaring that Dame Shirley and Mr Weeks "lied to us as they have done to the auditor because they had the ulterior purpose of altering the electorate".

The appeal judges said: "Their purpose throughout was to achieve unlawful electoral advantage. Knowledge of the unlawfulness and such deliberate dressing-up both, inevitably, point to — and we find — wilful misconduct on behalf of each of them."

Israel accused over cell death

David Sharrock in Jerusalem

THE brother of a Scotsman who died in suspicious circumstances in an Israeli jail two months ago yesterday bitterly criticised the authorities for failing to reveal that they had removed and kept his heart.

Jimmy Sinclair, whose brother, Alisdair, was being held on suspicion of smuggling drugs when he died, said his family had been dealt "insult after insult" by Israel.

According to Israeli police, on April 15 Alisdair Sinclair hanged himself in a cell with his shoelaces after admitting to smuggling ecstasy into the country. But they have produced no evidence, the family says.

After complex negotiations to have his body repatriated to Scotland for burial, Mr Sinclair hired a criminal pathologist to re-examine the body. He discovered that the heart was missing.

Mr Sinclair said that at first the Israelis refused to take him seriously, and then only grudgingly agreed to send the heart back to Scotland earlier this month.

Israel's Abu Kabir forensic institute said the organ had been needed for further ex-

amination following an initial autopsy, contradicting a police statement to the Guardian at the time of the death that no autopsy had been carried out.

"We don't detail what we removed or how until we've completed the investigation," Yona Tanenbaum, an official at the institute, said.

"This is a misappropriation, if not a theft, and it shows incredible insensitivity, if not incompetence," Jimmy Sinclair said yesterday. "I've always regarded the Jews as religious people and I am just shattered that they can show so little feeling to the most important part of the body. They know it's where the spirit resides."

"They sent the body home with a box which they said were all his personal effects. It contained some women's clothes and torn sheets. We never got back Alisdair's hand-made boots, which he always wore, nor his wallet and passport."

"Now we have the heart, I am having DNA tests conducted to make sure it really is his heart. We have never received an apology for the anguish this has caused us."

A spokeswoman at the British embassy in Tel Aviv said diplomats were "concerned and disturbed" by the inci-

dent but regarded the matter as closed. She said the circumstances of Mr Sinclair's death were still under investigation.

Jimmy Sinclair believes his brother was throttled by his jailers as a warning to other

couriers. The Public Committee against Torture in Israel has pointed out that detainees have their shoelaces removed before being placed in a cell and that several other people have died in similar circumstances in Israeli prisons.

TREK FROM MIRAGE TO MIRAGE.

There are long walks and hikes up mountains, then there is a 100km trek through the Sahara desert. (Be warned the ain't no picnic.) From 14-22 November 1998, you'll trek across one of the most extreme landscapes on earth. You will go where few, save nomads and camels have gone before, guided by Tuareg tribesmen over breathtaking dunes and across endless shifting sands, camping each night by remote oasis under the stars.

Not to mention the satisfaction of raising money for Macmillan Cancer Relief, who fund specialist nurses, doctors and buildings for cancer treatment and care.

Get your desert boots on, call 01344 873 920 or clip the coupon below.

Please send the more information on the Sahara Trek from Mirage to Mirage.

Title _____ First Name _____ Last Name _____

Address _____

Postcode _____

Telephone (daytime) _____

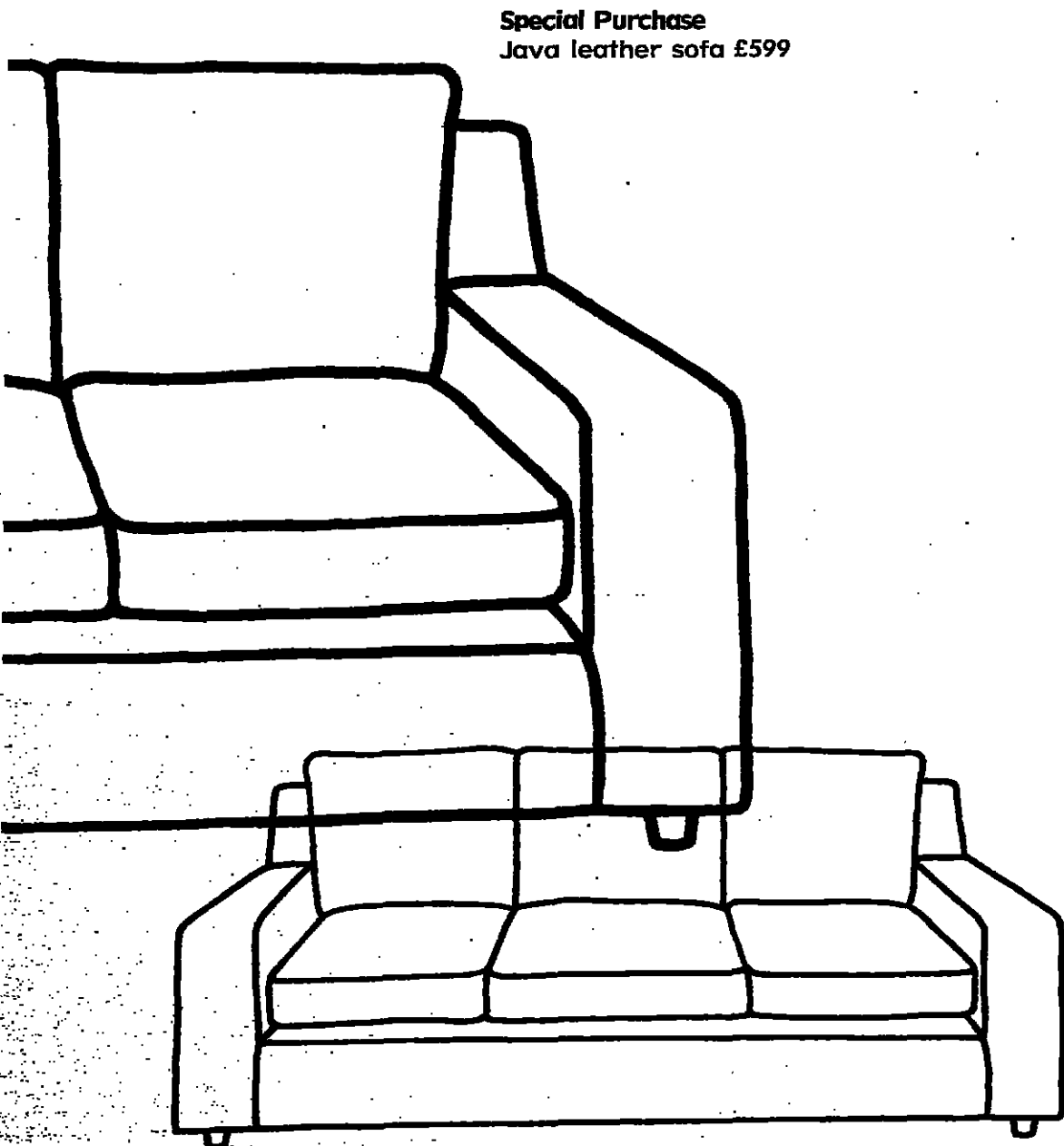
I'm over 18 years of age ☐

Macmillan cancer relief

Send to: Macmillan Challenge Team, PO Box 1660, Ascot, Berks, SL5 7XT

Get the facts about HRT

Any woman approaching or going through the menopause today has the option of taking HRT — the biggest (and most controversial) issue in women's health since the advent of the Pill. *Understanding HRT and the Menopause* arms you with the essential facts to decide if it's right for you. This invaluable guide from *Which?* will help you weigh up for yourself the pros and cons of hormone replacement therapy. Honest, reliable, informative and highly readable, it looks at many vital issues, including: • symptoms and signs of the menopause • managing the menopause with or without HRT • breast cancer and the links between cancer and hormone treatment • osteoporosis • the importance of diet, exercise and stress management • the need for regular screening and health checks • and more besides! *Understanding HRT and the Menopause* gives women the opportunity to take control at a challenging time in their lives and make a truly informed, responsible decision about their health. Why don't you invest in a copy today? *Understanding HRT and the Menopause* costs just £9.99 (P&P FREE). To order, send your name and address, the book title and your payment (cheque made payable to *Which?* Ltd or credit card number with expiry date) to: *Which?*, PO Box 89, Dept SP268, Hertford, SG14 1TB. Orders are normally despatched within 14 days of receipt. Full refund if not satisfied.



Special Purchase Java leather sofa £599

habitat summer sale

NOW ON

For the location and opening times of your nearest store telephone 0645 334433

ine
rdian

British scientist held in Bolivia on drug charges

Academics urge FO to seek woman's release

Duncan Campbell
Crime Correspondent

A LEADING British anthropologist and novelist who has taken the part of the Bolivian coca farmers in their battle with the government, is being held in a jail in La Paz accused of drug trafficking.

Members of the academic community in Britain are petitioning the Foreign Office to intervene on her behalf.

Alison Spedding, aged 36, was arrested in a police raid at her home in La Paz on March 30, after a tip-off.

She was said to have had two kilos of cannabis and has been charged with narcotics trafficking, which carries a sentence of up to 25 years. She has also been accused of "criminal association" and "inducement to corruption".

Dr Spedding has been involved in Bolivia as an anthropologist since 1985 and has been living there since 1989. She is a lecturer in social anthropology at San Andres university and is respected in the anthropological community as an expert on the Aymara culture.

More significantly, she has been prominent in speaking out on behalf of the *cocaleros*, the coca farmers under pressure from the Bolivian gov-



Alison Spedding
'political scapegoat' fears

ernment to destroy their crops because they can be used in cocaine manufacture.

Other expatriates in Bolivia say she has studied the history of the traditional and religious uses of coca leaves and has made plain her opposition to the destruction of crops now taking place, partly under pressure from the US government.

Dr Spedding was arrested just before she was to return to England on holiday. She had \$2,500 (about £1,500) with her, and this is being used as evidence that she must have been involved in trafficking.

Her cash was confiscated and her bank account frozen, despite the fact that she had five years of university pay slips showing the tax she had paid.

"There is absolutely no way that she is involved in trafficking," said her mother, Maureen Raybould, who lives

in Windlesham, Surrey. "She lives very simply. Her academic work is the only thing of importance to her. It appears she is being used as a political scapegoat."

Dr Spedding grew up in Maidenhead and Reading and studied at King's College, Cambridge. After taking her master's degree she travelled, then studied for her doctorate at the London School of Economics. She has written an historical-fiction trilogy of which the second volume was published last month by HarperCollins.

Her job inside the prison is teaching English, and she shares a cell with seven women and their babies. She is also putting a young Bolivian through university at her own expense. But her friends and family are concerned because she is suffering from typhoid, salmonella and parasites for which she was hoping to receive treatment in England. Her court hearing is scheduled for October.

Fellow anthropologists from the LSE, Goldsmiths, Cambridge, Essex, Loughborough and Liverpool universities have contacted Baroness Symonds, the consular minister. Academics at universities in the US and Canada have also offered their support.

A spokesman for the Bolivian embassy in London said the quantity of drugs allegedly found by police indicated it was not merely for her personal use. All drug possession carries a custodial sentence.

The Bolivian government is anxious to demonstrate to the international community that it is tough on drugs.



The right type... a regular visitor enjoys the sun in Frinton, Essex, where residents are trying to repel 'the wrong kind of tripper' PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD CLIVER

Frinton Canutes face tide of alcohol

Ruslana Nicol

AT exactly 5pm the shutters come down in the pretty seaside town of Frinton in Essex. Night has arrived and the entertainment is over -

for the moment at least. Doors lock, the fishmonger and the butcher wipe their surfaces clean. Across Connaught Avenue, Robin Cooper locks up Blowers and Coopers, the ironmonger and the oldest business in town. On July 24, he will close the doors for

good and the purveyors of booze might move in. "I object strongly," said one elderly lady who has lived in Frinton for 45 years. "It will bring in the wrong type."

Few of the town's 6,000 residents want their names mentioned, most start their conversations "This may sound a bit snobby but..."

The problem is that Mr Cooper sold his shop, which was built in 1912, to a developer who in turn has invited the brewery business, J.D. Wetherspoon, to open a pub. Frinton has never had to deal with a pub before and the residents are not keen about the idea.

To get to Frinton, which is near the wider resort of Clacton, the visitor has to pass over a rail crossing. To the locals the gate is called Checkpoint Charlie, a barrier which protects the genteel from the outside world.

Once through the gate, Frinton is home to many people who are waiting away their final years. In the 1981 census, there were 98 people who were over 90 years old. There were exactly the same number aged 18 and 19. The numbers between the ages of 70 and 90 totalled 1,281 while those between 18 and 40 reached only 517. "As the 90-year-olds are carried out, the 65-year-olds move in," said one resident.

Wetherspoon, as everybody in town acknowledges, are the best of a bad lot. "It's difficult to find anyone with anything to say against them," said Roy Caddick, secretary of the Frinton residents' association. "They are very

Frinton's Six Commandments

- **One:** No building on the estate must exist for the sale of excitable liquor (no pubs).
- **Two:** No buildings must be used as a fever or small-pox hospital.
- **Three:** No swing gates on any plots adjoining a road.
- **Four:** No hut or shed, caravan or house on wheels shall be allowed on the estate.
- **Five:** The vendor shall not authorise tripe boilers, horse slaughterers, soap boilers, tallow melters or any noxious or offensive trade on the estate.
- **Six:** You can't sink or use a cesspool or dead well on the estate.

big money, they are extremely reputable and they have proper rules. They do not play music and they don't want extended licensing hours."

The brewers say they will invest £800,000 in the town and create new jobs. The residents do not care. "There are areas and areas, bad and good and Connaught Avenue has been going down hill for the last few years," said Irene Woodrow, aged 76, who declared she viewed the proposal "with horror".

The town's defence goes

back to late in the last century when it was bought from the company that had developed Clacton. The purchaser was Richard Cooper who founded the town with strong rules to make it select. "The Cooper estate insisted on the strictest covenants," said Mr Caddick's wife, Jane.

Among these rules were the laws that no tanneries, candlemakers or pubs would be allowed. And no cesspools either.

"Frinton became popular between the wars because France was smashed up. The Churchills were regulars. Winston was once seen beating his son, Randolph, on the esplanade."

"Mr Cooper made it select and that's why those famous people came here, because they discovered the hot polli didn't," said Mr Caddick.

In 1991 a similar scandal broke in Frinton when a fish and chip shop was opened. The ensuing row, which the residents' association lost, led to editorials in broadsheet newspapers and television reports in Australia.

The residents' association met on Thursday to consider the planning application. Yesterday Mr Caddick faxed the company requesting a meeting.

He promised the association, which represents one-third of the households, would be reasonable if the company played fairly. But he pointed out that it has already derailed two previous attempts to open pubs in Frinton.

"Banks will commence on July 6," he said with relish.

YOU CAN GET THE STAFF THESE DAYS.



CLUB CLASS FROM PORTSMOUTH FROM ONLY £7.

You just need to know where to find them.

Try our luxurious Club Class lounge en route from Portsmouth to Le Havre or Cherbourg.

There you'll see our staff carrying silver trays with tea, coffee and newspapers, gratis.

Passengers in Club Cabins and Suites will see the same helpful faces in the morning, serving complimentary continental breakfasts.

If you're travelling to Spain, another likely spot is at the door of your

Club Cabin or Suite. Holding ice buckets, pouring free champagne which

you can enjoy as you take in the sea views or satellite

TV and a comfortable double bed.

Indeed, our staff are an important reason why you should consider upgrading to

Club Class on our sailings from Portsmouth to France (a supplement from just £7 per person gets you

access to our sumptuous Club Lounge).

Who says you can't get the staff these days? They're on

P&O European Ferries from Portsmouth and they're waiting to serve.

For reservations call 0990 980 555. For a brochure call 0870 9000 212. Or see your travel agent.

Facilities vary between ships.

PORTSMOUTH

BILBAO · CHERBOURG · LE HAVRE

P&O
European Ferries

A MEANINGFUL MOMENT



Velvet reds. Golden whites. Discover the true meaning of Santa Carolina from Chile.

Santa Carolina

WINES WITH MEANING

www.santacarolina.co.uk

The Open University

Study for a degree in a way that suits your lifestyle

Every year, thousands of busy people gain appropriate degrees with the Open University. The method of teaching lets you study whenever you have time.

Through OU supported open learning, the Open University comes to you with specially designed courses, computer software. You also receive your personal tutor and Regional Centre, helping the way in new technology - over 30,000 related to us by home computers.

OU courses cover arts, science, social sciences, mathematics, technology, modern languages, law, English law, education, and health and social work. In 1997 the OU ranked in the top 10 universities in the world for its excellence, and over 2,000 students reported their importance for career development. The Open University is a member of the Association of Universities in the UK, including IBM, Hewlett-Packard, and others.

Don't let the opportunity to gain a qualification pass you by. Use the coupon or call our Helpline for a free prospectus.

Send for your free prospectus

Name: _____
Address: _____
Postcode: _____
Date of birth: _____

OU Hotline (24 hours) 0876 600000

The Open University opens minds, opens doors.

سكنا من الامل

Minsk finally flushes out EU envoys

Tom Whitehouse in Moscow

WESTERN diplomats in Belarus, prevented from entering their embassy compound by a crack team of state plumbers backed by armed police, prepared yesterday to turn their backs on the former Soviet republic, abandoning it to the international isolation its autocratic president has long craved.

The 15 European Union envoys and the United States ambassador are expected to return home within days.

"The governments of the EU states took a decision to recall their ambassadors from Belarus for an undetermined time," said the Bulgarian ambassador, Marko Ganchev, who attended a meeting of the EU diplomats after he too was excluded from his residence.

President Alexander Lukashenko tried to play down the row. "Information on the incident has been misinterpreted both by the media and some diplomats," he said.

Mr Lukashenko claims he is acting within his rights because only the diplomatic residences, and not the embassy offices, have been cut off.

But the diplomats say Belarus has committed a gross violation of protocol: under international law the residences are considered part of an embassy and are therefore sovereign territory of the ambassador's country.

"We will have a severe response to this act of trickery," warned a German foreign ministry spokesman in Bonn.

The dispute flared two months ago when Mr Lukashenko told diplomats from 22 countries, including France, the US and Germany, to vacate their premises so that "urgent plumbing repairs" could be completed at the leafy Drozdzy estate, where the president also has his residence, on the outskirts of the capital Minsk.

The EU and US responded by threatening to recall their ambassadors.

Last week Mr Lukashenko tried a new ruse, claiming the compound was sovereign Belarusian territory where his wishes were sacrosanct.

When the diplomats showed him the leases confirming their residency rights, Mr Lukashenko appeared to relent, reassuring them on Wednesday that they could stay.

But yesterday the president apparently lost patience and sealed off the whole compound.

The ambassadors reportedly protested with police for an hour at barriers erected half a mile from their residences, before retreating to the British embassy, which is in the city centre and unaffected by the compound's closure, to plan their response.

Only neighbouring Russia looks likely to keep its staff in Belarus. Its ambassador, Valery Nesterushkin, said: "I don't think that in this situation we would base our actions on the reactions of other ambassadors."

Mr Lukashenko is expected to let the Russians — on whom he depends for his country's energy supplies — return to their residence after the repairs are completed.

The president may not be concerned by his country's new pariah status. He openly pines for the brutal certainties of the Soviet era, blaming the West for his problems and seeking to subvert the independence his country gained in 1991 in a restored union with Russia.

It may even have been his intention to provoke the diplomatic exodus so that his increasingly authoritarian actions would receive less attention.

Among Western diplomats, Belarus is dubbed "the North Korea of Europe" because most people live in greater poverty than even their Russian neighbours.

No jokes please we're German, advertising students told

Denise Staunton in Berlin

GERMAN advertising students were told this week to avoid jokes if they want to sell their products to their countrymen.

Volker Nickel, a spokesman for the German Advertising Federation, told communications students in Berlin that, although funny advertisements go down well in the British market, they do not work in Germany.

"There is no question that humorous advertising captures the attention of the audience but high recognition is not the same as advertising effectiveness," he said.

Germans say they enjoy humorous commercials but their laughter seldom translates into sales, as the Japanese car manufacturer Toyota discovered recently.

It won a 78 per cent approval rating for an advertisement showing singers dressed as apes, but its market share in Germany fell by more than 12 per cent. "Someone who spends DM30,000 [£10,000] on a car doesn't want to drive a joke," said Mr Nickel.

He said while a campaign for Camel cigarettes had won creative prizes, it had not helped sales. In contrast, an "earnest, boring executive" had scored huge success with his advertisements for a toothbrush.



Gypsy residents look on as a Czech television crew reports from Matični Street in Usti Nad Labem. The town plans to build a wall there to segregate the Gypsies. PHOTOGRAPH: SEAN GALLUP

Czech Gypsies fear ghetto wall

Tom Traynor in Usti Nad Labem

THE WALL on Matični Street has not been built yet. The shame and the indignity aroused by the very idea of the wall mean that it may never be built. But the bitter feud raging in this small, grimy north Bohemian town about "whites and blacks" — Czechs and Gypsies — and the wall to segregate the one from the other mark a new and alarming departure in contemporary European racism.

For the Czechs of Matični Street, apartheid is imperative. "The wall's the only solution," says Jaroslav Kopecký, aged 53, an electrician who lives around the corner from the target of the Czech ire, two dilapidated blocks of flats housing 104 Czech Gypsies, or Roma. "The Gypsies get drunk, they make a racket at night, they pile up the rubbish till the rats come and then they play with the rats. No wonder we want the wall. It's unbearable."

For the Gypsies of Matični Street, lodged by the council in what is supposed to be temporary housing with no hot water and only communal showers, the wall is the thin end of a racist wedge that culminates in ghettos, camps, deportation and murder.

"If they insist on the wall, it will be very bad," sighs Tibor Badl, aged 49, a disabled

father of three. "I don't care. I'll die soon. But what about my kids? They'll be growing up in a concentration camp."

"During the first world war, our grandparents ran away and escaped," says Gisela Kulenova, aged 37, a mother of four. "During the second world war, our parents were killed. And now we've got democracy, are we supposed to run away again? They want rid of us, but where are we supposed to go?"

The two blocks housing the 37 Gypsy families on the fringe of this town, which straddles the river Elbe, are hemmed in by derelict buildings. Terraced houses inhabited by Czechs line one side of Matični Street.

The town mayor, Ladislav Hruska, wants to build a 15ft-high wall the length of the street, to separate the Gypsies from their fellow Czech citizens and neighbours. Liberals in Prague are appalled, but the government displays utter indifference. Human rights activists are outraged, but the mayor is intransigent.

A United States congressman protested and Mayor Hruska wrote back, telling him to mind his own business and concentrate on the problem of black ghettos in the US.

The row about the wall is but a symptom of the systematic discrimination and intimidation suffered by the Czech Republic's 300,000-strong Gypsy community. In February in the east Bohemian town of Vrchlabi, three

skinheads battered a Gypsy woman senseless before throwing her into the Elbe where she drowned. Last month in the Moravian town of Olbriva, Milan Lacko, aged 40, a father of five, was attacked by a gang of four youths and left lying on a street where first a car and then a lorry ran over him.

only offences where charges are brought. Most Gypsies view the police as skinhead sympathisers and do not report attacks.

Vladislava Gorolova, aged 28, one of Usti Nad Labem's 10,000 Gypsies, was seven months' pregnant and out walking with her young son when a gang of skinheads attacked her. "I was shocked. I expected it to be bad, but not that bad," sighs Monika Horakova, a Prague Roma who is the government commissioner for Roma affairs. She has occupied a spacious office in the Prague palace that is the seat of government since January. She has three staff, no budget, no resources and no powers. She smiles sadly when asked if her commission is a government attempt to pretend it is doing something about the Gypsy problem.

"The commission comprises 10 deputy ministers and six Roma representatives, so that's discrimination right away," she says. "If anything is put to the vote, the Roma have no chance."

The only figure in the government to intervene in the Usti wall crisis is the young minister without portfolio, Vladimir Mlynar, who went to the town to try to mediate. "The problem is the town hall and the mayor's very bad behaviour," he says. "But there are many streets like Matični Street in our country. All I

broke up in 1992, new Czech citizenship laws deliberately left 100,000 Gypsies stateless. Six years on, 10,000 are still without citizenship.

The Cauldron, a primetime TV talkshow, featured a Gypsy politician, Ivan Vesely, this week being grilled by a studio audience. "Black bastard," they screamed at him as the anchorwoman threatened to call police and take the programme off the air.

"I was shocked. I expected it to be bad, but not that bad," sighs Monika Horakova, a Prague Roma who is the government commissioner for Roma affairs. She has occupied a spacious office in the Prague palace that is the seat of government since January. She has three staff, no budget, no resources and no powers. She smiles sadly when asked if her commission is a government attempt to pretend it is doing something about the Gypsy problem.

"The commission comprises 10 deputy ministers and six Roma representatives, so that's discrimination right away," she says. "If anything is put to the vote, the Roma have no chance."

The only figure in the government to intervene in the Usti wall crisis is the young minister without portfolio, Vladimir Mlynar, who went to the town to try to mediate. "The problem is the town hall and the mayor's very bad behaviour," he says. "But there are many streets like Matični Street in our country. All I

'If they insist on the wall, it will be very bad,' sighs a Gypsy resident. 'I don't care. I'll die soon. But what about my kids? They'll grow up in a concentration camp'



He was the 32nd Gypsy to die in racially motivated attacks in the Czech Republic since the "velvet revolution" of 1989, although the courts and the authorities decline to classify most of the violence as racially motivated. According to the government commission on Roma affairs, there have been 93 criminal assaults on Gypsies this year, 50 per cent up on 1997.

That is but a fraction of the real figure since it includes

tacked her with tennis rackets, splitting her head open. "I went to the police, but nothing happened."

Of the 500,000 Gypsies murdered in the Holocaust, all but 600 of 8,000 Czech Gypsies perished in what the Roma call "The Devouring". The current community migrated from Slovakia after the war. The communists banned their language and nomadic lifestyle and put them in towns. But when Czechoslovakia

Warships steam towards Cyprus

Chris Drake in Nicosia and Ian Black

AN AMERICAN aircraft carrier leading a full battle group is heading towards Cyprus today as Greece and Turkey engage in a war of words and flex their military muscles on the divided island.

A Pentagon spokesman, Kenneth Bacon, stressed that the USS Eisenhower was in the region for a routine exercise, but plans would be altered to make her "available for anything she has to meet there."

But there was growing international concern that continuing military bluff and counter-bluff could explode into war if not quickly controlled.

Turkey, which invaded Cyprus and occupied the north

in 1974, started this round by sending several warships. Greece then dispatched four F-16 jet fighters and two transport planes to the new Andreas Papandreu airbase in Paphos. On Thursday, Turkey dispatched six F-16s to an airfield near Nicosia, though they left yesterday.

Turkey's foreign minister, Ismail Cem, vowed to counter Greek moves. "Whatever is done to provoke or weaken the rightful cause of the Turkish Cypriots will be duly answered by Turkey."

Greece dismissed the threats. "This is psychological blackmailing," said George Papandreu, a foreign minister.

The United States and Germany both issued warnings about the dangers of displays of force and appealed for political dialogue to solve differences.

In London, Turkish diplomats asked the Foreign Office for British intervention as one of the island's three "guarantor powers", and urged Greece to reduce tensions.

But Greek Cypriots are sceptical about a British role, given that the leader of their Turkish counterparts, Rauf Denkash, refuses even to meet with Sir David Hannay, the European Union's special representative to the island.

Anger and frustration now surround the entire issue, with efforts to reunify the two communities deadlocked. The EU decision to refuse Turkey's application for membership, while proceeding with one from the Greek Cypriot government.

Last week's EU summit in Cardiff failed to make progress. Ankara was again told it might one day become a

member but only after improving its human rights record and ties with Greece.

Mr Denkash, strengthened by Ankara's fury towards the EU, now wants international recognition for his breakaway state before any further talks about a solution. This has been firmly refused.

But the Cypriot president, Glafcos Clerides, had been banking on progress to give him an excuse to cancel his order for a Russian S-300 missile defence system, due for delivery within months.

Turkey has threatened to prevent the system's arrival or destroy it soon afterwards. This week it stopped and searched a cargo ship at the mouth of the Dardanelles Strait, believing it to be carrying components.

Greece has warned that an attack on the missiles would be tantamount to a declaration of war.

News in brief

Banning lying is un-American, say judges

OUTLAWING lying in political campaigns is unconstitutional, the Washington state supreme court has ruled.

"The very purpose of the First Amendment," the court wrote, "is to foreclose public authority from assuming a guardianship of the public

mind... In this field every person must be his own watchman for truth."

A handful of states have similar statutes, but none has yet been reviewed by the United States supreme court. The ruling comes at a time when the issue of lying has gained new public promi-

nence, due in large part to Kenneth Starr's investigation into whether President Clinton lied to conceal a sexual relationship with Monica Lewinsky. As Mr Starr has shown, determining what is true or false is a tricky endeavour. — Los Angeles Times, Seattle.

New group for Eurosceptics

France's former Gaullist interior minister Charles Pasqua said yesterday he was launching a new rightwing movement to campaign against the enlargement of the European Union. — Reuters.

Beirut car bomb

A car bomb killed two people in the Dawra area of mostly Christian east Beirut, a security source said. — Reuters.

Tea-leaf strikes

The EU's switch to "green housekeeping" in its own buildings is under threat after much of the re-usable china which replaced disposable plastic cups has gone missing, writes Martin Walker in Brussels.

South African court ruling tackled on two fronts

SOUTH Africa's National Party yesterday called on the judge who overturned President Nelson Mandela's appointment of a commission of inquiry into rugby to give reasons for the decision. The appeal followed an

unprecedented attack on the judiciary by the ruling African National Congress, which accused Mr Justice William de Villiers of having come close to sabotaging the country's constitution by summoning President Mandela to justify an executive decision.

While describing the ANC's statement as "hysterical", the National Party said it was a matter of urgency that the judge explain the reasoning behind his judgement. — David Beresford, Johannesburg.

The Open University

Study for a degree in a way that fits your lifestyle.

Every year, thousands of busy people gain BA, BSc or postgraduate degrees with the Open University (OU). Our unique method of teaching lets you study wherever you live and in your own time.

Through OU supported open learning

The Open University comes to you with specially written texts, audio and video cassettes, TV and radio programmes and, for some courses, computer software. You also receive support from your personal tutor and Regional Centre. We're also leading the way in new technology - over 30,000 students are now linked to us by home computers.

OU courses cover arts, science, social sciences, computing, mathematics, technology, modern languages, business management, English law, education, and health and social welfare.

In 1997 the OU ranked in the top 10 universities for the number of courses rated as excellent, and over 24,000 employers recognise their importance for career development by sponsoring OU students - including IBM, Hewlett-Packard, Barclays Bank, Standard Life and Lucas.

Don't let the opportunity to gain a qualification pass you by - for your free prospectus, use the coupon or call our Hotline NOW.

Send for your free prospectus NOW.

Send to: The Open University, PO Box 88, Milton Keynes, MK7 6AA.

☐ Please send me a copy of the Open University prospectus.

☐ Please send me a copy of your postgraduate prospectus.

I have contacted the OU before. YES/NO

Name

Address

Postcode

OU Hotline (24 hours) 0870 9000 301.

The Open University opens minds, opens doors.

The Guardian Travel Shop

Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia

Mountain Majesty and Fall Foliage featuring scenic and historic Virginia and Washington DC

Departs 15th, 29th October or 4th November

9 days from \$599

The Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, immortalised in song, are one of the USA's most scenic areas and our 9-day tour allows you to explore some of the highlights of this area at a superb price.

Our price includes return scheduled flights with British Airways from Heathrow direct to Washington including taxes, 7 nights accommodation in good standard hotels (5 nights Washington, 2 nights Richmond, 2 nights Charlottesville), continental breakfasts, full sightseeing including Washington DC, Shenandoah National Park, Letcher County, Merriam, Natural Bridge of Virginia and Richmond, portage at hotels and your manager throughout.

This holiday is organised by Travel Editors Ltd, 140 Warwick Street, London EC2A 4EP and is offered subject to availability. Single rooms available at a supplement. Optional insurance is an additional \$25.

For more details please complete the coupon below or call Travel Editors on 0870 73 73 705.

0870 73 73 705

Please send me full details of:

☐ Blue Ridge Mountains

How many times a week do you buy the Guardian...?

How many times a month do you buy the Observer...?

☐ Please tick the box if you do NOT wish to receive details of other offers from The Guardian or other organisations approved by The Guardian.

Name

Address

Postcode

The Guardian



Eritreans at the main Christian church in Asmara pray for war to be averted, and an Ethiopian fighter holding a high-protein biscuit takes a break from training at a militia camp near the town of Adigrat. PHOTOGRAPHS: AMR NABIL AND SAYED AZIM

War looms in the Horn of Africa as peace deal fails

David Gough in Asmara and David Hirst in Asmara

THE Horn of Africa was braced last night for bloody conflict as the four-week-old peace process between Ethiopia and Eritrea was declared dead.

Salim Ahmed Salim, general secretary of the Organisation of African Unity, said yesterday that his delegation had been unable to make headway because Eritrea was still refusing to accept the four-point peace proposal produced by the United States and Rwanda.

At the conclusion of two days of shuttle diplomacy between the capital cities of Addis Ababa and Asmara, Mr

Salim said: "Ethiopia reiterated its agreement to the proposals... but Eritrea stated clearly that the facilitation process was over."

The two countries have been at loggerheads since May 12, when Eritrea invaded hundreds of square miles of northern Ethiopia that they claim is theirs.

Diplomatic efforts at resolving the crisis have been intense ever since.

Asmara's rejection of the US/Rwanda proposal, which called on Eritrea to withdraw its forces to their positions before May 12, means all-out war between two of Africa's poorest countries seems certain.

Eritrea's president, Isaias Afewerki, yesterday accused

the Ethiopian government of violating this week's US-brokered agreement under which both sides must refrain from using air power.

He said the Ethiopian foreign minister had "made it clear that they are not abiding by it, and today we have reports from airlines that they need to report to Addis Ababa before commercial

flights enter Eritrean air space."

Western diplomatic sources in Addis Ababa said the hawkish prime minister Meles Zenawi's ruling party were gaining the upper hand.

Unconfirmed reports reached Addis Ababa late last night of fighting between the two sides along the Zalambessa front.

the Ethiopian government of violating this week's US-brokered agreement under which both sides must refrain from using air power.

He said the Ethiopian foreign minister had "made it clear that they are not abiding by it, and today we have reports from airlines that they need to report to Addis Ababa before commercial

flights enter Eritrean air space."

Western diplomatic sources in Addis Ababa said the hawkish prime minister Meles Zenawi's ruling party were gaining the upper hand.

Unconfirmed reports reached Addis Ababa late last night of fighting between the two sides along the Zalambessa front.

Bissau crisis draws in neighbours

Alex Duval Smith in Dakar

FIGHTING in Guinea-Bissau intensified yesterday as the conflict widened from an army rebellion in the small west African country to a battle for supremacy over cannabis fields and tourism in neighbouring Senegal.

Amid reports that most of Guinea-Bissau's army had joined the rebels who sparked the fighting nearly two weeks ago, Senegalese planes bombed a border town killing up to 100 people.

The conflict — which has forced 4,000 foreign business people and diplomats to leave Guinea-Bissau by ship and tens of thousands of people to flee into the jungle, prompting fears of a cholera epidemic — is rooted in a 16-year rebellion in the Senegalese

border region of Casamance. Casamance — a haven of rice paddies, cannabis fields, immaculate beaches and Club Med resorts — provided rear bases during the 13-year Guinea-Bissau independence struggle which ended in 1974.

The latest rebellion in Guinea-Bissau was sparked by allegations that top brass in the former Portuguese colony were illicitly supplying arms and landmines to Casamance rebels.

Aid agencies are arriving in Senegal's capital Dakar to tackle the feared cholera epidemic. But the rainy season has made roads impassable and the agencies do not know how many people have fled into the jungle from the capital, Bissau.

"We know the population of Bissau is around 300,000 and that 80 percent of them have fled," said Fernando de la

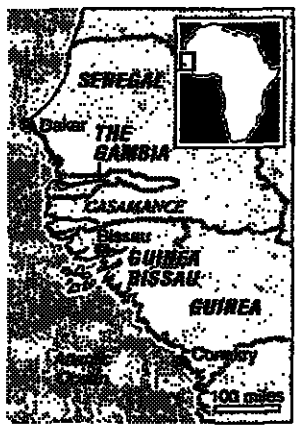
Vieira Nobre, a Portuguese surgeon with Assistencia Medica Internacional who arrived in Dakar on Thursday and is making arrangements to transport 10 tons of food and medical aid into Guinea-Bissau. "We have some idea of where they are but our problem is gaining access by land, through Casamance, where there are landmines."

"The only air strip is in Bissau which is at the centre of the fighting. The same goes for the ports which most people have left anyway."

"The biggest problem is cholera which is endemic at this time of year. The combination of rain, swamp land, huge population movements and no sanitation is disastrous."

About 300 refugees from Bissau arrived in Dakar early yesterday after a 24-hour journey on a Senegalese naval ship. They joined about 1,000 others, sharing 300 camp beds in an

airport hangar with no sanitation. Some 4,000 other refugees — mostly European, Brazilian and United States embassy and aid personnel — were evacuated by plane from Dakar after arriving by sea.



Thierno Sene, a 23-year-old tailor, said: "I stayed in Bissau until the situation became untenable and I could get on a ship. Unless you had good connections, it was hard to get on the ships earlier in the week as they were reserved for whites."



Residents flee Bissau as fighting between rebel forces and government troops intensified. PHOTOGRAPH: ADALBERTO ROSA

where. The only thing that is better than being in this hangar is that there are no shells.

"But we are only getting one meal a day — bread and watered-down milk."

The Guinea-Bissau rebels, who are led by a renowned Bissau independence guerrilla fighter, Ansumane Mane, claimed in broadcasts that they did not stage a coup against President Joao Bernardo "Nino" Vieira. They claim merely to want new elections in a bid to root out corruption.

According to the refugees in Dakar yesterday, Mane and his rebels — who are now said to be backed by all but two of Guinea-Bissau's army leaders — have wide support among the population.

This is especially the case in the Muslim north where the Diola ethnic group live. This is the same ethnic make-up as in Casamance.

Mr Gomez said: "Even though Nino was elected in 1999 — and that made his coup legitimate — there is a great deal of corruption in our country. This has to change."

"But we are not Casamance. Even here in the hangar they are putting us with Casamance people and that means the Senegalese look down on us," he said.

Senegal's president, Abdou Diouf, has put pressure on Mr Vieira to help quash the Casamance rebellion. Mr Vieira agreed to move refugee camps housing up to 20,000 Casamance in his country further inland, to prevent them from acting as rear bases.

In return, Senegal, which is an economic and military giant in the region, has sent 1,300 troops to Guinea-Bissau since last week. Yesterday its air force bombed Nino's Guinea-Bissau town 30 miles inside the border.

Anger simmers in Australia's Anglo-Asian interchange

Martin Woollacott in Brisbane on the rural discontent that backs Pauline Hanson's racism

GO DOWN some of the alleys in central Brisbane and you can easily find yourself in an oriental lane flanked by Korean and Japanese restaurants. There you will find young people like Matsuda Suzuka from Nagasaki, who has been doing her last two secondary school years in Brisbane, one of thousands of Asian students in the city, eating an evening meal with friends both Australian and Japanese.

Fly in to Brisbane airport from south-east Asia and watch as hundreds of middle-class Singaporean families arrive for holidays on Queensland's Gold Coast. Drive past the port areas and watch the to and fro of goods headed for and coming from Asia.

You cannot be in Brisbane more than a few hours without appreciating that it and the whole of Queensland benefit from having become a place of interchange between Australia and Asia. The pleasant city with its palm trees and spruced up Victorian buildings surviving amid newer offices and shopping malls, has the same feeling as Vancouver or Seattle, half Asian and half Anglo.

But if you go out into the hinterland of the state, or scratch below the surface of some attitudes in Brisbane itself, all agree there is another society to be found. The battered remnant of a once economically impor-

tant rural Australia, it is an angry place that feels it has had no voice.

This is the society attracted to the doctrines of Pauline Hanson, whose One Nation Party came from nowhere a week ago to take more than a fifth of the vote in the state election. Mrs Hanson thinks that Asian immigrants are taking jobs. Aborigines are coddled by the government, and she says they are being ruined by their own government.

Matsuda says most of her fellow students, mainly white Australians, think

his big family is bursting the walls of the little house that is all he can afford, also allows that some of what Mrs Hanson says is right. But it is presented in the wrong way. Political correctness, particularly as it applies to Aborigines, has gone too far.

"I wish I could get the mortgage an Aborigine can get just by walking in off the street to a government office," he says. If Aborigines get privileges like low-interest mortgages, he insists, then so should white Australians.

Nor is the meal yet finished. The two instructed their voters to use their "preferential" votes, which citizens cast after making their main choice, to help One Nation in the elections. They thus lost seats themselves and saw One Nation seize a pivotal position. Now the worse dilemma is whether to try to hang on to power in Queensland by seeking the support of One Nation. Beyond that is a worse one still — what to do about One Nation in the coming general elections.

The Queensland National Party premier, Rob Borbidge, is under pressure from groups who would normally support him. Business, which knows how important Asia is to the state, prefers a Labour government.

The Liberal leader and prime minister, John Howard, who has temporised throughout the courting of One Nation by the Nationals, is now under even more pressure than Mr Borbidge. Senior members of the federal party want him to direct Liberal voters to give their preferential votes to any but Mrs Hanson's followers.

That might lose Mr Howard the election. But dealing with One Nation might lose the conservatives more than just an election. The signs are that they have begun to understand this and will, belatedly, make the right decisions. Australia, and the Asia of which Australia so often proclaims it is a part, are waiting.

On or trial, page 10

Kashmir rebels blamed for wedding deaths

Suzanne Goldenberg in New Delhi

TWENTY-FIVE members of a Hindu wedding party, including the bridegroom, were shot dead in a remote area of Jammu and Kashmir yesterday in an attack that is bound to encourage further calls from hardliners in India's coalition government for an iron band against militants.

Police in Jammu and Kashmir state, which is claimed by both India and Pakistan, said the group of five gunmen fired indiscriminately on the party, which was resting by a mountain stream for tea on the way home. Six other guests were reported injured, although the bride was said to have survived.

The massacre took place at the village of Chhapnari, near the town of Doda, in a mountain area that is a favourite sanctuary of Kashmiri separatist militants.

Kashmir's chief minister, Farooq Abdullah, said the massacre — the third of Hindus this year in India's only Muslim-majority state — reflected the militants' desperation. Within the past 18 months, India's army has consolidated its control of the Kashmir valley, the original battleground in the uprising that erupted in 1989.

But the fighters have moved south, operating in the high mountains of Jammu division where they appear intent on driving Hindu villagers out of mixed-population areas. New Delhi has repeatedly blamed the sectarian massacres, which until

this year were a rarity in Kashmir, on Pakistani and Afghan fighters.

"It is yet another barbaric act of Pakistan-sponsored militants in Kashmir. I am shocked to learn about this tragedy," Dr Abdullah said.

For months he has pleaded with New Delhi to send more troops to the southern portion of his state, a request that could now get a more sympathetic hearing.

The killings are certain to prompt hardliners within New Delhi's Hindu nationalist-led coalition to urge a tougher line on militancy — despite its virtual defeat in the valley.

Days after India's nuclear tests, the home minister, L. K. Advani, warned Islamabad that Islamabad was aiding the militants, and hinted that India was contemplating hot pursuit into Pakistani-controlled Kashmir.

Though government and military officials were anxious to distance themselves from Mr Advani's remarks, his posturing caused repudiation in Pakistan where there are fears of rampant Indian nationalism under his Bharatiya Janata Party-led government.

Turning the spotlight on Kashmir suits the BJP which has been under relentless pressure from coalition partners, including its most powerful ally, the Tamil politician J. Jayalalitha. That feud showed no sign of abating yesterday as Ms Jayalalitha accused the BJP of trying to split her party.

Polyanthus Spectrum

Plan ahead for colour and interest in your garden with 35 plants for £7.95, plus 7 plants FREE!

Polyanthus Spectrum is a hardy, free-flowering F1 hybrid variety which can be grown either in a pot or bedded outdoors. The plants will reach 25cm in height and will burst into bloom from late winter through to early spring — bringing vibrant colour to your borders, patio containers, tubs and window boxes. Also perfect as indoor pot plants, Polyanthus Spectrum will flower in a wonderful range of colours including gold, red, white, primrose, rose, blue, pink and some bi-colours. And, our 'Extra Plants' offer means for every pack of 35 plants ordered, we will send you a further 7 plants absolutely FREE!

Our Polyanthus Spectrum offer is available for just £7.95, including postage and packing. On arrival they will measure approximately 6-8cm from stem tip to soil base, ready for horticultural instructions provided. As the plants are grown to order, despatch will be from late-August and throughout September. All orders will be acknowledged.

01245 326002

24 hour credit card order service

GARDENING DIRECT

OF SOUTH WOODHAM FERRERS

Gardening Direct, PO Box 225, South Woodham Ferrers, Chelmsford, Essex CM3 5XJ.

We deliver to all addresses in the UK, Ireland and Channel Islands. All orders will be despatched by first class post. Offer subject to availability. (155 GU5P5)

Please send me: 35 plants of (E1) 35 Polyanthus Spectrum for £7.95, plus my 7 plants FREE! Price includes delivery.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Postcode: _____

Enclose crossed cheque/postal order (address on back) for £7.95, made payable to Gardening Direct Trust Account or debit my Mastercard/Visa card by £7.95.

Card No. _____

Expiry Date _____

We bank cheques and postal orders on credit for security reasons, but we hold the money on your behalf in a special trust account until the goods are on their way to you. Orders to: Gardening Direct, PO Box 225, South Woodham Ferrers, Chelmsford, Essex, CM3 5XJ.

Small text at bottom of ad.

Small text at bottom of ad.

Small text at bottom of ad.

Small text at bottom of ad.

'Final' S bank off is robbed say Jew

Small text in right margin.

SAVE
SUDAN CH
Today in Sudan, the lives of an estimated 12 million people are at immediate risk from starvation. Children are suffering terribly. Right now, food is the priority. Save the Children is urging the international community to support the UN in relieving the food that is needed now to save lives.
We have worked alongside the brave people of Sudan through tough times in the past, but civil war and drought mean that the lives of many children depend, for now, on our help.
Save the Children staff are working to provide immediate relief and planning ahead for the future, when the present chronic food crisis has been met. We are supplying high energy biscuits for children.
Continuing fishing equipment, seeds and other basic survival items.
Training local mobile teams to create and maintain new water sources.

سكنا من الامم

'Final' Swiss bank offer is robbery, say Jews

Mark Tran in New York

SWITZERLAND'S three largest banks yesterday offered to pay no more than \$800 million (\$370 million) to settle claims from Holocaust survivors who have accused the banks of misappropriating assets of account holders who were sent to death camps.

The announcement by Credit Suisse, Swiss Bank and Union Bank of Switzerland, marked the first time the banks have mentioned a figure for a possible settlement, but it was immediately condemned by Jewish groups.

The banks said the \$800 million included about \$70 million they had already paid into a humanitarian fund set up by Swiss banks, the central bank and private businesses last year to aid needy Holocaust victims.

The offer does not include repayments to Holocaust victims or their heirs from dormant wartime accounts in Swiss banks that an independent auditing team headed by a former United States central banker, Paul Volcker, is hunting, the banks said.

"By all legitimate criteria, this is a fair offer. The banks view this offer to be at the upper limit of what can be justified," the three banks said in a joint statement.

Abraham Burg, the head of the Jewish Agency in Israel, said the offer was "robbery and an evil deed." "The three banks... hid the stolen property for years and now are trying to earn interest," he said. Michael Kahan, the senior vice-president of the American Jewish Congress, added: "This is probably going to be unacceptable, given all the interest that has accrued since the 1930s."

In March, the Swiss banks agreed in principle to an out-of-court settlement of \$2 billion class-action lawsuits in the US. The settlement was due to be completed by the end of the month. In response to recent reports that some lawyers were demanding more than \$1 billion in the settlement, the banks yesterday warned they "would not entertain unfounded and excessive demands for payments".

The Credit Suisse chair-

man, Rainer Gut, said the banks had gone public with their offer "because there has been so much speculation, so many leaks and semi-leaks". But the World Jewish Congress in New York, one of the groups involved in the search for a settlement, expressed its dismay. The World Jewish Congress said the Swiss declaration was a "dramatic violation of the confidentiality agreement" by the banks.

The settlement talks began in April under the auspices of the US under-secretary of state, Stuart Eizenstat, and headed off threats of a boycott of Swiss banks in the US, particularly in New York. Both the Swiss government and the Swiss central bank have refused so far to join settlement talks.

Class-action lawsuits in the US have targeted German and Swiss banks. Earlier this month, concentration camp victims and their heirs began a \$18 billion lawsuit against Deutsche Bank and Dresdner, the two largest German commercial banks in the US.

The lawsuits against the Swiss banks allege they hoarded assets deposited by tens of thousands of subsequent Holocaust victims. After the war, the banks allegedly refused to pay the money to survivors and their heirs, claiming they could not find the accounts or demanding non-existent death certificates.

The New York business community has been ostracising Swiss banks, particularly the Union Bank of Switzerland, for allegedly trying to cover up their Nazi past by destroying records.

This month, US government historians charged that Swiss banks had channelled gold stolen by Nazi Germany to other countries as payment for raw material that helped sustain Hitler's war effort.

Switzerland has been criticised by two US government reports for having handled Nazi gold, but Mr Eizenstat has urged US plaintiffs not to use the threat of a boycott to force the banks to settle. If the talks collapse, lawyers who have brought the three huge class-action suits against Swiss banks are expected to press for their claims to be heard as quickly as possible.

Letters, page 10

Shaman or sham, Carlos Castaneda is dead, but no one close to the best-selling writer is saying anything

Final trip for New Age pioneer

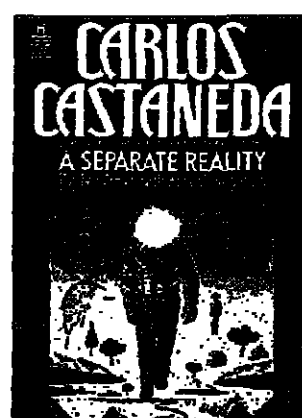
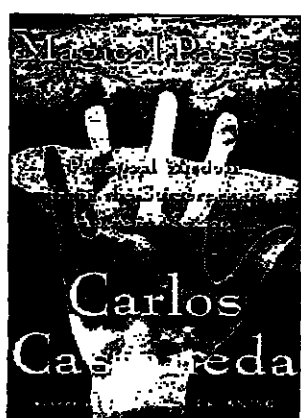
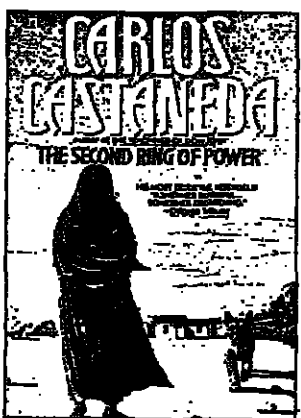
Christopher Reed in Los Angeles

THE self-proclaimed shaman, and best-selling author Carlos Castaneda, who pioneered the New Age movement with stories about a Mexican sorcerer named Don Juan, has died as mysteriously as he lived.

His demise in the fashionable Los Angeles district of Brentwood, was disclosed by the Los Angeles Times yesterday, almost two months after it apparently happened on April 27. He was believed to be 72, but his death certificate contained various falsehoods and he himself switched his year and place of birth.

Nobody near to him, including his lawyer, made an announcement and almost none is talking — an attitude that again raises the question: Was Castaneda a shaman or a sham?

He came to fame in 1968 when, as an anthropology graduate student at the University of California, he wrote a master's thesis about a journey he made in Arizona and Mexico. After studying the effects of medicinal and psychedelic plants, he said he met — in



Carlos Castaneda and some of his mystical books

a Greyhound bus station — a mysterious Yaqui Indian named Juan Matus, who used powerful hallucinogens to initiate novices into a mystical world.

The thesis became a best-seller, *The Teaching of Don Juan: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge*. Nine more books followed and they were translated into 17 languages. But Castaneda's canon is not regarded seriously by academic anthropologists, and suspicions have always remained that Don Juan never existed.

Over the years, Castaneda experimented with psy-

chedelic plants such as peyote, jimson weed and dried mushrooms, which gave him perceptive dreams as well as some "bad trips".

He wrote of roaming the Sonora desert with Don Juan and seeing giant insects. He became a crowd, grew a beard and learned to fly, and after experiencing "states of non-ordinary reality" arrived at a higher consciousness that gave him great wisdom.

Back in LA the mystic's lawyer, Deborah Drooz, said that as Castaneda had disliked publicity and being photographed or

recorded, "I did not take it upon myself to issue a press release". Michael Korda, the British author who edited Castaneda's books, said: "I have made it a lifetime practice never to discuss Castaneda with anyone in the newspaper business."

Castaneda's literary agent, Tracy Kramer, would only say: "In the tradition of the shamans of his lineage, [he] left this world in full awareness."

The shaman of Westwood left a will to be published next month, but among other errors his death certificate said he had never

been married. This came as a surprise to Margaret Runyan Castaneda, aged 76, his lawful wife from 1960-73. She was upset to hear of his death from the Los Angeles Times and said: "I wasn't notified, I had no idea."

In a 1997 memoir that Castaneda tried to ban, she wrote that "much of the Castaneda mystery is based on the fact that even his closest friends aren't sure who he is". The well-known author Joyce Carol Oates wondered in 1972: "Is it possible these books are non-fiction? They are beautifully constructed. The di-

alogue is faultless. The character of Don Juan is unforgettable. There is a novelistic momentum."

Dr Michael Shermer, publisher of *Skeptic* magazine and is a debunker of mystical matters. He said Castaneda's work was "not entirely" fictional because he did research Mexican-Indian religious beliefs and probably met shamans. But Don Juan was probably an amalgam. "He tweaked it all a little bit here and there and it became a money-making scheme."

Orin Tyson, a spokesman for the American Atheists society, was blunter. "I'm not surprised his people are guarding Castaneda, because if you looked too closely there's nothing there," he said.

But many still revere Castaneda as the father of a quasi-religious New Age. Time magazine wrote in the early 1970s: "To tens of thousands of readers the first meeting of Castaneda with Juan Matus is a better-known literary event than the encounter of Dante and Beatrice beside the Arno."

In today's material world, of course, neither event is recognised by very many people.

Motown blues as the jobs head south

Martin Kettle in Flint, Michigan, on a dispute over the future of a great American industry

YOU do not need to talk to the members of United Auto Workers in Flint, Michigan, to know what underlies their strike against General Motors.

All you need to do is to read the large notice in the car park behind their local union branch offices, which has become the strike headquarters. "The parking of any foreign-made autos on Local 659 property is absolutely prohibited," the notice read. "Violators will have their autos towed at their own expense."

The workers believe that GM wants to foster foreign-made cars on American consumers, putting American carworkers out of a job.

This will further deplete the much-reduced GM workforce at its Michigan headquarters and bring community life in Flint, one of the classic one-industry, one-company towns of industrial America, to its knees.

"We know what they're doing," said Norm McComb, as he organised the increasingly entrenched dispute at GM's metal fabricating division. It makes engine cradles for almost all GM cars and vans and the two-week old strike is crippling GM's United States operation. "We know that they're building plants in Mexico and that the vehicles they are manufacturing there aren't all being sold in Mexico but are being

shipped back here," said Mr McComb.

Out on the Bristol Road picket line, the strikers looked more like people enjoying a beach holiday than militants in the front line of America's most serious industrial conflict of 1998.

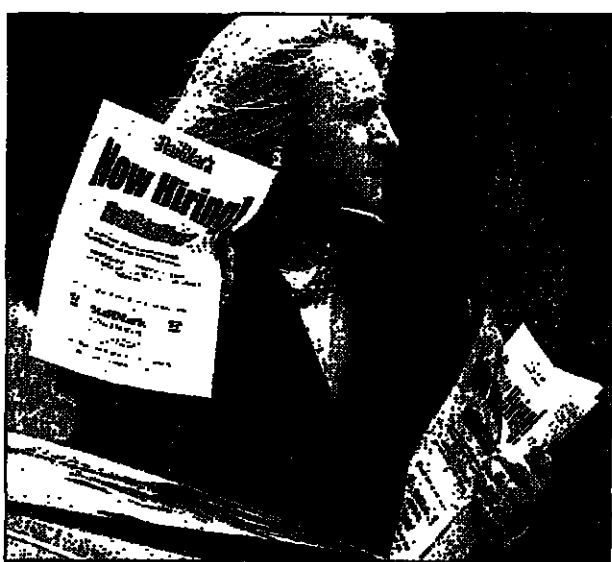
In hot sunshine, they sat on beach chairs under parasols wearing T-shirts and shorts, waving to passing motorists who beeped their horns in support as they headed off towards Detroit. There were plenty of women on the picket-line, and children too.

But the pickets shared Mr McComb's view of what the dispute is about. "They want to take our jobs and ship them down the highway to Mexico," said one, pointing south. "They think they can monkey with us," said another. "but we won't let them destroy our jobs and our town."

The Flint strike began at the end of May, when, according to the union, GM management began using non-union contractors to shift machinery out of the metal fabricating plant during holiday week and install it in a plant in Mansfield, Ohio.

On June 5, the 3,400 workers walked out and accused GM of breaking its agreements. Although there have been intermittent talks between GM and the UAW union since, both sides say there has been no progress.

Last week, 6,000 workers at another plant in Flint walked out, cutting off the supply of vital components for a range of GM vehicles and hastening the next round of layoffs throughout the company's North American operation.



A temp agency worker leaflets workers in Georgia whose plant has been shut by the strike in Flint PHOTOGRAPH: RIC FELD

At the last count, 80,000 GM workers in up to 60 plants were idle and workers as far afield as Alabama and New Jersey had been sent home. Industry watchers say that GM is now close to a nationwide closure.

If that were to happen, up to 178,000 workers could be locked out or on strike including, ironically, workers at the company's Canadian and Mexican plants. The cost of the strike so far is put at \$200 million (£123 million), but if the company is shut down, then losses will mount to \$1 billion a fortnight.

Prospects of an early end to the strike are clouded by two other factors. This weekend, the UAW gathers in Las Vegas for its triennial union convention, then losses will mount to \$1 billion a fortnight.

Secondly, the company is

about to shut down for its annual summer holiday, which means a settlement unlikely until the second week of July at the earliest.

This is an odd time for a big dispute in the US. In spite of the upbeat mood among American trade unions following the 1997 UPS delivery strike, which ended in a victory for the Teamsters Union, strikes are running at a low level in the US, largely due to the strong economy.

In the car industry, in particular, conditions for skilled workers remain excellent. Most shopfloor workers at a UAW source admitted, take home more than \$50,000 (\$30,700) a year, and many skilled workers at GM get closer to \$60,000 (\$49,000) with overtime. As a result, industry analysts believe that the dispute may not spread beyond GM very quickly. The

Flint strike, they say, can be explained only by the history of bad industrial relations.

General Motors has not managed change as effectively as its competitors. When Ford and Chrysler stopped building new production plants, GM kept on. The company now has excess capacity and too many workers are working at less than full capacity. The union blames poor investment.

But even union sources say that more jobs are certain to go at GM. Over the past 20 years, GM has shed 20,000 workers in Flint alone. It recently announced that Buick City, where one of its lines is manufactured, will shut in 1999, at the loss of another 2,800 jobs. By 2000, GM may shed an additional 11,000 jobs.

Change on that scale, in a small city such as Flint, is a catastrophe. The town has never had easy industrial relations. Now there is a sense of desperation.

"All through the years, labour relations at General Motors have been much more contentious than at Ford or Chrysler," said Doug Fraser, the Glasgow-born former national president of the UAW. GM has shed 20,000 workers in Flint alone. It's the sheer bigness of the company, but the workers just do not trust General Motors. The company doesn't have respect the way the others do."

All of which is exacerbated in a one-industry, one-company town. "Everything is more intense in Flint," said Mr Fraser. "It's a place with a lot of history. And the mood is full of insecurity. They know that the big Buick plant is going to close next year. There is a widespread fear of the future in Flint. It's a very emotional thing."

US columnist sacked for making up quotes

Joanna Coles in New York

THE Boston Globe, one of America's most respected newspapers, has sacked a top columnist for making up quotes and inventing characters.

The decision is the more grave because Patricia Smith is not young and inexperienced. She is 42 and was a respected figure in Massachusetts who last year was shortlisted for a Pulitzer prize.

The news comes less than a month after the New Republic sacked an associate editor and reporter, Stephen Glass, after he admitted making up features. He was also dropped from *George* magazine after it became clear he had made up quotes for a profile of President Bill Clinton's friend, Vernon Jordan.

Like Mr Glass, Ms Smith was rumoured after an editor, suspicious because some of her quotes seemed too articulate, made checks while she was on holiday. Fabrications had occurred in three columns in April and another last month. The Globe said more research was being carried out into her previous work. The sacking coincides with the launch this week of *Brill's Content*, a magazine aimed at exposing in-



Ms Smith: attributed quotes to people who do not exist

accuracy in the media. Its reporters have been asked to send surveys to interviewees. Questions include whether they felt their comments were reported accurately and in context.

In her valedictory column, Ms Smith admitted her error: "From time to time in my metro column, to create the desired impact or to slam home a salient point, I attributed quotes to people who do not exist."

She also apologised to "the grocery clerks, bartenders and single mothers, to the politicians, PR flacks and family and friends" and said, "I am sorry for betraying your trust."



A Save the Children plane delivering supplies in southern Sudan.

Photo: Neil Cooper

SUDAN CHILDREN'S APPEAL

Today in Sudan, the lives of an estimated 1.2 million people are at immediate risk from starvation. Children are suffering terribly. Right now, food is the priority. Save the Children is urging the international community to support the UN in delivering the food that is needed now to save lives.

We have worked alongside the resourceful people of Sudan through many tough times in the past, but civil war and drought mean that the lives of many children depend, for now, on outside help.

Save the Children staff are working round the clock providing immediate assistance and planning ahead for the future, when the present chronic food needs have been met. We are:

- supplying high energy biscuits for children

- distributing fishing equipment, seeds, tools and other basic survival items

- training local mobile teams to create and maintain new water sources

- providing experts to the UN World Food Programme to plan how to get the food to those who need it most

- working closely with other charities active in the region to assist in the delivery of food aid and essential relief items.

We're pressing for peace as the only long term solution to the problems

in Sudan. But meanwhile, we're doing all we can.

We believe that the children of Sudan have the right to a childhood, as much as any child of any nation. Whatever you can send will help...

Save the Children
Registered Charity No. 213890

Please give what you can for Sudan's children

You can make a credit card donation at any time by telephoning 0171 701 0894

Please accept my gift of: ☐ £25 ☐ £35 ☐ £50 ☐ £250 ☐ Other £

Name Address (PLEASE CAPITALISE PLEASE)

I enclose: ☐ Cash ☐ Cheque ☐ Postal Order ☐ Giro No. 5173000 ☐ CAV (Please make Cheques and Postal Orders payable to Save the Children)

OR Please charge my: ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐ Amex ☐ Diners Club ☐ CAR ☐ Switch Issue No.

Credit Card Number/Switch Number:

Signature Card Expiry Date:

Please complete this coupon and return to: Save the Children, Dept. 8050518, FREEPOST, LONDON SE5 8BR

Thank you
Registered Charity No. 213890

If your child is taking A-levels/GCSEs you have a tough time ahead!

You can help!
Summer holiday 4-day Seminars in

Study Skills

How your child will benefit: Students emerge from these seminars highly motivated towards their studies, and possess skills in speed reading, memory, advanced note-taking, essay planning, stress management, planning, and correct study methods. This unique, high powered four-day programme has been proven over 12 years with thousands of students.

Every week of the summer holidays at King's College London commencing 21 July.

Seminars are also held at the universities of Birmingham, Bristol, Cambridge, Cardiff, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Oxford and Southampton. (Please enquire for seminar dates)

Dates for October half-term Seminars: Kings College, London: four days split over two weekends 28th - 29th October + 31st October - 1st November. Watlington Centre, Oxford: 27th - 30th October. Each seminar starts on a Tuesday and finishes on a Friday, 9.00 am to 3.00 pm each day. Accommodation is available at all sites.

Also available:
• 'IN-HOUSE' SEMINARS for schools.
• TWO-DAY SEMINARS for 11 to 14 year olds.

For a free colour brochure with full details:

01737 554933
Learning Performance Seminars

Lords of Change

Peers must be reformers

THIS is going to be a lovely day for Melvyn Bragg and Waheed Alli, Norman Lamont and Tim Bell, along with the 23 others named in today's list of new working peers. The phone will be ringing off the hook: old friends calling to offer congratulations, nieces and grandsons asking if they can come to the House of Lords for tea, jokes about "Your Lordship" and all the other fun and games of Britain's peculiar Upper House.

New would begrudge the chosen 27 the delights of honour they are about to enjoy. For most it is a reward for long years of service, often undertaken with little public recognition. Tom Sawyer has toiled away in the backrooms of the Labour Party. Christopher Haskins has run a company, Northern Foods, which backed Labour long before it became fashionable. Peta Buscombe has grappled with the daunting task of boosting the role of women in the Conservative Party. The four honoured Lib Dems have

laboured in the salt mines of party committees and low-key pressure groups.

The glamour names have plenty of appeal, too. Waheed Alli is an inspired choice: aged just 33, Asian and gay, he takes three steps at once toward breaking the caricature of the Lords as a retirement home for middle-aged, white, straight men. Melvyn Bragg will be an equally invigorating addition, bringing experience and knowledge as a novelist and broadcaster, an accomplished TV executive and, in recent years, an advocate of popular science. Norman Lamont has at last won the platform he has so publicly craved; watching him needle former Tory Party colleagues will be at least provide an interesting spectator sport for regulars in the Lords' public gallery. Tim Bell's florid career and personal history will add an extra splash of colour: he's likely to be embraced by some of the more fast-living hereditaries, who will recognise in him and his legendary appetites one of their own.

Still it's hard to celebrate completely. This newspaper has made no secret of its dislike for the present House of Lords. We find it almost incredible that, on the eve of the 21st century, hereditary peers still have a role in one half of Britain's legislature. The fact that the rest are peers selected on the nod of prime ministerial favour provides little comfort. A House of Aristocrats is indefin-

able, a House of Patronage not much better, yet today's House of Lords is a combination of the two. Our preference is for a second chamber selected democracy's way: by direct election (with perhaps an extra appointment mechanism for the inclusion of some non-politicians).

Labour's 18 new peers should do all they can to make sure that goal is realised. They should be among the loudest advocates of reform, demanding not just the Government's Stage One interim plan — the removal of hereditaries' voting rights — but the more enigmatic Stage Two, which will mould the final shape of Britain's upper house. This will require some brave, even selfless thinking. For example, if the second chamber becomes a fully elected body, what happens to the current group of life peers? Will they retain their seats in an otherwise elected house? Or will they automatically make up the appointed third advocated by some reformers? Will they be allowed to keep their titles? These will be tough questions for the newest members of the club, those just getting used to the way an ancient robe fits on their shoulders, and the pleasures of a one-word signature.

Tough, but the newcomers are joining an institution just as its legitimacy is under question. They cannot simply insist that ermine will not change them, that they still

want to be called by their first name. They have to prove that the old cliché — the one which says the best way to change an institution is from the inside — is not just a handy cover for the abandonment of principle, but a genuine strategy. We will watch them closely — and we wish them luck.

A brief too far

Neill has a conflict of interest

LORD Neill, the Government's watchdog on public ethics, was sucked into a serious ethical conflict of his own making yesterday. The more the watchdog wriggled, the worse he looked. Instead of immediately acknowledging his serious misjudgment in deciding to defend Dame Shirley Porter in her appeal against a £27 million surcharge, the watchdog purported to have no other choice. He produced the hoary old "cab rank" excuse — the Bar Council rule that barristers should accept the first case offered to them. It is a rule that senior barristers easily ignore by claiming to be too busy. For a barrister who is chairman of the Committee of Standards in Public Life that would have been simple enough. He is steeped, at present, in hearing evidence on party funding before producing a report. But, even if

free, he should have gone one further and declared he was no longer a normal, taxi-driver. Once having accepted the job of ethical watchdog, which allows him to claim £500 a day, he can no longer be a taxi-driver available to all. Defending a millionaire, charged with wrongful council house sales, is off limits. Any conflict between his professional and public roles must be avoided. If he seriously believed conflict was unavoidable, he should not have accepted the job. It is as wrong for him to defend Dame Shirley, as it would have been for his predecessor, Lord Nolan, to sit on the bench to hear the appeal.

It was an astute move by Dame Shirley's defence team to invite Lord Neill to defend her: the poacher asking the gamekeeper to conduct the defence. But he should not have fallen into the trap. Even the man in the street, let alone a former *Warden of All Souls*, could have seen the conflict of interest. The idea of the ethical watchdog standing up to defend possibly the biggest breach of ethical standards in local government this century is absurd. Local government remains a crucial part of Lord Neill's remit. Instead of dutifully defending Neill, Downing Street should take him to one side and remind him of his committee's seven principles of public life, particularly the first three: selflessness, integrity, objectivity.

Letters to the Editor

Now let's do the worst...

FURTHER to Barrie Reader's letter (June 16) on your list of best films. How could anyone omit such masterpieces by Alfred Hitchcock, perhaps the greatest director of all time, as *The 39 Steps*, *The Lady Vanishes*, *Rebecca*, *Notorious*, *Dial M For Murder*, *Rear Window*, and *North By Northwest*?
Jan Stirling, London.

HOW interesting that someone should put forward *Educating Rita* as one of the films of the century. A friend who caught it belatedly told us it was the worst film ever made. My candidate — indeed for worst of any kind — would be *Lost Horizon*. The Musical. Any other suggestions?
George Schlesinger, Durham.

ROS Coward (Women, G2, June 16) points out that in the EU only Ireland does not levy VAT on women's sanitary protection. In the 1970s as a shadow spokesman, I moved an amendment to the Finance Bill to relieve these products from VAT. The Conservative minister in charge, totally confused and vaguely embarrassed, blurted, "Why can't they use soap?" and all his fellow Tories voted against. John Garrett, Norwich.

IF we're reviving the old VAT on tampons debate, razor blades might also be considered — they're essential and cost a bloody fortune. Unless of course, Britain's women would prefer hugely bearded men all over the place.
Phil Wolstenholme, Sheffield.

DOESN'T the inclusion of ordinary people like nurses and roadworkers make a mockery of our Honours List and belittle the achievements of highly paid celebrities from showbiz and sport?
Jim Toal, Liverpool.

Counsel for the arts

THE graphic with Dan Glaster's analysis of the Arts Council (June 18) omits the crucial central figure of the chief executive. In the new structure he has been given inordinate powers, being the sole channel through which the concerns of the arts professionals will be put before the council. He will be gatekeeper, filter and censor. There is a problem for any chairman who arrives without a background in this business. In 30 years of Arts Council watching, time and again I've seen the paid administrators get in the way of the artists. Present inefficiency is the result of bureaucracies set up by previous chief executives to service escalating initiatives. But a chairman who has no background needs his advisers and the new council is most curious in its mix of the new with the old. The new chairman may have called in cultural crumple and political correctness to pretty up the suits from the old guard, but they will have precious little technique to trip up this kind of expert footwork.
Katie Wheen, London.

THE impact of Gerry Robinson's overhaul of the Arts Council will be short-lived. The problems that beset arts

funding stem from a natural growth and diversification within the arts world and changes in the public perception of what constitutes "art". The notion that public subsidy exists purely to enable the "masses" to have access to "high art" is an oversimplification of the complex web of relationships between artists, the public and funders. Yet this notion is the only one which is churned out in the meagre and superficial public debate about the arts. What the Arts Council, in conjunction with the Department of Culture, should be doing is leading an intelligent debate about the role of the arts in the Britain. Instead we have another reshuffling of the funding bureaucracy.
Rachel Gibson, Freelance Arts Manager, London.

NEITHER Dan Glaster nor Joan Bakewell (Dump the Arts Council, June 18) is wholly right. The principal failure of the last 50 years is that the Arts Council is funding, responding to artists and arts organisations, largely ignoring its chartered object about access to the arts. So we have no strategy for access to the arts, no formal relationship with the local authorities, no policies intended

to serve all parts of the community. For decades the council turned away applicants from amateur and participatory organisations, and gave least emphasis to community-orientated arts.

But you cannot blame Arts Council staff for the lack of policy from Government and direction from the Council. Now we have a Government that appears to believe arts funding should subsidise the arts to reach people. So Gerry Robinson is right to be restructuring, but he needs to understand what a genuine commitment to access means if he is to replace long funding-led.

Roger Tomlinson, Chairman, Arts Marketing Association, Cambridge.

I WAS intrigued to find Joan Bakewell giving credence to Ruskin's notion, quoted in *Labour's Arts*, that daily involvement in the arts ennobles the soul. Art is both flawed and sublime, like the human beings who create it. Consider Victor Cousin in his Sorbonne lecture in 1818, *De l'art, du beau, du bien*, to set against Ruskin. "The beautiful cannot be the way to what is useful, or to what is good, or to what is holy; it leads only to itself."
John Butt, Exeter.



Stick to the veg and stay on top

WITH UK licensing imminent, and possible NHS availability, Viagra looks set for world domination. This does not need to be the case. Vegetarians have long had a secret weapon in their kitchen: tofu and veggie. Meat-eating can lead to cancer and heart disease but studies show that vegetarians have lower rates of impotence, because meat clogs up the arteries to all your organs, not

just your heart. And what better way to show your love for animals on factory farms — which spend their lives in overcrowded stalls, cages or crates, deprived of exercise, sunlight or grass under their feet. So don't reach for those pills — grab a veggie burger instead, and eat your way to a hotter libido.
Andrew Butler, London.

Vote for PR

HUGO Young (Blair may ask the people to destroy the system that put him in power, June 18) rightly points out that the key element in electoral reform is the attitude of the people. He seems to doubt they will agree to change the electoral system that gave them the "most popular leader the British can remember".

Recent polling for Make Votes Count shows that people's appetite for change has not been met by the general election and 73 per cent would support electoral reform. Even after hearing arguments for first-past-the-post, 57 per cent favoured reform. People see electoral reform as a means of making their votes count, and making politicians work together to deliver their promises.
Stephen Twigg MP, Chair, Labour Campaign for Electoral Reform.

Having Nunn of it

IT IS quite wrong to allege that I refused to stage a new play by Tariq Ali and Howard Brenton (Arts diary, June 18). The play does not exist as far as I am aware, I merely declined to commission it. The same anonymous writer goes on to allege that the National accepted *Brassed Off* from Sheffield sight unseen. In fact it was seen by a number of National Theatre representatives, including myself. Time will tell whose judgment is right concerning Terry Johnson's new play, though Tony Sher and I have given our names to our belief, unlike the anonymous journalist, who decided it safe in the knowledge no one will ever know who blew the raspberry. By the way I have no title; plain Mr is all I require.
Trevor Nunn, Director, Royal National Theatre, London.

How Swiss refused to roll over for Hitler's henchmen

THE second report by Alan Schom for the Simon Wiesenthal Centre in Los Angeles has just appeared. The first Schom report in January thoroughly discredited its author. By likening Swiss wartime refugee camps to Nazi concentration camps, it invoked the condemnation of Swiss residents of those camps (both Jews and gentiles).

Now Schom's follow-up report paints the Swiss government as willing handmaidens of Hitler and his henchmen. Nothing could be more insulting or further from the truth. The Swiss Federal Council, parliament, and most important of all, the Swiss people, rejected Nazism decisively. The fall of France in 1940 left Switzerland completely surrounded by the Axis powers. Swiss public opinion hardened against the Third Reich, prompting even Joseph Goebbels to note gloomily in his diary in August 1941: "I have received a report from Switzerland. The mood there is still heavily in favour of England."

The anti-semitism of Justice Minister Von Steiger and his police chief, Heinrich Rothmund, cannot be denied. But even excerpts cited by Schom to document Von Steiger's hostility to Jews make clear that his hard-line policies lacked political backing. The sweeping Schom statement that all seven members of the Swiss wartime federal

council were Nazi sympathisers and anti-semitic totally lacks credibility.

Federal council wartime decrees cracked down on Nazi front groups. By 1941 German foreign minister press spokesman Paul Schmidt summed up the official reaction in a memo. It noted that "The Führer described Switzerland as having the most repugnant people and the most lamentable form of state. The Swiss are mortal enemies of the new Germany."

It should also be noted that, at the time, the federal council introduced new decrees on spying and treason. From 1939 to 1945 the Swiss federal police arrested nearly 1,400 people on a wide range of national security related charges — some punishable by death. The cantons seized another 1,600 suspects, and nearly 400 federal charges before federal civilian courts on military, political, and economic espionage.

Courts martial convicted a total of 478 people during the war years. A total of 33 (27 of them Swiss) were sentenced to death, and 17 were executed between November 1942 and December 1944. The courts handed down 15 death sentences in absentia, and they commuted one to life imprisonment. Practically all of these cases concerned those who had worked for Germany. Thomas G Borer, Ambassador of Switzerland, London.

Jersey uncowed

AUSTIN Mitchell should know that his claim that Jersey has been reluctant to incorporate the Human Rights Convention into island law (Power of persuasion, June 17) is not true — because the Home Secretary told him so in the House of Commons on June 3.

Mr Straw pointed out that six years ago Jersey proposed to the Government that the island should enact legisla-

tion. But as he told Mr Mitchell: "The island's Attorney-General was informed by officials that the Home Office did not favour the island acting in advance of the UK."

Now that the UK Bill is proceeding through the Commons, we have reaffirmed our previous intention to introduce the necessary legislation in Jersey.

Sir Peter F F Horsfall, Jersey.

Please include a full postal address, even with e-mails.

In one bound, Australia's rancid right becomes a political force with the power to scare

Oz on trial

Martin Woollacott



AUSTRALIANS like those here in Queensland cherish an image of themselves as battlers, ordinary folk struggling against the odds, hard-working and hard-pressed. Those who live in the countryside, on farms and in small towns, occupy a land whose limitations they have painfully learned and which, through drought, flood, and fire, issues constant reminders of their vulnerability.

As the rural population shrinks, farms lie vacant, services dwindle, and cost-cut-

ting governments pay less and less attention, life in the bush gets harder still. Australian country people are appealing in their downiness and resilience. But, almost without knowing what they were doing, they have just altered the Australian political landscape for the worse.

The worldwide struggle between city and country has ended in a victory which is so nearly complete that the periodic spurs of rural protest seem almost to take urban society by surprise.

Whether it is French farmers tipping cauliflowerers on the roads, English villagers marching to London to demonstrate against a ban on hunting, or Vietnamese peasants attacking workers laying out golf courses for Japanese tourists, such protest is usually important, may well be dangerous, and is almost always an indication of a government failing to do its job.

The success of Pauline Hanson's One Nation Party in Queensland is a case where rural discontent has been translated into a political movement that has over-

whelmed everybody, including its authors. In a price party which combines normal country complaints about government with an insouciant racism and an unrealistic economic nationalism has sprung into being.

One minute there was one intemperate woman, the next there was a substantial political force, critically important in one state and ready to speak grandly of its federal objectives in all of Australia. The story is the not unusual one of desperate conservatives playing with fire, as some have done recently in Europe, but the serene foolishness of the Australian politicians is not easily matched elsewhere.

The temptation which seduced the two conservative parties, the National Party and the Liberals, was the preferential vote, which lets citizens split their ticket.

The Queensland conservatives, with most of their federal colleagues in the national government staying carefully mute, advised those who voted for them in the recent state elections to use their op-

tional preference votes to support the One Nation Party. Until opinion polls showed them their mistake, they imagined that by so doing they would keep down the vote for Labour without giving One Nation anything like the number of seats they have actually gained.

No third party, with one trivial exception, has ever in modern times got members into any lower house, state or federal. But the Queensland right had misread the times. Their tactic was like a sowing of dragons' teeth.

The result was a clutch of seats for One Nation, who took seats from all three established parties, particularly the National Party, and a line-up of members that could produce either a Labour government or a government of the right, if the two mainstream parties get into bed with the One Nation Party, accepting its support and modifying policies so as to stay in power.

Whether that happens or not, One Nation will hugely affect the next election, and might emerge from it with serious leverage over the fed-

eral conservative parties. If it does so, it will bring back into Australian politics elements of irrationality and of racial nastiness, with its hostility to Aborigines and Asians, which were thought to have been long ago purged.

The whole future of Australian conservatism could be at stake. A deal with One Nation in Queensland could split the coalition between the Liberal and National parties at the federal level and drive out the sinner party of the National Party as well.

IF IT did not, both conservative parties would be tarred with the same One Nation brush. That may be why a number of federal Liberal and National politicians are hoping that the Queensland Labour Party, by winning over one independent, will take power before any deal is struck on the right. It would save them from bad choices and deep quarrels.

Multiracial, multicultural Australia, which goes back to Gough Whitlam, was thought to be so solidly established that no regression was possible. That Australia, nervously broaching the subject of One Nation at dinner parties, is now involved in the process of sorting itself out into two groups.

As one liberal Australian put it: "You are worried that some good friend of yours will utter the dread sentiment that some of what Pauline says makes sense."

You already expect, if you are an educated Australian of the academic, professional, or business elite, that your greengrocer or taxi driver may well tell you the same thing. Among the politically aware, there are those who think there is indeed sense as well as nonsense in the One Nation message or, at least, a great deal with which to empathise in the plight of those who voted for it.

On the other there are those who believe that One Nation is nothing more or less than proto-fascist, could infect the whole of the Australian right, and must be repudiated utterly.

The other important question is whether One Nation, with its hazy leader and hazy ideas, may collapse, as many a protest party has done before it. The party's incoherence and muddiness are arguable. Its policies are inconsistent. It is penetrated by extremists, like the militias and followers of the most racist of American rightwingers, but it has also expelled some of them. According to the Queensland University political scientist Paul Reynolds, it has the widest spread of different occupations among its candidates of any Queensland party, a sign of strength in the community.

Some of those who stood for it are seen as decent people, even by their political opponents. Those who voted for it, everybody admits, have genuine grievances.

The One Nation phenomenon obviously belongs to a whole family of movements and parties resisting change, often from a far right platform, in many countries. It may also count as the first political effect of the Asian economic crisis outside of the epicentre. Although One Nation spokesmen repudiate the idea that the Asian crisis

has anything to do with their success, it has shifted the balance of argument. A successful Asia to which Australia was so intimately connected was one thing. A failing Asia which is pulling down Australia and its currency is another.

The distinction between the unhappiness of the countryside and that of the blighted areas of cities in many countries is a fine one. But the special characteristic of rural protest is that it may, more easily than protest in the cities, unite different groups and classes around an idea of what is traditional and around the principle that the virtues of country life are basic to the life of the nation.

Australia has long been a society more urban than rural, but it left its heart in that hard back country far from the ports which became its capital cities. Those who have championed the two great shifts in modern Australian society, its multicultural reorientation and its economic deregulation, may now feel some guilt, and some fear, at having left this older, saddened Australia behind.

These matay times are for both date rape and

Discomfort of strange

Mark Lawson



WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

WENT to the cinema last night to see *The Thin Red Line*. It was a lovely film, about a woman who goes to live in the rain forest and discovers the beauty of nature. I was very moved by it. I was very moved by it.

Saturday opinion

These matey times are to blame for both date rape and stalking

Discomfort of strangers

Mark Lawson

WHEN novelists, movie-makers and think-tank pamphleteers of the last 50 years tried to imagine society in the late 1990s, they usually predicted that the biggest threat to the citizen would be random violence. The old brutally roaring police line — that most murder victims were killed by those they knew — was expected to become another nostalgic measure of a lost England. Stranger danger would be the crime of the century. Recent reports suggest, however, that this assumption is misplaced. It's not true that the threat will come from those who won't know or care who you are. The increasing risk is deadly affection. There is no such thing as a safe touch.

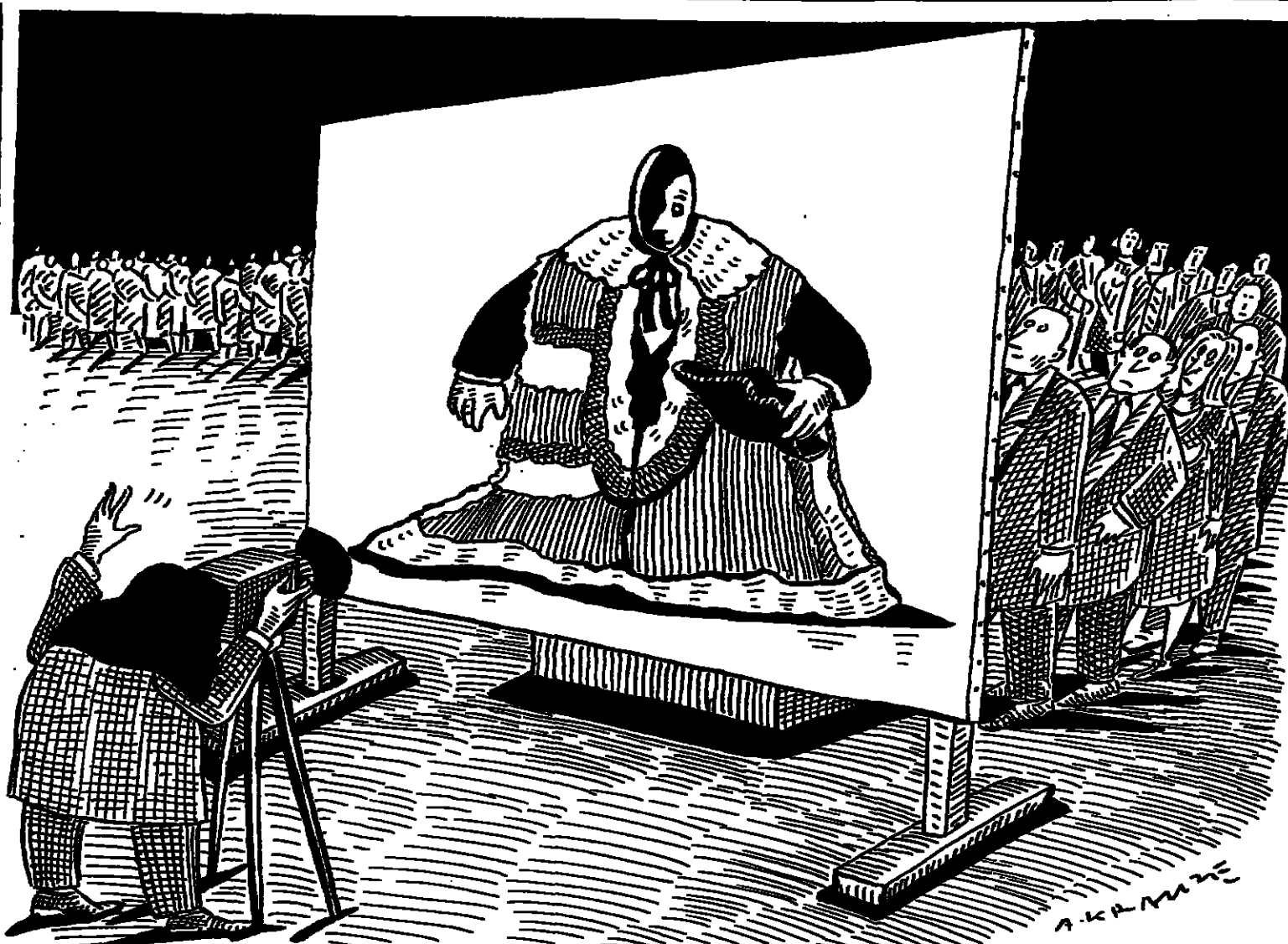
The US Justice Department has just revealed that around 1.5 million non-celebrity Americans (two thirds of them women) are suffering the unwelcome attention of "stalkers", generally people whom they have met socially or professionally who refuse to let go of the goodby handshake. In Britain — where legislation was recently introduced to deal with stalking — much publicity was given this week to a rise in cases of "date rape" or "acquaintance rape", in which a woman is sexually assaulted by a friend or colleague.

Although different in their dynamics, there is overlap between these crimes: many stalkers desire or threaten sex with their targets, many date-rapeists have in effect been stalking their prey. And both menaces result from a misunderstanding of signals, a false assumption of intimacy with another person. We need to ask why it is that we live in an age in which so many adults are playing imaginary friends or lovers. (I am deli-

mobile, so the undesired admirer is an inevitable result of the creation of fame. Celebrity happens through making connections with strangers. And, to encourage this, the language of publicity borrows the vocabulary of intimacy. In glossy magazines, stars "invite you into their home" or "share their secrets". Their fan clubs send out "personal messages". Modern technology further encourages the illusion of familiarity. The rise of the phone-in allows unknowns to speak directly to superstars on Larry King Live and other outlets. Your hero will use your first name and thank you for calling. In an increasingly competitive media market, the instruction most often given to broadcasters and journalists is to "connect" with their audience through letters, phone-ins, competitions, repeated use of the word "you". Newspapers and networks can frequently seem to be engaged in a contest of false friendliness.

GIVEN this love-you culture, is it really surprising that a number of consumers — their judgment affected by loneliness or other problems — start to think these people really are their friends? That they can call back after the phone-in or be invited into the beautiful home in a more literal sense? And yet most of the victims of stalking — and virtually all of those who suffer date rape — are not celebrities. They have never shown their sofas in Hello or told a caller from Ohio what a good question they've asked. How can they be accused of having sent false signals?

The biggest cause of the rise in crimes of enforced intimacy is the shift in professional and domestic arrangements. Relative equality of employment has maximised the possibility of encounters between men and women and therefore the potential for misunderstandings. Similarly, sexual liberation and the divorce rate have increased the average person's supply of ex-partners. This is a time to gather stones together. Equally, as Lord Bragg shows us, there is a



One for him...

Catherine Bennett

TO EVERYTHING, the Book of Ecclesiastes teaches, there is a season. "A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance; a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together." Equally, as Lord Bragg shows us, there is a

time to be a democrat, and a time to be a peerage. It is time to rebuke Chris Smith, a time to pat him on his curly little head. There is a time to be plain Melvyn, and a time to be Lord Bragg of Buttermere.

Naturally, reform of the Lords — to establish a democratic, non-hereditary second chamber — was among the signatories' immediate requirements, along with a bill of rights and 'open government'. The radicals promptly received the compliment of a boiling tin from John Patten (whom older readers may remember as a Conservative minister), denouncing them "as phoney self-seeking losers". Patten — that genuine, self-abnegating survivor — has since been snubbed, and given his address in Who's Who as the House of Lords.

Until recently, Lord Bragg seemed unlikely to join Lord Patten and his fellow boobies. I know, because in 1996, when I asked a few prominent democrats if they would accept a peerage, the then Mr Bragg gave this firm and exemplary answer. He would accept a peerage, he said, but "only on condition that it was to be part of the House of Lords that abolished the House of Lords". If offered a peerage, he added, he would expect a deadline for full reform. "A couple of years or something, also with the proviso that when you chucked it in you were not called Lord or senator or anything." There seemed no reason to disbelieve him. Around the same time, Bragg was also hinting that he craved something beyond earthly reward — "the idea of success is genuinely meaningless", he told Nicci Gerrard.

So, when others spotted hints of imminent preferment, such as Bragg's recent defence of Chris Smith, I insisted on Lord Bragg's innocence. If he was, indeed, softening up,

He shares an address with Lord John Patten. If David English had lived to enjoy his peerage, the two of them could have had a laugh over the various attacks the Daily Mail has made on Bragg as the archetypal Hampstead intellectual/chattering class member/champagne socialist/BBC pinko.

Any of Bragg's commoner friends now wondering quite how to word their felicitations may find a useful template in a letter from A E Housman — who refused all but fully-earned scholarly honours — to Robert Bridges. "If the Order of Merit gives you pleasure, I shall share it; and no one can dispute your title to it. I hope you do not mind having Galsworthy for a yokefellow as much as I should. If ever there was a man without a spark of genius, that man is he."

WHY has Bragg done it? The most hopeful explanation, for his admirers, is that he knows something the rest of us do not. To him, and to him alone, Blair has vouchsafed a secret deadline for abolition of the Lords and their title — "within a couple of years or so". But this is hard to believe. Only last week the leader of the Lords, Ivor Richard, confirmed what cynics had assumed long ago, that having purged the hereditaries, the Government plans to leave reform of the quango-rump until after the next election, i.e. for years, if not for ever. Clearly, we've been conned. No amount of youngish, gay-ish, black-ish, normal-ish-looking "working" people's peers can conceal the illegitimacy of Blair's "interim" arrangement. But some blame should also attach to the beneficiaries of the interim wheeze, upon whose collusion it depends. In the past, life peers could, at a pinch, claim that Labour needed a few missionaries in the Lords. Now, as Lord Bragg must know, their presence is unnecessary and irrelevant.

From a politician, or a non-entity, Bragg's acceptance might have been expected. But Bragg has no need of further fame, or power, or money, or respect. His influence as a broadcaster reaches further than any snug exchange within the House of Lords. The only thing he still seems to crave is recognition as a serious writer, a proper intellectual — the very thing his new title calls into question. "Prizes bring bad luck," said Baudelaire. "Academic prizes, prizes for virtue, decorations, all these inventions of the devil encourage hypocrisy and freeze the spontaneous upsurge of a free heart." This may be putting it a bit strong for the author of *Credo*, and *A Time To Dance* — but there's still Start the Week to consider. Start the Week with Lord Bragg? How could he do it?

Bragg told me he would never become a Lord unless there was a deadline to abolish them all. And I believed him

It must be a cunning plan, to bring about the offer of a peerage which could then be ostentatiously declined. Instead, Bragg has joined his fellow Charter 88 signatory, the radical Baroness Helena Kennedy, in the Lords. His name graces the same list as Lord Norman Lamont and Lord Tim Bell's.

And one for me

Lord Engel of Hereford



IT HAS been the most extraordinary epiphany. The past week has been spent just getting used to the knighthood. Congratulations have been coming in, by mid-week I had acquired precisely the right note of firmness and gentle self-deprecation to deal with anyone who got the form of address wrong; and a certain amount of time obviously had to be spent ringing round particularly busy and snooty restaurants demanding tables at short notice.

Then suddenly came this latest news. It was lucky the print shop had been a bit slow on the letterheads and was able to change the order without extra charge: "delete Sir Matthew Engel, make that Baron Engel of Hereford". It is very different. The knighthood enables one to acknowledge all the syllables of one's given name. A peerage is curiously depersonalising. Who, after all, could ever tell the difference between Lord Mackay of Clashfern and Lord Mackay of Drumadoon? What on earth does Lord Archer of Tipton do when mistaken for Lord Archer of Weston-super-Mare? (Sue, probably.) What happens when Lord Young of Dartington, Lord Young of Grafton and Lord Young of Old Stone break bread together? Lord Engel might sound like Lloyd

Engel down the phone to a restaurant. In a funny way, a knighthood might even be a little, little nobler. On the other hand, a knighthood does not convey the right to pop into an extremely grand London club, make sonorous pronouncements on the nation's affairs and trouser £138 a day pocket money in the process. There is, of course, a danger that after a term or two of this Government, for a chap of middle years, fashionable light pink opinions and a comfortable position in society, it may well be more stylish and unusual not to have any kind of title at all.

And there is a particular problem with my own awards in that — either through security reasons or clerical error — they have not been appearing on the lengthy lists which now emanate from Downing Street every Friday. This has led some people to suspect they might somehow be less "real" than the honours being handed out to so many others. Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense, I say to them. Tell me where reality ends and unreality begins.

Take the place in Tuesday's Daily Mail by Lord Blake who, as Robert Blake, was a famous historian. He has been in the Lords for 27 years, a creation of the Heath government. The effect has not been beneficial. The article, headlined "This cynical abuse of the honours list", was, I have to tell you, written in a tone of Grade A pomposity not used in British public life since Marvyn Griffith-Jones QC tried to get Lady Chatterley's Lover banned on the grounds that one's servants might read it. Lord Blake was arguing against the peerage awarded yesterday to Waheed Alli ("he apparently made his fortune in youth television... Mr Alli has

as yet made no particular contribution to our nation's cultural or educational life"). Lord Blake dismissed the whole matter in a tone of voice that suggested Mr Alli, who is gay and Asian as well as young, rich and to do with the telly, had applied to join him in Pratt's Club. Perhaps he has. And Lord Blake is obviously so grand that he seems to have missed the most startling fact of this week's cascade of honours: the fact that the Government is content to hand out knighthoods purely for the sake of a solitary morning's headlines.

Take Geoff Hurst. He has always seemed like a nice bloke to me; it seems cruel that he should become the victim of a publicity stunt which even by this government's standards is particularly cynical and unsuitable.

It is does not require the dramatic imagination of, say, Sir Ronald Miller or Sir William Shakespeare (note to sub-editors: one of these playwrights may not have been knighted, please check) to reconstruct the conversation that must have taken place at No. 10. In this playlet, the parts of the Prime Minister and his spokesman, Alastair Campbell, are interchangeable. "We'd better knight someone as a stunt for the World Cup. Hoddler?" "Can't do that till he's won?" "Gazza?" "I don't think so." "What about someone from 1966? Too late for Bobby Moore, dammit. Charlton's

been done. Banks, Cohen, Wilson, Stiles..." "Sir Norbert? Don't be stupid." "Ball, Peters..." "Ten years too soon." "...Hunt, Hurst..." "That's it. Sir Geoffrey Hurst. Sir Hat-trick. Brilliant. We'll get every front page." "Excuse me. I'm not sure how well I will fit in myself, or even whether I will get past the gateman." Perhaps I should renounce my title and tell Blair that the whole business is a preposterous scam that was outmoded centuries ago. But this view seems to be so out of fashion that one hesitates to mention it.

ENOUGH of Blair's lists of the week. Here's mine. The Ston v Harrow cricket match, the oldest fixture in the Lord's calendar, takes place there next Friday. Last year's game was rained off, thus denying the operators of the new electronic scoreboards the chance to get these names into the limited space available: D C Kay-Shuttleworth, D R Vassar-Smith, P A Norman-Butler, A T R Titchener-Barrett, J S Weston-Sinclair, J R F Cook-Hurle and L F de Rougemont. Eleven of the 22 selected players had at least three initials. Regrettably, B K Seennyamantono, R D C Pollock-Hill, D C A Titchener-Barrett, and T D de M Leathes were no longer available for selection, having moved on, presumably to the House of Lords.

Degree qualifications in Law

Combining work and family commitments with study for a Qualifying Law Degree from two institutions with international reputations for excellence is now possible. The Law Programme is offered by the Open University in collaboration with The College of Law, the leading provider of legal education.

Through OU supported open learning

Our unique method of teaching lets you study wherever you live and in your own time. We will provide you with a personal tutor, specially produced texts, videos and the chance to meet fellow students at tutorials.

For details, return the coupon today or call 0870 900 0309.

The College of Law
an English and Welsh

Reservations close 30th September

Complete and send this coupon to: LAW 58 The Open University, PO Box 625, Milton Keynes MK7 6AA

☐ Please send me information on the Law Programme.

☐ Tick here if you have contacted the OU in the past.

Title Initials Surname

Address

Postcode

Tel Date of Birth /19.....

OU Hotline (24 hours) 0870 900 0309

Website: <http://www.ouls.open.ac.uk/law>

THE OPEN UNIVERSITY OPENS MINDS, OPENS DOORS

Make it big and you get agent, lawyer, publicist — and also a guy in an anorak

erately ignoring here the question of false accusation and dealing with the reasons behind legitimate cases.) Shortly after the Justice Department drew attention to the silent majority of unknown stalking victims, there was a harassment case of a more publicised kind. On Wednesday, a 31-year-old failed actor was jailed for a minimum of 25 years in Los Angeles for obsessively stalking the film director Steven Spielberg. The man's admiration turned to hostility after refusal — a frequent pattern in such cases — would be publicly announced to rape Spielberg in front of the director's wife and family.

SOME in America regard the lengthy sentence given to Spielberg's stalker as a case of those who make celebrities their victims being treated differently by the courts. Alternatively, the harsh penalty may be seen as a deterrent. If so, it seems unlikely to work. In America these days, a stalker is part of the celebrity entourage. You make it big and you get an agent, a lawyer, a publicist and a snap-eyed guy in an anorak pasting your photos to the wall of his trailer. Whatever sympathy there may be for Spielberg and others, the phenomenon of celebrity stalking is easy to understand. The mental processes of the stalker, although illegal and unpleasant, are in one sense logical. Just as the occurrence of car theft is a direct consequence of the invention of the auto-



Das Gupta... narrative historian and beautiful stylist

Ashin Das Gupta

Tales of the sea

THE life's work of historian Ashin Das Gupta, director of the National Library of India, who died aged 65, was the seaborne trade of Asia in the 17th and early 18th centuries. It was a period when Europeans were participants, but failed to exert supremacy over the Asian merchant communities of the Indian Ocean, who took centre stage in Das Gupta's studies. He wrote about their business methods, the ships they sailed and the ports they used.

Das Gupta was, above all, a narrative historian who used individual stories. His heroes were the otherwise timid "banyan" merchants, doggedly travelling with their goods on an open deck, subject to insult and pilfering by the crew and seasick for much of the time. Of necessity, he worked from European sources to bring such people to life. Das Gupta was a talented linguist, especially in Dutch, and the Dutch East India Company's magnificently systematic records provided much of his material. A beautiful stylist, both in

written and spoken English and in Bengali, Das Gupta's elegant prose was formed by a love of English literature from the Victorian novelists — above all Dickens — to P.G. Wodehouse. The dry sense of humour that made his conversation a delight was evident in his writing and in his contributions to conferences and debates.

Das Gupta's narrative method and his mistrust — often mischievously exaggerated — of theory did not prevent him from formulating bold and influential hypotheses about the history of the Indian Ocean. In particular, he argued that the Asian merchants yielded to European dominance from the middle of the 18th century, not so much because of the superior ships the Europeans had, but because of changes in the Asian world. Asian merchants had flourished with the great empires of the Mughals, the Safavids and the Ottomans. With the weakening or disintegration of these empires, the opportunities for merchants contracted sharply and their trade was disrupted by violence.

A new order, based on European-dominated ports, took over. Although Das Gupta studied the fortunes of individual British or Dutch people with the same sensitivity that he showed to Asians, he had no liking for the colonial order.

It was the powerful influence of the fine teachers at Presidency College, Calcutta, which had drawn Das Gupta to history. At Calcutta University, N.K. Sinha, then the doyen of Bengali historians, directed him towards the maritime trade of the Indian Ocean. His doctorate, published in 1967 as *Malabar in the Indian Ocean*, was at Cambridge under E.E. Rich.

On his return to India, Das Gupta was appointed professor of history at Presidency College, and later moved to Visva Bharati, Santiniketan, a place of learning created to embody the educational ideals of Rabindranath Tagore. He was an inspiring teacher, and some of the finest of the younger generation of Indian historians were his pupils.

His best known book, *Indian Merchants and the De-*

cline of Surat, appeared in 1979. In 1987, he co-edited with Michael Pearson the *India and the Indian Ocean* essay collection. He made frequent research trips to Europe, holding visiting fellowships at St Antony's College, Oxford, a place for which he had a particular affection.

In 1984, Das Gupta left university life to become the National Library of India's director, a success later recognised by the award of the Padma Shri, one of his country's highest honours. His last official appointment was as vice-chancellor of Visva Bharati, where his tenure was curtailed by the illness that dogged his last years. He was a public and academic figure, both public and academic life.

He is survived by his wife, Dr Uma Das Gupta, a notable Tagore scholar, and by their son.

P.J. Marshall
Ashin Das Gupta, historian, born August 22, 1922; died June 4, 1998

Face to Faith

Leadership and laity

Ian Markham

ONCE every 10 years all the bishops in the Anglican Communion converge on Canterbury. The signs are that this July meeting is going to be trickier than many. It is said that some of the Anglo-Catholic bishops who oppose women priests will not even clear that they will be there. There is considerable disagreement about homosexuality. The word on the street is that George Carey, the Archbishop of Canterbury, is going to have considerable problems in getting anything constructive to emerge from the meeting.

At this point, Roman Catholics are entitled to feel a little smug. Even if you don't agree with everything the Magisterium teaches, at least the teaching is clear. In Roman Catholic theology, the Pope is the successor to St Peter; he is God's chosen means of safeguarding and developing the Christian tradition. Along with the bishops, he sets out the position of the Church on a whole range of issues.

Furthermore, he expects to be obeyed. It is no wonder that the Church of England in comparison appears so unclear and confused.

In the Church of England, the archbishop is simply the first among equals. Although a priest in a diocese promises to "obey" his bishop, the priest often has the "three-hold" which makes it virtually impossible for him to be moved. The bishops of the Church of England embody the "teaching office of the Church", but there is no guarantee that anyone will take notice of the teaching.

Anglican reports are masters of diplomatic compromise and mediation between the different factions. Homosexual relations are forbidden for the clergy, but permitted for the laity. Women can become priests but not bishops, and those who think this is wrong can put themselves under a special bishop provided for the purpose. Unemployment is unhealthy and government should intervene to prevent it.

Although theologically bishops carry much the same message of tradition as their Roman Catholic counterparts, they have much less power over doctrine and teaching, not to mention over the priesthood.

Interestingly in the recent Turnbull Report, the Church of England is trying to create a clearer structure that enables the Church to have more effective leadership. It wants the Church of England to be more like Rome. Admittedly, at present this is largely administrative, but we do not lack those who would like to apply this leadership to other areas of church teaching.

For theological and social reasons, this is a big mistake. Theologically, the New Testament images of the Church stress that authority should reside with the people of God as a whole. We are the Church; we should be constructing the theology of the future. Socially, we live in an age when it is no longer possible to assume that bishops are a special source of expertise about God.

In the pre-modern age, when education was not available to the vast majority of people, it was literally true that theological expertise was largely confined to the priests and bishops of the Church. But the printed word and universal education have changed all that. There are now significant numbers of theologically-informed lay people. And when it comes to such questions as sexual relations and economics, lay people are often better equipped to form a theological view than the bishops.

It is ironic that as lay Roman Catholics pick and choose the elements of the official package they will affirm, the Church of England is trying to create a much clearer official package for lay Anglicans to accept.

There is an alternative. Instead of being embarrassed about the diversity that marks the Anglican Communion, it should be celebrated. The fact that the power of bishops is confined to persuasion is not a matter of great pride. The bishops are supposed to be servants of the people of God. Given this, their responsibilities should be to encourage the people of God to create our own theological futures. This means that the bishop becomes the manager and co-ordinator of the conversation involving the whole people of God.

Instead of suppressing viewpoints, the whole range should be encouraged. Instead of fearing dissent, it should be welcomed. Being a co-ordinator of the conversation is a difficult task. In matters religious, people often find it impossible to cope with different viewpoints. The co-ordinator must show how it is part of our Christian responsibility to engage with positions we perceive as misguided or unhelpful, trusting that the truth will emerge.

This model of authority would provide an important witness. Public relations people find authentic conversation difficult to handle. The obsession with discipline in New Labour is partly because the Tory Party destroyed itself with too much angry, internal debate. Yet any government that a healthy body politic needs a variety of perspectives. Truth is discovered through conversation. We need to find ways of co-ordinating conversation: the bishops of the Church of England should be leading the way.

Professor Ian Markham holds the Liverpool Chair of Theology and Public Life at Liverpool Hope University College.

Weekend birthdays

THAT author of improbable bestsellers, Vikram Seth, 46 today, is also a much-travelled renaissance figure who speaks fluent Mandarin, roams obsessively between family homes in New Delhi and the wider world, and describes his favourite relaxation as singing Schubert. He kept aficionados guessing as to how he would follow up the longest single-volume novel ever written in English: his delightful, 700,000-word, 1,349-page, fictional foray into 1950s Indian marital mores, *A Suitable Boy* (1993). A return to poems or travel writing? Another children's book turned libretto? Or a reprise of his bizarrely popular novel-in-sonnets *The Golden Gate* (1986), which Gore Vidal hymned as "the great Californian novel"? At a mere 117,000 words, *An Equal Music*, out next spring, is hardly the strapping sequel readers might have longed for, but given that the author solemnly vowed to cut off a digit each 10,000 words over 100,000 spanned by his unruly pen spawned, few fans would begrudge his brevity — let alone that extra 17,000 words.



Jackie McGlew

A life at the crease

THE batting of Jackie McGlew, the South African cricketer who has died aged 69, was a constant subject of good-natured discussion in the dressing room. When once it was suggested that the most apposite adjective for his style might be pedestrian, a team-mate observed: "No, he was slower than that".

The fact was that he could be remorselessly one-paced, treating every delivery as a cerebral exercise, savouring the powers of application and stamina that were required. Once, in the 1957-58 Test series against Australia, it took him more than nine and a half hours to make 105 runs. At the same time, he was never a selfish cricketer and was essentially a team man.

Whenever he was at his most obstinate — he had the strokes, though chose to keep him out of them — the crowds could become restive. It didn't appear to trouble him; later, in his quiet, amiable way, he would justify the method of his studied accumulating.

McGlew, an opening batsman, had a wonderful temperament. Small in stature, he could be mighty in resistance when wickets were tumbling around him and bowlers were threatening to take control. The temperament served him particularly well on his second tour to this country. In 1955, in the second Test, at Lord's, Brian Statham had twice dismissed him for a duck. South Africa needed to win the third Test, at Old Trafford, to retain a realistic interest in the series. Jack Cheetham was unfit and, as vice-captain, McGlew took over. He captained capably and, in the first innings, carried his bat for 104. And he went on to score another crucial hundred, devoid of daring, in the Leeds Test that followed.

McGlew was neither fashioned for the pursuit of nor bent on adventure. He was, however, a popular man with opponents as well as colleagues. Since school-days he had loved his sport. At prep school in Pietermaritzburg, and then at Marlitzburg College, he excelled at cricket and rugby, in which he was a gritty fly-half. He led a Natal schools' team of potential stars and was soon opening for his state at senior level. His first visit to England was in 1951, under Dudley Nourse, who he succeeded as captain of Natal. By 1960, he was back in England as Test skipper. All told, he played in 34 Tests, 14 as captain.

The South Africans have been wearing black arm-

Today's other birthdays

Prof Arthur Bell, former director, Kew Gardens, 79; Wendy Craig, actress, 64; Olympia Dukakis, actress, 67; Brig Jill Field, former director, Army Nursing Services, 64; Stephen Frears, film director, 57; Nicole Kidman, actress, 32; Allan Lamb, cricketer, 44; Cyndi Lauper, rock singer and actress, 45; Sheila McLean, Prof of Law & Ethics in Medicine, Glasgow University, 47; Johnny Morris, broadcaster, 82; Peter Reid, football manager, 42; Lionel Richie, singer, 49; Budge Rogers, rugby player, 69; Prof Sir Richard Southwood, zoologist, 67; Claire

Tomorrow's birthdays

Benazir Bhutto, former prime minister of Pakistan, 45; Lord (Clive) Brooke, joint general secretary, Public Service, Tax and Commerce Union, 58; David Bull, director, Amnesty International, Britain, 67; Prof Anna Davies, philologist, 61; Ray Davies, rock singer, 54; John Edrich, cricketer, 61; Wally Fawkes, cartoonist and clarinetist, 74; Jill Forbes, professor of French, St John Goodman, actor, 46; Kate Hoey, Labour MP, 52; Sir Bernard Ingham, broadcaster, 66; Gerald Kaufman, Labour MP, 68; Anne Kirkbride, actress, 44; Dr Barbara Levick, ancient historian, 67; Prof Patricia Kinney, British, 68; Ian McEwan, novelist, 50; Michael McWilliam, director, School of Oriental and African Studies, 68; Sir Malcolm Rifkind, former Foreign Secretary, 52; Jane Fonda, actress, 78; Lord (Maurice) Saatchi, advertising mogul, 52; Françoise Sagan, writer, 63; Dean Saunders, footballer, 34; Prince William of Wales, 16.

Deaths

(Derrick John) Jackie McGlew, cricketer, born March 11, 1929; died June 8, 1998

Jeanette Nolan

The lady is a tramp

THE first view of Lady Macbeth in Orson Welles's film of *Macbeth* (1948), shot entirely on a sound stage, is of a tall, dark-haired, woman reading her husband's fateful letter. Jean Cocteau described her as "almost a woman in modern dress... reclining on a fur-covered divan beside the telephone." This was also the first view moviegoers had of Jeanette Nolan, who has died aged 86.

At 26, she was already a long-time member of Welles's Mercury Theatre on radio. He had chosen her to play opposite his *Macbeth* on stage in Salt Lake City during the Utah Centennial Festival in 1947. Herbert J. Yates, head of Republic Pictures, who had suggested a film of the production, wanted him to find a bigger name to play Lady Macbeth.

So Welles tried to get Vivien Leigh, but "Olivier wouldn't hear of it", as the British actor was hoping to make his own version with his wife, Tallulah Bankhead and Agnes Moorehead were also considered. But Welles had confidence in Nolan, and she respected his working methods. Lady Macbeth was to be the largest role she ever had in the cinema.

An expert mimic, Nolan played the monstrous wife with a slight Scottish burr and there was an erotic charge between her and Welles; when she suggests he "come to bed", we suspect it would be for more than sleeping. Nolan is especially good in the sleepwalking scene, although one of Welles's additions to the text was to have her kill herself by jumping off the battlements.

The film received mixed reviews, but Newsweek thought that "as Lady Macbeth, Jeanette Nolan shows considerable talent, which would have appeared to better advantage under a less bombastic director". And the New York Times described her as "a pop-eyed and haggard dame, whose driving determination is as vague as the highlights on her face".

JEANETTE Nolan was born in Los Angeles, the daughter of a union official. She studied theatre arts at LA City College and acted at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, before auditioning for a radio show, for which she was asked to do a Scottish accent. In 1935, she married the actor John McIntire, who was the announcer on *The March of Time* film news series. They were to act together in dozens of radio and TV plays over the years, including the series

The Virginian and *Wagon Train*, and in half a dozen movies.

Not long after their marriage, the couple bought a log cabin in the Rockies in Montana, where they survived by hunting, fishing and growing fruit and vegetables. Whenever they wanted money, they would go to New York to act in some radio programmes. Gradually, the log cabin became a ranch for the couple and their two children. In fact, Nolan's last film appearance was as Robert Redford's mother in the recent *The Horse Whisperer*, shot in Montana.

Nolan was nominated for four Emmys, enjoyed a long and happy marriage and two lives, moving comfortably between her homes in Hollywood and her ranch in Montana. Her son died in 1986; her husband in 1991. She is survived by her daughter.

Ronald Bergan
Jeanette Nolan, actress; born December 30, 1911; died June 5, 1998



There is nothing like a dame... Jeanette Nolan (below) with Orson Welles in his 1948 film version of Macbeth, and Jeff Goldblum appearing at a Hollywood premiere



MAIN PHOTO: KOBAL

memorable as the mentally disturbed woman who claims to be the mother of a boy brought up by Red Indians.

That was only one of Nolan's many westerns, in which she played mostly pioneer women, often feeding — with lines and food — the likes of Joel McCrea, Audie Murphy and Randolph Scott. She also once played the Wicked Queen in *Snow White*, broadcast in 1944, and the vicious, blackmailing widow, shot by gangster's moll Gloria Graham, in Fritz Lang's superb film noir, *The Big Heat* (1953).

Nolan was nominated for four Emmys, enjoyed a long and happy marriage and two lives, moving comfortably between her homes in Hollywood and her ranch in Montana. Her son died in 1986; her husband in 1991. She is survived by her daughter.

Ronald Bergan
Jeanette Nolan, actress; born December 30, 1911; died June 5, 1998

There is nothing like a dame... Jeanette Nolan (below) with Orson Welles in his 1948 film version of Macbeth, and Jeff Goldblum appearing at a Hollywood premiere

MAIN PHOTO: KOBAL



MAIN PHOTO: KOBAL

CORRECTIONS AND CLARIFICATIONS

IN A REVIEW of the Stereophonics, page 2, June 15, we said, "The band's members grew up as neighbours in Cwmaman, a one-hearse village halfway between Cardiff and Swansea in the Rhondda valley." Cwmaman is not a village, where we said it was. It is in the Cynon valley, not the Rhondda valley.

IN A REVIEW on page 9, G2, June 16, we ranked as Unmissable a dance programme called Lets Op Bach. That should have been, Lets Op Bach. An English version of the Finnish was offered as, Something simple set to Bach.

DR ELIZABETH Gould, director of the National Autistic Society's Diagnostic and Assessment Centre, page 16, G2, June 16, should have been Dr Judith Gould. Sorry.

ON PAGE 1 of our Saturday section today we gave Marseille a final 5. We don't do that to Marseille or Lyon, in line with the French spellings.

It is the policy of the Guardian to correct errors as soon as possible. Please quote date and page number. Readers may contact the office of the Guardian's Editor by telephoning 0171 236 9589 between 11am and 5pm, Monday to Friday. Surface mail to Readers' Editor, The Guardian, 119, Farringdon Road, London EC1R 3ER. Fax: 0171 236 9897. E-mail: readers@guardian.co.uk

Death Notices

RESC, Derek James, 68, died peacefully at home on Saturday, June 13, 1998. He was a very special man and will be missed by his sons and all who knew him. Services will be held at 11.30am on Sunday, June 14, at St. John's Church, 22nd of 23rd, Powers in Lewiston and Rose, St. John's Church, Lewiston, ME 04240, or donations to Amnesty International.

CAMPBELL, Ronald William, 74, died suddenly in St. John's on Saturday, June 13, 1998. He was a very special man and will be missed by his sons and all who knew him. Services will be held at 11.30am on Sunday, June 14, at St. John's Church, 22nd of 23rd, Powers in Lewiston and Rose, St. John's Church, Lewiston, ME 04240, or donations to Amnesty International.

CHALLIS, Henry, 82, died on June 13, 1998. He was a very special man and will be missed by his sons and all who knew him. Services will be held at 11.30am on Sunday, June 14, at St. John's Church, 22nd of 23rd, Powers in Lewiston and Rose, St. John's Church, Lewiston, ME 04240, or donations to Amnesty International.

FOSS, Eric Francis, 88, died on June 13, 1998. He was a very special man and will be missed by his sons and all who knew him. Services will be held at 11.30am on Sunday, June 14, at St. John's Church, 22nd of 23rd, Powers in Lewiston and Rose, St. John's Church, Lewiston, ME 04240, or donations to Amnesty International.

STIRLING, Professor, died on June 13, 1998. He was a very special man and will be missed by his sons and all who knew him. Services will be held at 11.30am on Sunday, June 14, at St. John's Church, 22nd of 23rd, Powers in Lewiston and Rose, St. John's Church, Lewiston, ME 04240, or donations to Amnesty International.

Birthdays

FRISCH, Douglas William, 30 today. Born in London, he is a very special man and will be missed by his sons and all who knew him. Services will be held at 11.30am on Sunday, June 14, at St. John's Church, 22nd of 23rd, Powers in Lewiston and Rose, St. John's Church, Lewiston, ME 04240, or donations to Amnesty International.

McGlew... batting for South Africa against a Duke of Norfolk's XI in 1960



محكمة الادام

Closing 80s Essex gin plant Closing Dumbarton distillery For sale Distillers House

Diageo to axe 850 UK jobs

Lisa Buckingham
City Editor

DIAGEO, the drinks group created from the merger of Guinness and Grand Metropolitan, yesterday axed another 850 jobs and is expected to sack 1,000 overseas workers before the end of the year.

The moves are part of a £200 million a year cost saving target which the company promised shareholders at the time of last year's merger.

The group, whose businesses also include Burger King, Pillsbury and Guinness brewing — has already

targeted several hundred jobs which will be cut by merging the London head offices of the two companies.

Although the scale of the cuts had been signalled at the time of the merger, the group looks likely to cause anger in Scotland for daring to put Distillers House in Edinburgh on the market — the prestige offices which pre-date the controversial Guinness takeover.

Reports have suggested that the rival Scottish & Newcastle, which has lost its head office to the new Scottish parliament, planned to bid.

A spokesman for Diageo, which is by far the largest drinks group in the world, said the company had decided

it needed only three of its five British distilleries and would be closing the Gordon's Gin plant at Laidon in Essex which was built in the early 1980s and which also produces Fimmi's and Tangle. The other production plant to go will be the Strathleven distillery in Dumbarton where the group makes J & B Scotch and Smirnoff vodka.

Although the plants have been identified they will not be closed for more than a year and Diageo believes there is a chance that another distiller or soft drinks company will buy the Essex operation.

The drinks group will transfer UK production of all

its spirits to three plants in Scotland — at Glasgow, Kilmarnock, which bottles Johnnie Walker, and Fife — which will be given £50 million of investment to expand their capacity.

The group still has about 1,000 redundancies to declare but these be in the 52 overseas operating territories where the two companies had overlapping businesses, the spokesman said.

The cost of the sackings to the group — which is rumoured to be in the running to buy the B&S business — will be about £300 million. But that will mop up less than a third of what the group raised in a surprisingly high

rolling auction for its Dewar's whisky and Bombay Sapphire gin brands.

Bacardi, the family-run Bermuda-based rum business, was prepared to pay £1.1 billion for the brands which Diageo was forced to sell in order to win approval for its merger from American and European authorities.

The redundancy charge comes at a time when Diageo's earnings are being undermined by the strong pound and when spirits sales in the Far East, particularly Japan and China, are being crushed by the impact of the Asian economic crisis.

John McFall, MP for Dumbarton, said closure of the

Scottish plant and the sackings were "outrageous". The jobs will disappear by the end of 2000, even though the staff produced 13 million cases of spirits last year.

Diageo said it was closing the least efficient of its production sites. Scottish Office minister Brian Wilson claimed the delayed closure at least gave time "to work hard at ensuring that replacement jobs are established well in advance of that date".

He said that the overall outcome of Diageo's job review had been good for Scotland, with greater investment and more jobs at the three remaining plants in the country.

Tokyo Notebook

China plays the US card



Alex Brummer

IF YOU thought that the high-profile Federal Reserve intervention to bolster the yen this week was about assisting Japan then think again.

The US economy is strong enough and the demand for US government bonds almost certainly robust enough for the Clinton administration to deal with the larger current account deficit which arises from the strong dollar.

There is absolutely no evidence that the US Treasury — led by Robert Rubin and Larry Summers (see Reputations, page 24) — has changed its long-standing policy of benign neglect of the yen-dollar exchange rate.

In fact, a case can be made that at a time when the US economy is operating at above the full employment rate, cheap imports from Japan in particular and Asia in general are providing a useful barrier against inflation.

Certainly the view at the Bank of Japan — the newly independent Japanese central bank — is that there are wider forces at work. The US has been relatively unperturbed about the falling yen because trading patterns among Japan and its smaller Asian neighbours did not immediately require responses in the shape of new devaluations.

What has been feared is that if the yen continued to fall it would place pressure on China to devalue its currency, the renminbi. The sheer size of the Chinese economy, its new pivotal position in the Asian-Pacific region, where the Chinese economic zone (comprising China, Hong Kong and Taiwan) is a formidable presence, almost certainly have required further devaluations across East Asia. This would unsettle equity markets across the globe and upset the IMF's stability efforts from Seoul to Moscow.

The view from the Japanese authorities is that the sudden change of heart in Washington caught not just Tokyo and the markets by surprise but the US Treasury too. The decision of the US to reverse two years of abstention from intervention on the exchange markets was dictated by the political economy, not worries about the direction of trade flows.

The theory is that public warnings by the Chinese foreign ministry on the weakness of the yen and the possible need to adjust the renminbi were accompanied by more private communications with the State Department.

valuation. The determination of Hong Kong to hold firm has cost it dearly: its equity and real estate markets have tumbled, tourism has collapsed and in the first quarter of the 1998 the Hong Kong economy slowed down.

With many of the East Asian economies now able to undercut China in global markets it is becoming increasingly concerned that if a yen devaluation was not seen off there was a risk that it would spark a series of other competitive devaluations. This would risk China's own economic renaissance, exposing, as it has in Japan, the fundamental weaknesses in its banking system.

The degree of concern in Shanghai, China's financial centre, became clear overnight when the People's Bank of China signalled that it intends to cut official renminbi interest rates in an effort to keep its economy moving.

As a prelude to the move on renminbi bond rates the Chinese central bank already has cut dollar deposit and lending rates inside China to 4.875 per cent from 5 per cent in a move to prevent individual holders of the currency switching into higher dollar rates on the black market.

THE widely anticipated further cut in Chinese interest rates would be the fifth in a year as it seeks to show its muscles in the Asia-Pacific storm. However, with each passing day the economic dislocation among its neighbours becomes greater and the threat to output more serious.

Domestic consumption inside China is weakening and foreign trade and investment are slowing. After an 8.8 per cent rise in exports over the first five months of the year they dropped for the first time in nearly two years in May, threatening the Beijing government's target of maintaining 8 per cent GDP expansion this year.

As if this were not enough, the cracks in the Chinese banking system — every bit as bad as those already seen in Thailand, South Korea and most recently Japan — are also revealing themselves. Just 24 hours after Moody's Investor Services lowered the boom on several Japanese financial institutions it is now doing the same for China. It has warned that China's banking system is "critically weak" with the big four state-owned banks losing business to private sector newcomers.

Moody's argued that poor statistics, low levels of disclosure and a degree of corruption mask the underlying position of the state banking system. As a result of its highly-protected system China has partly been able to shut out the reality which has ruined the economic miracle across the region.

But with interest margins narrowing (as rates are cut) and payments on some 5 per cent of loans overdue, the crunch for the banking system is coming. The four banks in danger include the Bank of China, as a potential source of the vibrancy of the People's Republic.

Before the end of the Cold War it was the custom of American presidents to play the China card when they wanted to put the fear of God into the former Soviet Union during times of tension. Over the last week China has played the American card in an effort to keep the Asian contagion spreading from Beijing to the rest of the world. Beijing will need to do more at home to stimulate growth and reform the public enterprises if it is to ride out the danger.

RAC go flat out for cash windfall

Julia Finch

MORE than 1,400 members of the Royal Automobile Club voted overwhelmingly in favour of receiving cash hand-outs of £25,000 each at Epsom Court yesterday.

The RAC's directors already had a huge majority of proxy votes in favour of selling the motor services arm to the US Cendant group before the meeting. But after the final count 84 per cent of members had voted and 99.3 per cent of those had approved the deal. Only 74 of the RAC's 12,000 full members voted against.

But yesterday's meeting, held behind closed doors, was not without a hitch. Many members expressed discontent about the near-£1 billion in bonus payments that the RAC's executive directors will get for clinching the deal. Member Richard Le Grand said: "I have serious concerns about the bonuses going to executive directors. Another said: "In my view it is all very irregular and over the top."

Others, however, thought the payments were trivial, one saying: "When you consider that Goldman Sachs chiefs are getting \$90 million each, what our directors are getting is peanuts."

Inside the exhibition hall, according to one member, the directors told members that



New York lawyer Jonathan Steinberg, an overseas member who has filed a damages suit in the California and, below, members' widows

their pay-outs were "absolutely normal practice" and that they had struck "an amazing deal".

One member who was against the hand-out asked whether the £450 million from Cendant might be used to finance a new forest as a gesture towards countering the pollution caused by motor cars. He was informed that 10,000 members had voted for cash, not a new wood.

There was little sympathy

for the overseas and retired members and the widows of members, who have been denied a share of the cash. They include rock-to-classics disc jockey Paul Gambaccini, who described the full members attitude as "a new dimension of greed".

But a member entering the meeting said: "I don't think they deserve a penny. They have already had a huge benefit in the form of reduced fees. If you include them, where

would you stop. Everyone would want a share".

One overseas member yesterday filed a lawsuit in California claiming damages against the RAC for being excluded from the handout. Jonathan Steinberg, a New York attorney, said a Californian legal action was a promising development. The damages were higher, he explained, and they had more chance of finding a judge who would not sympathise with the RAC.



PHOTOGRAPHS: MARTIN GOODWIN

Good to talk for BT

Simon Beavis
Media Business Editor

SHARES in British Telecom bucked the trend of a falling stock market yesterday and rose sharply on renewed speculation that it was close to announcing an alliance with America's largest phone company AT&T.

The rumours were backed up by a "near" convinced that BT must soon find its way out of the strategic hole it has been in since it was beaten by WorldCom in its bid to buy MCI, America's second largest long-distance operator.

With most other shares on a slide yesterday, BT's managed to close up 5.5p to 700p, having hit a high for the day of 720p. But both companies refused to confirm or deny any imminent partnership.

Businessweek magazine has suggested that the two companies have reached a tentative agreement to pool their international businesses and offer global services to multinational companies.

BT's existing business serving multinationals — Concert — is 25 per cent owned by MCI which will eventually sell its stake back to BT.

AT&T is involved in the Unisource international alliance with Dutch, Swedish and Swiss carriers, which is largely regarded as ineffective. Analysts believe it would be easy for AT&T to disengage from Unisource.

Whatever is agreed, BT remains stymied until WorldCom and MCI complete their \$37 billion (£22.2 billion) merger — at which point BT will receive \$7 billion for its 20 per cent stake in MCI — which could be as late as September. Until then, it is forbidden from completing any other US alliance.

PDFM sell-off decision imminent

Lisa Buckingham

THE future of controversial fund manager PDFM is expected to be decided at the end of the month at the first board meeting of its newly merged parent, United Bank of Switzerland.

PDFM, under its boss Tony Dye, is insisting that it will retain complete autonomy once its owner, Union Bank of Switzerland, has merged with Swiss Bank Corporation.

UBS was yesterday said to have admitted it was considering putting up the business for sale.

Although PDFM has about \$65 billion of funds under

management and is ranked among the five largest fund managers in the country, the merger of its parent raises the likelihood that it will be integrated with the rest of the bank's asset-management operations under Gary Brinson.

Those who know the fiercely independent Mr Dye say that he would find it almost impossible to accept Mr Brinson as his boss.

Although PDFM's recent performance record has been poor because Mr Dye called the top of the market more than two years ago and missed out on most of the recent share-price bonanza, observers say PDFM would be worth little without him.

Paul Meredith of PDFM said the banking groups had taken "no decision which would affect our desire to operate autonomously".

He added that "whatever is decided it will not happen without the PDFM management's say-so".

Mr Meredith refused to say whether the board would discuss the future within the portfolio, although others close to UBS have admitted it will be on the agenda.

Even though PDFM's performance has led to concerns that it may lose some of its clients, reports have suggested that PDFM will not be short of potential suitors, even if the asking-price does not

match the multiples commanded in recent deals.

Merrill Lynch, for example, paid three-times funds under management when it bid more than \$3 billion for Mercury Asset Management.

Rivals in the City have argued that the group's track record means that UBS might be lucky to command between 0.5 per cent and 1 per cent times the funds under management — or between £300 million and £600 million.

Delaying a sale and possibly allowing a culture clash between PDFM and Brinson to further deflect management's attention from investment business could further deplete the value.

Body Shop slips

Roger Cowe

BODY SHOP yesterday disclosed that sales were still falling in America and Asia. Gordon Roddick, Body Shop chairman, told shareholders that sales in the US had slumped 3 per cent during the first quarter, excluding the impact of new stores.

The hard-hit franchisees, who own 76 of the 230-strong chain, are suffering most. Sales in their stores are believed to be more than 5 per cent below last year's level, which in turn was lower than in 1996.

Sales in Asia have also fallen during the first quarter. Total sales were 6 per cent ahead of last year — but only because of new stores. Comparable stores have seen sales fall by 12 per cent.

Good results on the continent, in Canada and South America failed to compensate for the tough times elsewhere. With sales in the UK flat, the group's overall performance was a drop of 1 per cent.

The company continues to press ahead with new openings, expanding the worldwide chain by 20 shops over the past three months.

At yesterday's annual general meeting, shareholders approved a scheme under which the American business becomes a joint venture with Adrian Bellamy, the cosmetics group's non-executive director, who is taking on the task of trying to turn it round.

From today he becomes chief executive in the US and has an option to acquire 51 per cent of the business if he manages to haul it back into profit over the next three years.

The group's new chief executive, Frenchman Patrick Gonyea, will join next month.

Duchess's helicopter flies into turbulence

Dan Ackroyd

BUDGIE the Little Helicopter, the Duchess of York's plucky chopper, flashed a Mayday signal yesterday as its owners sought a rescuer. The fictional flier helped clock up £386,468 of losses for the Sleepy Kids animation company in 1997.

"We are currently in negotiations with another party with a view to combining our business interests to form an enlarged and more viable group," chairman Martin Powell said yesterday.

The mini-chopper has faced fearsome flying conditions recently. TV failed last year to commission a new series and, in America, Rupert Murdoch's Fox network dropped it.

It was a different story in 1992, when the man who



Kid's corner

- Who owns what
- Thunderbirds (including Lady Penelope, right): Polygram
 - Bill and Ben the Flowerpot Men, Andy Pandy (left): Private consortium in partnership with Watch with Mother creator Freda Lingstrom
 - Thomas the Tank Engine: Britt Allcroft Company
 - Moody, Big Bear, Fennec Five and the Wombles: Eikon characters; and the Agatha Christie stable: Chorion
 - Postman Pat: Egmont Books of Denmark (book rights), HIT Entertainment (video)
 - Paddlington Bear, Hunley Pig and The Wombles: Clarif Films of Canada
 - Winnie-the-Pooh: Egmont Books (book rights)



redefined the phrase "financial adviser" — John Bryan — negotiated for Sleepy Kids to buy world rights to Budgie, putting Sleepy Kids on the map.

Budgie was sold to 70 countries and nothing, it seemed, could stop the cheery chopper from becoming an airborne Thomas the Tank Engine.

But as the problems of

Sleepy Kids mounted last year it seemed to be losing faith in the idea that Budgie could pull the same trick for the company. Diversification became the name of the game, with a cartoon show called The Disguiseables, reportedly "a group of tough street kids... out to save the human race".

None of this, however,

sounded as cuddly as Budgie. And regardless of whether The Disguiseables managed to save humanity, they seem to have failed to save Sleepy Kids. Mr Powell cut his own pay by 64 per cent as Budgie lost height, but the losses grew.

Now it looks as if Budgie, the street kids, the Sleepy Kids and the funsters are all on the auction block.

News in brief

Studios ahooy for Big Apple

NEW YORK STUDIOS, a fledgling company set up by two entrepreneurs, is seeking finance to build the largest film and television studio outside Hollywood, on the site of the former Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Mayor Rudolph Giuliani has promised Gary Hart and Louis Madigan a lease to build the ambitious project provided they obtain financing of \$150 million (about £120 million) by December.

The project's chief financial adviser, J.P. Morgan, has approved a scheme under which the American business becomes a joint venture with Adrian Bellamy, the cosmetics group's non-executive director, who is taking on the task of trying to turn it round.

From today he becomes chief executive in the US and has an option to acquire 51 per cent of the business if he manages to haul it back into profit over the next three years.

The group's new chief executive, Frenchman Patrick Gonyea, will join next month.

Golden goodbye

COURTAULDS gave former finance director Howard Evans a pay-off of more than £600,000 when he left last year after a reported disagreement over strategy.

The annual report, published yesterday, reveals that he received £310,000 as compensation for termination of his contract and £320,000 supplementary pension payment.

Mr Evans had a two-year rolling contract which paid him £320,000 in his last year with the group, now being taken over by Dutch chemicals company Akzo Nobel.

TOURIST RATES — BANK SELLS			
Australia 2.556	Germany 2.508	Malaysia 6.52	Singapore 2.72
Austria 20.51	Greece 492.98	Malta 0.935	South Africa 8.95
Belgium 60.16	Hong Kong 12.57	Netherlands 2.269	Spain 245.00
Canada 2.352	India 10.84	New Zealand 3.73	Sweden 12.50
Cyprus 0.855	Ireland 1.148	Norway 12.36	Switzerland 2.52
Denmark 11.17	Israel 6.14	Portugal 265.37	Turkey 421.000
Finland 8.943	Italy 2.881	Saudi Arabia 1.15	USA 1.024
France 9.738			

Supplied by Reuters (including rupee, shekel and metical)

Ascot rain followed by sweltering weekend means enormous fluctuations in retail demand



Top and tail... Food and drink suppliers for events like Ascot have to be ready for any eventuality. Making provision for the people's appetites, however, is the supermarket chain's lot, and commercial imperatives demand accuracy and rapid responses.

Hot profit in cool customers

As fireside teas give way to barbecues, Roger Cowe and Celia Weston ask how firms cope with changing weather

WHEN the sun finally broke through yesterday, after one of the dullest early Junes on record, John Rowe was mightily relieved. On Wednesday, sitting in Sainsbury's central London head office as the rain poured down outside, he had given the go-ahead for the supermarket chain to gear up for a hot weekend.

Mr Rowe is logistics director, responsible for getting groceries to the stores at the right time and in the right quantities. The 80°F temperatures promised for today and tomorrow mean he needs to organise another million cases of soft drinks, additional lorry loads of salad and other fast-selling products if the shelves are not to be bare by lunchtime.

"At the end of last weekend, we started to get some forecasts saying we were heading for a hot weekend," Mr Rowe explained. "Then on Monday or Tuesday it became clear the weather was going to be very hot."

As a result, more than 300 extra trucks have been rushing around the motorway system over the past two days, adding to the 6,000 deliveries to the chain's network during Saturday and Sunday.

"The weather makes a big difference. We've got a lot of product moving into the stores this weekend," Mr Rowe said.

"The trigger-point is 80 degrees, especially if it is sustained for more than three days."

"For products such as ice-cream, soft drinks, salads and desserts, sales can rise by between 70 per cent and 250 per cent on a big change in temperature. Over the May bank holiday we had to handle a million extra cases of soft drinks and half a million cases of beer."

It is fairly obvious that shoppers purchase more ice-cream and soft drinks when

the sun is shining. But there are some curious effects associated with the kind of product bought. For example, plain coleslaw sales always rise more than the same product with pineapple.

If there is no plain coleslaw in the shops this afternoon, blame the computers. They increasingly determine what and how much goes into each store — and they are becoming more sophisticated.

For the past six months Sainsbury has been experimenting with a "neural network" system that computes many more variables than traditional weather analyses.

This trial is running in co-operation with the big soft drink suppliers, Britvic and Coca-Cola Schweppes Beverages, for whom the challenge of a sunny weekend is just as great as it is for retailers.

Joint decision-making is essential since retailers carry minimal stocks. "We can cope out of our own depots for three to four days, then we rely on them," Mr Rowe said.

Grocers and their suppliers — including the farmers who grow the food — are among the many businesses who depend on the accuracy with which they predict weather changes and the speed with which they react to unexpected sun, wind and rain.

Other retailers have similar problems of prediction accuracy and reaction time, factors emphasised this week when the British Retail Con-

How weather drives demand

- ☀ Drink sales respond immediately to temperature change. Soft drink manufacturers can increase production by up to 50 per cent within hours.
- ☀ After two days of good weather we might think about buying a bike but it has to be nice for more than a week before we start buying serious kit.
- ☀ "Impulse, in-hand" ice-cream sales can drive up production by 40 per cent overnight.
- ☀ Sun and rain change demand for different types of clothing.
- ☀ Larger sales increase by only 2 per cent in even the best weather.
- ☀ Rain and mid temperatures suit insurers best — we drive less so have fewer and less serious prangs.
- ☀ Buildings require the rain — we will be making and carrying out but the rain will stop more quickly, cutting extra sales.
- ☀ Builders like storms — they interrupt work but generate huge business volumes repairing and replacing roofs.
- ☀ Every 1 degree colder adds 4 per cent to gas demand and increases electricity demand by about 500 megawatts, enough to supply Sheffield.

sortium released the latest monthly sales figures. "The performance of sales was hit by poor weather," the BRC said.

Food and drink had shown a good performance overall, but vegetables and fruit sales suffered "due to seasonal price factors".

Clothing sales were badly affected, the BRC said. "Hardest hit by the weather

was fashionwear, particularly women's clothing, with poor sales for much summer merchandise. Swimwear and leisure wear sales fell."

Shoe sales, on which "the poor weather clearly had an impact", were also down.

Many industries beyond retailing find the fate of their profits is to a greater or lesser extent in the lap of the weather gods.

The rail operators notoriously suffer from the wrong kind of snow or leaves on the line, then the water companies blamed continuing drought and water shortages on the "wrong sort of rain".

Insurers lose out most of the time to the weather. They had to shell out millions of pounds after the 1997 hurricane, and claims pour in after floods and drought, which causes subsidence.

But motor insurers' profits rise during periods of hot weather because there are fewer traffic accidents.

The energy industry suffers, too, when there are violent swings in temperature.

Transco, the pipeline business hived off from British Gas, ships about 200 million cubic metres of fuel a day, but there are huge variations in demand.

For instance, Valentine's Day in 1996 was so foul and cold that gas demand hit an unseasonal record high of 378 million cubic metres. It has not been matched since.

One company that makes money whatever the weather is the Met Office, come rain or shine, and in every season.

Public sector customers, including the Ministry of Defence and the Civil Aviation Authority provide much of its income, but the commercial proportion of its £150 million annual revenue is growing.

The Met Office employs more than 2,000 people in 80 different locations around the country, including 430 forecasters at 12 weather centres.

Recognising the links at many businesses between financial performance, weather data and geography, the Met Office has set up the Weather Initiative. It is a special business unit dedicated to serving the interests of manufacturing and retailing in Britain and overseas.

Its analysis aims to help customers from super-markets to motor component-makers to improve their stock control, staff planning, raw material sourcing and, of course, sales.

The Met Office provides nearly 3,000 tailored forecasts every day, covering periods ranging from no more than six hours to forecasts for the next 100 years.

Sainsbury buys two forecasts, one covering between two and five days ahead, the other for six to 10 days.

These forecasts are arranged to suit the supermarket chain's regional structure, and are delivered three times a week. The company also picks up other forecasts via the Internet, and is particularly impressed by predictions from Birmingham University.

At the beginning of this week analyses from the various sources differed. But by Wednesday, they were in agreement that we would finally have a hot weekend.

As a result, Mr Rowe will be in the office this morning, ready to oversee last-minute adjustments to deliveries.

"Computers have made an enormous difference", he said. "Five years ago, dealing

with the weather was all manual. It made it very difficult, especially to cater for individual stores' needs."

"Now we can change during a Saturday what goes into the store on Sunday."

He will not be the only Sainsbury employee to find his weekend disrupted by the sun. Workers at depots up and down the country will also have been called in to load the trucks with the extra provisions for warm weather.

In the stores, staff will have been shuffling products around to make more space for the cold items they are hoping will sell like hot cakes — not cakes will be getting less space this weekend.

Salads will have shoved

cabbages and carrots off the shelves, but outside the fruit and vegetable section it is more difficult to change the space assignments.

The sun is expected to disappear again on Monday — making it just as important not to send the stores too much product as it is to make sure they have enough.

When you go to the supermarket today or tomorrow expect to see special "blitzes" at the end of aisles or bulk bins on the floor piled up with soft drinks.

Afterwards, as you are relaxing in the garden quenching your thirst, spare a thought for Mr Rowe and his opposite numbers at rival supermarket chains.

Quick Crossword No. 8779

Across

- 1 Hemp entry (anag) — dried (4,5)
- 2 Modify (5)
- 3 Become more mature or complex (7)
- 4 Isles north of Scotland (8)
- 5 Support — at the seaside (4)
- 6 Recent (5)
- 7 Put on one side (5)
- 8 Sheltered inlet — gulf (4)
- 9 Military quarters (8)
- 10 Top or bottom of sleeping unit (4,3)
- 11 Girl's name (5)
- 12 Do what one is told (4)

Down

- 1 Having role of guardian (8)
- 2 Conclusion (5)
- 3 Suddenly bright star (4)
- 4 Great number and variety (12)
- 5 High blood pressure (12)
- 6 Tone poem by Saint-Saëns (5,7)
- 7 Dowser (5-7)
- 8 It is used for burning or drawing (8)

Solution No. 8778

Across: 1. HEMP (4,5), 2. MODIFY (5), 3. MATURE (7), 4. ISLES (8), 5. SUPPORT (4), 6. RECENT (5), 7. PUT (5), 8. GULF (4), 9. QUARTERS (8), 10. TOP (4,3), 11. GIRL (5), 12. DO (4).

Down: 1. GUARDIAN (8), 2. CONCLUSION (5), 3. STAR (4), 4. VARIETY (12), 5. HYPERTENSION (12), 6. TONE (5,7), 7. DOWSER (5-7), 8. DRAWING (8).

23 Stuck? Call our solutions line on 0891 339 248. Calls cost 50p per minute at all times. Service supplied by AT5

Once upon a time Budge went looking for a very rich friend
Page 13

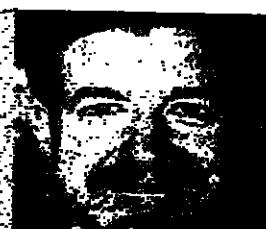
Arts

This morning I noticed there was a missing link. Short story by Jeanette Winterson 20



Features

Adam Mars-Jones recalls how he used to be a homophobic teenager 17



Books

Matthew Fagan on the tragic player who inspired his love of cricket 18



saturday

June 20 1998



After the thuggery, can the left find a new patriotism? Jonathan Freedland says yes England, our England

Two summers ago we seemed to have found it. We painted our faces in the colours of St George, we sang for England. "It's coming home, it's coming home," we chanted throughout Euro '96 — and we weren't just talking about football. A new sense of national pride was returning — shorn of the ugly associations of English nationalism past. It was a patriotism free of Empire, skinheads and the National Front. And even the usually wary liberal middle-classes joined in.

Tony Blair rode the feeling, and fed it. "Labour's coming home," he half-sang to the 1996 party conference. Political change was just around the corner, fuelling the sense of optimism and possibility always crucial to patriotism. Blair's talk of a New Britain, of becoming a "young country again," struck a chord: maybe he was right, maybe we would renew ourselves for the next millennium.

Even Cool Britannia, for all its naughtiness and condescension, added to the mood. Ginger Spice squeezed herself into a Union Jack mini-dress; Noel Gallagher painted his guitar in a swirl of red, white and blue. By the spring of 1997, Labour was fighting an election campaign which made the flag, and even the British bulldog, its own. Slowly, our national symbols were being wrenched from the grip of the right — and reclaimed for the rest of us. But that was then. In seven quick days the mood has changed, the ugliness in Marseilles reminding English liberals why they disliked patriotism in the first place. The sight of those tattooed louts, their bellies jutting defiantly forward, has led English folk of progressive conscience to revert to their previous stance. Once again, flag-waving is scorned as a quasi-fascist activity with English nationalism a brutish force to be despised. The letters page of the Guardian, the bush telegraph of

Whodunnit England, has buzzed with renewed feelings of patriotism. Polly Tovoles caught the mood when she wrote on Wednesday: "Who would want to be English?" In place of the cheering of those Euro '96 summer nights how come a new ambivalence toward this national football team? How loudly can we cheer Shrewsbury and the rest, now that we've seen the true face of their thickest supporters? If those things are leading this way, how can we be part of it? It's a dilemma that goes beyond the appropriate conduct for Monday's game against Romania. (Can we go wild if the boys win, or does that make us like them?) It goes to the heart of a question which has vexed English radicals for a good part of the century. Must the left shun English nationalism, or is there an identity we can celebrate, too? Put simply, can progressives be patriots? The answer is yes. It may require some tough thinking

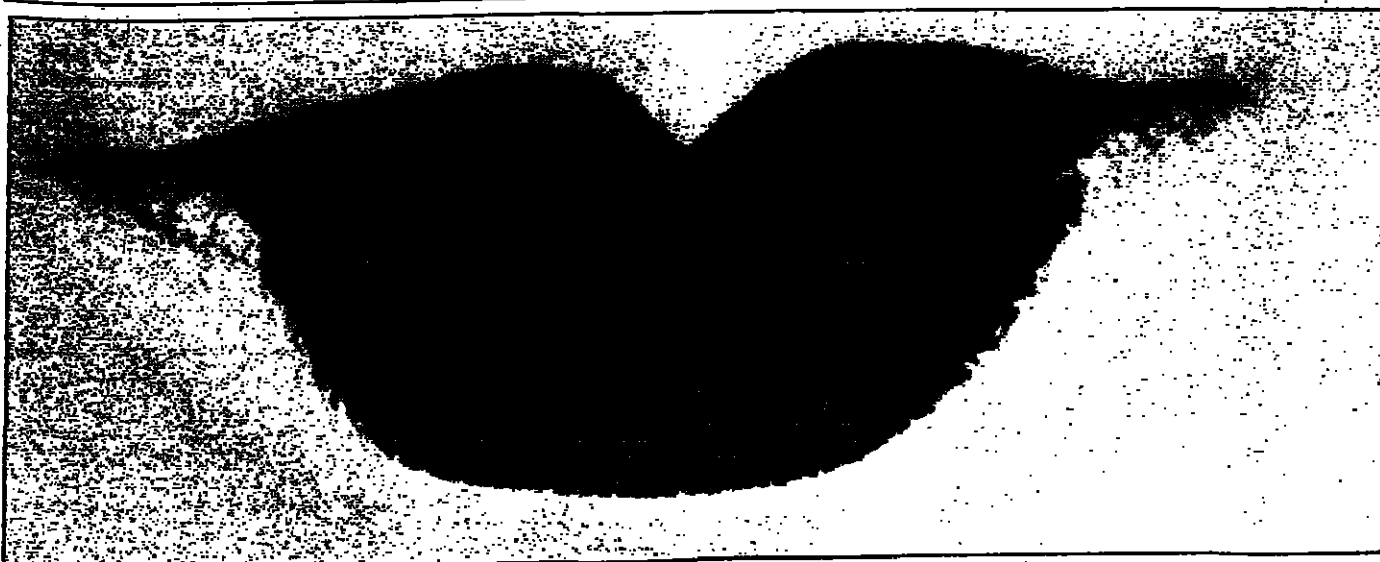
about identity, a search for the buried treasure of our own history, and even a new notion of Englishness. But it can be done — and it's essential that we start. The first move will be a rehabilitation of the very idea of nationalism. Plenty of leftists reckon they have an in-built reflex against patriotism of every stripe, no matter whose flag is being waved. But they should be honest with themselves. Do these people all oppose Nelson Mandela's pride in the new South Africa or Yasser Arafat's urge to build a home for his people? Do they choke on talk of pride when it comes from the Scottish National Party or Sinn Féin? Of course they don't. In fact this World Cup has supplied extra proof of the indulgence, even celebration, that English liberals offer to the patriotism of others. We enjoy Jamaica's pride in the Reggae Boys, Brazil's delight in Ronaldo and Scotland's all-night partying. It's easy to warm to these soccer tribes, who display their

passion in dance and song, not just in 2 bottles. But if liberals truly despised patriotism, we'd have little patience even for this kinder, gentler version. Admittedly, all those other, more acceptable nationalisms have something Englishness lacks: a history of suffering. The Palestinians and South Africans are not nationalists in the *naïve* sense, says the English liberal: they're fighting for liberation. The Scots and the Irish — struggling to throw off their horrible, English oppressors. But what about us? We have no recent memory of victimhood. We cannot with a straight face talk of an "English struggle for self-determination" or recount bitter, ancestral tales of dispossession and exile. Our history has been one of near-unbroken prosperity, free of defeat and occupation. While other, more left-friendly nationalisms are built on legends of suffering, the English national myth is one of success.

Perhaps we can reinvent ourselves as victims. It's telling that the most successful patriotic anthem of recent times — Baddiel & Skinner's Three Lions — scored by ditching the Rule Britannia image of England as a mighty conqueror, and replacing it with memories of noble failure: "Thirty years of hurt..." But for those with a truthful eye on English history beyond football, such a trick will be hard to pull off. English radicals have to learn to live with a past of victory, prosperity and conquest — and somehow construct a patriotism for a new time, one which is not triumphalist but progressive. The left cannot simply dodge the task (and hope Romania win on Monday). For, despite the conventional wisdom, national feeling should be the left's natural terrain. What is patriotism, except an affirmation that individuals live in a larger society? It is a declaration of common cause, of shared destiny — just the ideas of

What's a nice gull like you doing in a country like this? PHOTOGRAPH: MARTIN GARDNER

collectivity and belonging that surely distinguish left from right. To deny an English national identity is to give a posthumous victory to Thatcherism: to accept there is no such thing as society. The left says there is, and England is ours. So much for patriotism in principle. What about the case of England? Can we learn to love ourselves, and keep our place on the liberal left? We can. All it takes is a reacquaintance with our own history. Start with the old, red white emblem, painted on those fans' faces and now attached to a thousand car aerials and shop windows. The flag of St George can easily be reclaimed as a progressive symbol: it is England's David and Goliath story, the little guy taking on the mighty enemy. The traditional English sympathy for the underdog — heard even now in the page 16



MEMOIRS OF A
Geisha
ARTHUR GOLDEN

"This is an epic tale and a beautiful evocation of a rapidly vanishing world" The Times

VINTAGE

www.randomhouse.co.uk

Should Ian Brady be allowed to kill himself?

Dear Brian,
When Winnie Johnson, the mother of the Moors Murder victim, Keith Bennett, was told this week that Ian Brady wanted to commit legally-assisted suicide, she commented that "it was the best thing he had ever said" and added that it was a pity that Myra Hindley had not also seen the light.

Brady and Hindley were sentenced to life for murder in May 1966, and many of us felt that it was a pity the death sentence had been abolished. I certainly did. If I analyse my reactions at the time, I realise that I felt more imprisonment was an insufficient punishment for such horrible crimes.

Now, it may be wrong to think in terms of "punishment". Yet when we hear of young muggers attacking old ladies, or vandals going on the rampage in a town's civic centre, this seems a sensible, rather than a vindictive, reaction. It may be un-Christian, but we feel the need to punish the culprits and to deter others.

When I came to write about the Moors Murders case, I saw that my nostalgia for the death penalty was illogical. If punishment was what Brady and Hindley deserved, then they certainly got it. Brady had to be placed in solitary confinement for years for his own protection. By 1985, he was suffering from paranoid hallucinations and had been reduced to a skeleton. He was then transferred to Ashworth Special Hospital on Merseyside.

Now he has been in prison more than half his life and knows that he has no chance of ever being released. I would suggest that he has been punished enough and that it would be humane to allow him to end it all with the help of a doctor.

Yours sincerely,
Colin Wilson
Author of *A Plague Of Murders*, which includes correspondence with Brady

Dear Colin,
I can well understand Winnie Johnson's response to Ian Brady's desire to seek legally-assisted suicide. For many years, as a full-time prison chaplain, I worked alongside murderers and I admit to having wished occasionally that those killers were dead themselves, especially if their victims were elderly or children. There is an element of an eye for an eye in all of us, though I do not support capital punishment.

I am a strong supporter of very carefully controlled voluntary euthanasia and I sit on the executive committee of the Voluntary Euthanasia Society. We support the voluntary medical easing from life of those whose death is imminent and whose remaining life would otherwise be lived out in excruciating pain. The emphasis is on voluntarily seeking a gentle and good death.

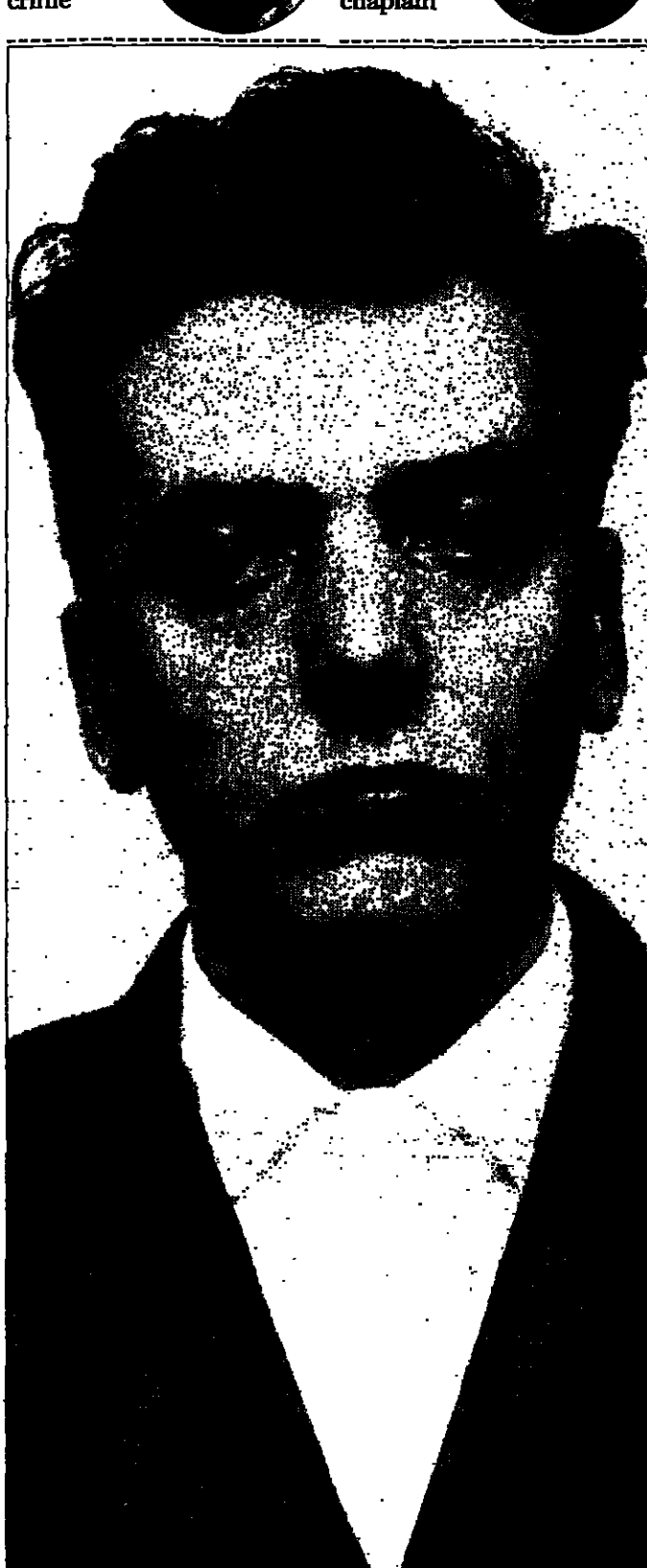
If these then are the criteria (were they to have legal status in this country, which at present they do not), they would hardly apply to Brady, if he is suffering from the paranoid hallucinations that you have mentioned. In his situation, to assist with his suicide would be tantamount to murder. Are we then thinking in terms of completing his "debt to society" by assisting his suicide, or are we seeming to be compassionate to one who will never know freedom this side of the grave? Could this be a roundabout way, be a wish to introduce voluntary capital punishment?

Yours sincerely,
The Reverend Brian Anderson

Dear Brian,
I take your point: that assisting Ian Brady to die would amount to voluntary capital punishment. Yet you are mistaken when you say that euthanasia would not apply to him because he is

Yes
Colin Wilson
Writer on crime

No
Brian Anderson
Former prison chaplain



Live or let die? Ian Brady

suffering from paranoid delusions. Having been corresponding with him for six or seven years, I am certain that any psychiatrist would now pronounce him sane.

Let me point out that there have been many killers who have asked the court to sentence them to death, the best known recent case being the American Gary Gilmore. When his brother told him he intended to apply for a stay of execution, Gilmore said: "Look, I've spent too much time in jail — I don't have anything left in me."

If you were a Samaritan trying to dissuade someone from committing suicide, you would point out that life always holds out some promise. But after 32 years in prison, Brady knows he has no hope, no future. And if Gary Gilmore had a right to apply for the death sentence 10 years after it had been suspended in Utah, then why shouldn't this apply to Brady? Or, for that matter, to anybody who knows he is going to

spend the rest of his — or her — life behind bars? You say you do not support capital punishment, and neither, on the whole, do I. But can we be sure that we are not blinding ourselves to the position of those who know that they will never again be free?

Yours sincerely,
Colin

Dear Colin,
I feel there is a flaw in your argument about the state of Ian Brady's mind. Would he still be at Ashworth Special Hospital if he were considered to be of sound mental health? It is my understanding that people are only transferred there if they are deemed to have treatable mental illness.

If he does have a mental illness then he would not be able truly to meet the criteria of a voluntary decision which a body like the Voluntary Euthanasia Society upholds and promulgates.

Did you side-step the use of the word voluntary? Anyone deemed to be suffering from such paranoid delusions would not be considered of sound enough mind to pass the first of the hurdles to qualify for voluntary euthanasia. To me the words voluntary and euthanasia in conjunction are equally important. Whether Mr Brady is sane or not would, I reckon, need a qualified panel of psychiatrists.

For some years I was a Samaritan, and it was not then and still is not the function of any Samaritan volunteer to attempt to dissuade any caller from committing suicide. The appropriate psychological and psychiatric care of Ian Brady surely is to enable him to rebuild the rest of his life in some useful way within the confines of a secure place. I have met others at Broadmoor who are doing just this.

Finally, was the death sentence ever truly suspended anywhere in America? It has obviously been in recent years to reinstate it in several states ranging from Texas to New York.

Yours sincerely,
Brian

Dear Brian,
I'm afraid you have totally misunderstood me. In my own view, Brady is totally sane. My own correspondence with him soon convinced me that he is not only totally sane but one of the most highly intelligent and widely-read of my correspondents. In that respect, he certainly qualifies to choose voluntary euthanasia.

To tell me that Samaritans — whether of the Biblical or modern variety — would not attempt to dissuade would-be suicide sounds to me so absurd that I won't even try to comment on it.

Brady is an odd person, whose murders were influenced by an obsessive reading of Dostoevsky, and a book called *Compulsion*, about the Leopold and Loeb murders. That is no excuse. But I believe that, when he was arrested, he felt like a gambler who has placed all his money on one card and lost. He knew that his life was finished.

But he had youth and probably hope. Now both are gone, and Ashworth is as appalling a place as he has ever been in (it should really be closed down). He wants to end it, and I believe that most members of the British public would heartily endorse that wish.

Sincerely,
Colin

Dear Colin,
Yes, I may have misunderstood you on the matter of Ian Brady's current state of mental health. But I still would argue that Ashworth, terrible though it may be (and debate is going on as to whether it, Broadmoor and Rampton should close) would not keep Ian there if they did not consider him to have some identifiable, treatable mental illness.

Otherwise, there are plenty of small regional secure units where he could live a much higher quality of life. I don't doubt his intelligence whatsoever.

Incidentally the job of the Samaritans is never ever to give advice and that would include discussion on the matter of suicide. My suggestion wasn't that absurd — I checked!

I am uncertain as to whether what are called compulsive personality disorders would constitute mental illness. In situations like this it just shows how vital it is to have a totally impartial psychiatric evaluation — even in the present age or in some enlightened near future when we all know voluntary euthanasia will be legalised. Part of me would wish to honour Ian Brady's desire to end it all. Perhaps it is a final freedom to which we are all entitled.

Yours sincerely,
Brian

Smallweed



Alan Clark says something about football hooligans and straightaway a government spokesman starts calling for retribution. "Mr Hague," some Bluff minion was quoted as saying on Wednesday, "should immediately discipline Mr Clark, otherwise he will be colluding in an apology for the worst sort of violent hooliganism."

What on earth is wrong with these people? In their ideal world, Parliament would become some kind of Puginesque team depot, where no one ever swerved off the lines, or tried to overtake more distant trains, or invented its own unorthodox routes or unapproved destinations. The electors of Kensington and Chelsea must have known all about Alan Clark when they elected him. If they'd wanted a team, they'd have chosen one of the other contenders.

Smallweed's own advice on this matter is based on the second book of Kings, chapter 10. Jehu, as king of Israel, wishes to stop people worshipping Baal. So he calls a great assembly, ostensibly in honour of Baal, for which they all joyfully muster. When he's carefully checked there are no non-Baalites present, he sends his guards in to slay them. To adopt such a course in toto might be a bit extreme for this day and age, but it shouldn't be beyond the ingenuity of Jack Straw to devise some appropriate 20th century variation. He could use

a similar tactic — the announcement of some kind of maritime hooliganism, ostensibly arranged by the lads themselves, and advertised on their own network — to lure them on to some massive ship which would then put out for the mid-Atlantic. At a given signal, the captain and crew would sneak off the ship and leave them to their own devices. There seems to be a precedent here in a fictional institution called the Ship of Fools which dates from the 18th century. In a variation called *Cock Lard's Bets*, published by Wynkyn de Worde (one of the world's great typhes) in 1510, Cock Lard, a tinker, captains a motley crew of rogues and vagabonds on a journey to nowhere. We already have a prison ship moored off the coast of Portland, so I can't see any good reason why we shouldn't have a Ship of Fools too.

The historian Lord Dacre of Glanton is in trouble for insulting the Scots. He says that the third-century poet Ossian never existed, and his so-called poem *Fingal* was the work of an 18th-century forger. This used to be a prevalent view but is nowadays increasingly challenged. Smallweed will make no pronouncement on that. What I do find curious, though, is his lordship's defence against charges of anti-Scottishness. "I had a Scottish nanny," he says, "and a Scottish governess. I went to school in Scotland. I spent 25 years in Scotland." Maybe it's unusual, though it's certainly not unique, to spend 25 years in a country which you dislike; but it certainly doesn't follow that having Scottish governesses, nannies or schools automatically makes you pro-Scottish. Smallweed's ancient uncle *Archie* scolded from Inverness: "The bairns right. I mind well my own experiences at the hands of my nanny Morag McRae in Auchter, muchie 70 years ago. Fourteen stone and a half of monthly exertion, she was said to have played in disguise in the front row for Hawick when one of the

regular players failed to turn up for a match with Melrose. When a technical fault occurred at our local Highbury, Morag was hired to stand on a rock at the edge of the sea and hallow thrumby instructions to passing sailors. When she left to join the SAS, I found myself in the tender care of a governess, Alisa McSpigot. Whatever subject we touched on — English language and literature, chemistry, electronic engineering, topless darts — her command was always the same: "Translate it into the Lallans."

When my poor long-suffering parents attempted to remonstrate, Alisa imperiously told them: "I'm no' taking instructions from you unless they're couched in the Lallans." So they sent me to St Mungo's Academy. Killie-memurdoch; but there it was even worse. The headmaster, Rollo McSade, not only beat every boy in the school every morning; he beat the junior masters as well. What is more... *Nanny McRae* writes from the *Other Side*: How many times must I tell you to hush your wheesht? I must say, though, while I am on, I thought our boys did ever so well against Norway.

Alisa McSpigot files from the same location. Could we have that in Lallans please?

In warning readers against the expression "consulting widely," I failed to mention "close consultation" which has also been much in the news this week. This means much the same thing: *Jeremy Wakeley*, PR consultant extraordinaire, endorsing the views of politicians in a cathedral close. Writing from County Westford, Jerome Hynes thinks it time that I noted the equal salience of facilitator extraordinaire *Biddy Murphy*. Recent headlines from "Biddy to ease Irish peace talks" to "Biddy to solve tribal disputes" and even "Biddy to ensure trouble-free World Cup" demonstrate her bulging portfolio. I feel bound to point out, even so, that certainly in the last of these instances, Biddy hasn't really lived up to her promises.

The Readers' Editor on ... blips in the Birthdays column

Many unhappy returns

Ian Mayes
Open door



In primary school parlance, the Birthdays column is the smiley face on the Obituaries page. For several reasons the page has always seemed to me to be an appropriate resting place for it: Happy Birthdays, or with intimations of mortality, or as Dylan Thomas expressed it, "it was my thirtieth year to heaven." The presence from time to time among the Birthday celebrants of a dead person confirms the feeling that the ground is well chosen. There is, it has to be admitted, the occasional (let us call it) crossover. It generally evokes a wistful memory. "As one who had the pleasure of hearing her live in the opera house and of bottle of numerous records, I would dearly love to believe that Irmgard Seefried (who died in 1988 and who appeared in the column in 1995) was indeed celebrating her birthday today..."

Rumour has it that at one time a favourite Guardian game among a group of dons at High Table in Oxford was spotting the stiff at the birthday party.

We should, of course, note the deaths of people famous enough to have been obituarised and we should chastise ourselves heavily for these posthumous appearances in the Birthdays column. However, the column has a potential for error quite disproportionate to its size. It is a dense sequence of unverified fact (in intention at least). Apart

from singing Happy Birthday in a darkened room, it can do the following. It can get a name wrong. It can give the wrong age. It can choose the wrong date. It can describe the occupation or former occupation of the birthday celebrant. It can repeat a Birthday twice on different days in the same year.

It has actually done all these things in the past six months. Frances Partridge, the oldest surviving member of the Bloomsbury Set, had her birthday announced twice — in the same month (March) — for the past six or seven years, until this year. Neither she nor anyone else appeared to notice.

She is not alone. "I see," a reader sharply observed, "you have elevated Julie Walters to the status of HM the Queen. You have listed her birthday twice this year [1997], once on February 22 and now on May 22." Among other members of this exclusive little double-birthday band are Yasser Arafat, Kylie Minogue and the musician, Peter Gabriel. These crises are resolved by quick calls to theatrical or literary agents — or the London office of the PLO.

Describing someone's occupation is slightly more complicated than it sounds. Keeping up with promotions, movements, retirements — think of the academic world, for example — can be a nightmare. The periods of most feverish activity follow the publication of the *Honours Lists*, or the opening of a new Parliament, when titles change, new MPs take the stage — a moment's neglect today is another annoying error tomorrow.

When a sporting figure reaches advanced years, do you say, "former footballer"? My own strong preference, unless it looks really ludicrous, is to continue to describe people by the activity (rather than the past) for which they were famous. I think the reader of the Birthdays column who sees Sir Donald Bradman described simply as "cricketer" may be left to make the assumption that he hasn't

spent long at the crease lately. The editor responsible for the column — which is undertaken as a freelance contract — has built an electronic file containing about 10,000 names, an increase of several thousand in the last five years. Since he has built the file, he has made a particular effort in that time to broaden the range of people included — so Happy Birthdays to the Kray brothers (although Ron, of course, is no longer with us). In particular, he has increased the number of women by about 1,500.

The age profile of the column has also been significantly lowered, although, outside the world of the arts and sport, finding people under 40 who we might wish to know about has not turned out to be all that easy. (Suggestions for inclusion in the column — for people of any age — may be sent to, Birthdays Editor, The Guardian, 119 Rivington Road, London EC3R 3ER.)

The worst sin we can commit, for some, especially those who have formed the habit over a number of years of seeing their name in the column, is that of omission. I don't think confidentiality will be breached by quoting from one fairly recent letter: "I'm writing to let you know that I am still alive... I always read the Birthdays with great interest and I was saddened to miss my name there — it seemed like a sentence of death. It may be that you thought I was dead... I would be thrilled to find myself resurrected."

This week's Birthdays appear on the Obituaries page of the main paper today. If you are alive, and in it, Happy Birthday!

It is the policy of the Guardian to correct errors as soon as possible. Please quote date and page number. Readers may contact the office of the Readers' Editor by telephoning 0171 236 9696 between 11am and 5pm, Monday to Friday. Fax: 0171 236 9697. E-mail: reader@guardian.co.uk

England, our England

page 17 collective rooting for Jamaica — is deep in our national consciousness.

And it's more than a legend. For English radicals can feel proud that our nation has played St George more than once — slaying the Bonapartist and Hitlerite dragons in two centuries. Twice England has stood firm, resisting the designs of dictatorship.

At home we have remained equally immune to the virus of power-worship. While our European neighbours fell under the spell of fascism and communism in the 1930s, we rebuffed them, allowing neither to become mass movements. We never went in for a large standing army, used for internal oppression, preferring naval power instead — and no one ever saw a submarine quell a riot. London does not enjoy the wide

streets admired in France, but we should remember that Napoleon III built those to ease the path of his troops when they needed to crush insurrection.

A left-leaning patriotism would drink in England's past as the nation of dissent. It would learn from Tony Benn, the leftwing patriot who urges us not to forget the England of the Levellers and the Peasants' Revolt, the Tolpuddle Martyrs and the Chartists. It would remember that England first tempered the absolute power of monarchy in 1688 — a full century before the French Revolution. It would boast that the leading light of that rebellion and the revolution in America was Thomas Paine, of Thetford, Norfolk. (An English nationalism of the left would make Paine's Rights of Man a set text.)

This is an England worth celebrating. The England which set the world lead in representative democracy and liberty, from the House of Commons to the works of Hobbes, Locke and Mill, from the proto-feminism of Mary Woll-



Rally round the flag, boys... Gori added spice to patriotism but this week's events in France have set us back to a world where the Union Jack spells fascism

stoncraft to the early anarchism of Blake, Shelley and Coleridge. Throw in the English language, Shakespeare and football, and it's quite a legacy.

We spread those gifts throughout the world, even to places we weren't wanted. The Empire is not easy for progressives: for many it is the biggest barrier to embracing patriotism. The argument over Britain's imperial record will endure well into the next century. Some historians will cast it as our darkest hour; others will suggest that England's conduct, while lamentable in places, never sank to the depths attained by the world's most brutal colonial powers. Either way, English radicals will have to confront that history.

But they should not discard it all: they should recall that our imperial instincts were partially driven by a sea-faring, outward-looking engagement with the world — an early internationalism that lives to this day. Visit the toughest places on the planet, and the British diaspora will be there

— aid workers, volunteers and the rest. When crisis struck in Eritrea, the Foreign Office unearthed 120 UK citizens doing their best for a faraway land.

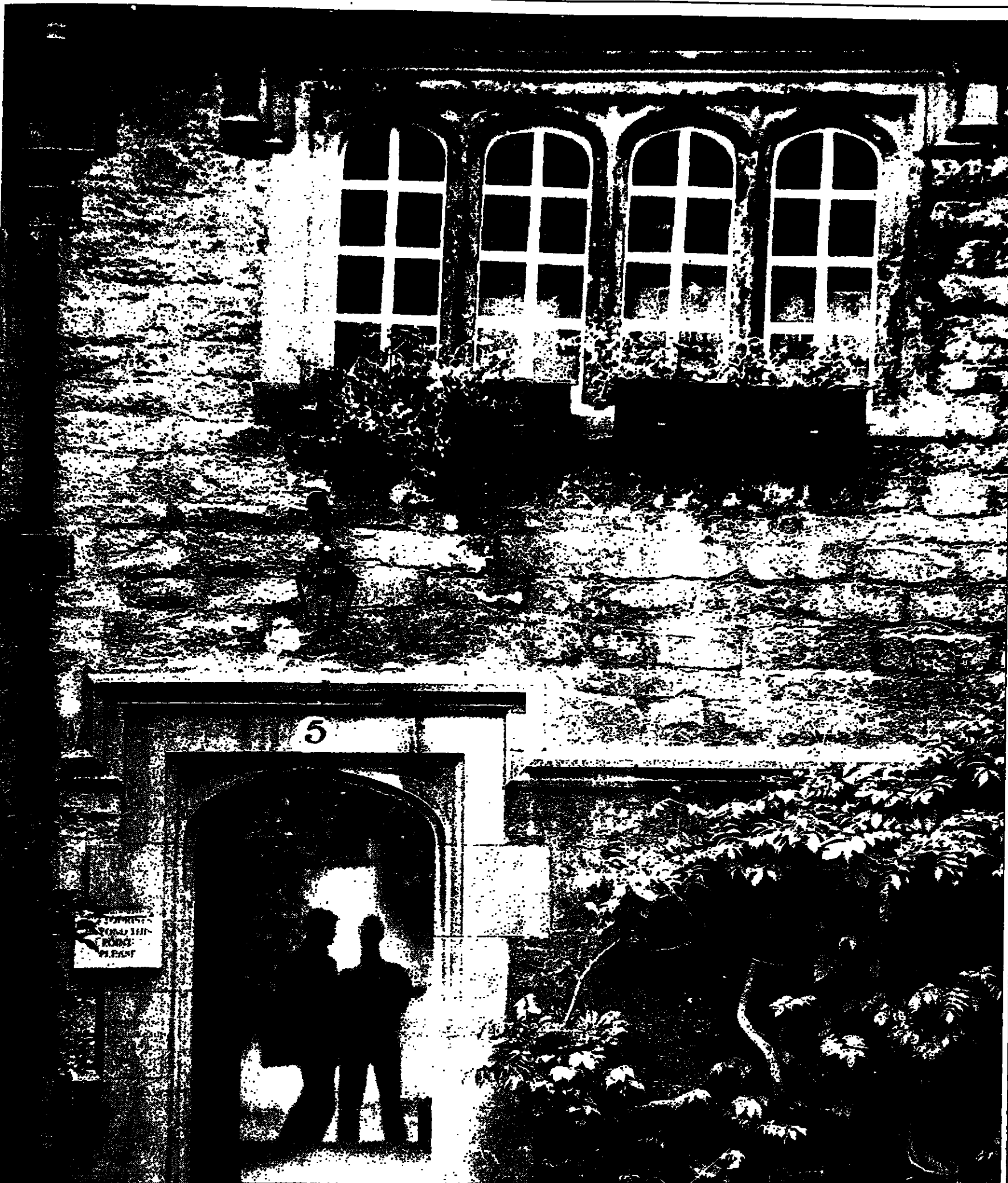
Some of that open-mindedness lives right here at home. We may not be a US-style melting pot, but Britain is making a decent attempt at creating a multi-cultural society. London is among the most diverse cities in the world and, unlike our most immediate neighbours, we do not have 15 per cent of the population voting for fascist parties bent on turning the clock back. The title of the newest football song is a homage to the ethnic mix that is modern England. It's called *Vindaloo*.

Ultimately, the challenge for England — and perhaps the other countries of Britain and Europe — is to construct a nationalism of ideas, not blood. When identity is of the civic variety, united around a shared project, then anyone can join, like new recruits to a team. The old, ethnic nations are closed entities where bloodline or skin-colour (or a cricket

test) can keep you out. But a nationalism of ideas — a shared commitment not to old tribal prejudices, but to core values of, say, democracy, liberty and fairness — is open and inclusive; joining is no more complicated than signing up for a collective adventure.

This will be a patriotism all can enjoy, right and left. And when we look for standard-bearers, who knows, perhaps we will light upon our national football team. Look at them: a group of mainly working-class men who've made good through talent and hard work; some of them black, some of them white; and all drawn from England's greatest places, London and Liverpool, Manchester and Newcastle.

That's how it can be for all of us. The left believes in society, and England is ours. We may want to change it — that's why we're on the left — but this is our nation all the same. When our representatives take the field on Monday, every self-respecting progressive will know his or her duty: to raise a cheer, for In-ger-land!



Outside in... St Edmund Hall, Oxford, stage for a mini-drama with 'victims, plotting and gossip'

PHOTOGRAPH: MARTIN ARQUES

Stephen Tumim's abrupt departure from an Oxford college reminds John Tusa of his own run-in with the devious dons of Cambridge

Jolly bad fellows

During the deepest days of the cold war, the dozen of Soviet affairs analysts at the BBC World Service almost invariably began his talks with the observation that such and such a development in the USSR "comes as no surprise". That phrase, and the accompanying sense of weariness, rose to my mind at the news that Stephen Tumim had been forced out as the Principal of St Edmund Hall, Oxford, by pressure from the fellows.

I had known that Stephen Tumim was "in trouble with the fellows" for some months. But he and his wife Winifred were determined to get through it. Now it is all over and another Oxford mini-drama has played itself out. Be sure of one thing: the fellows are loving it.

Why all the public fuss? I remember three warning observations made to me by incumbent Masters about the nature of the job before I took over as President of Wolfson College, Cambridge, in January 1993. "You must remember that it is basically a tip-top activity" — an understandable comment from one whose financial authority in the college ran no further than being able to sign a £25 cheque.

"It is a very nice backdrop to life," mused another, content that he had a real life elsewhere. "Don't take it too seriously," warned a third, "it can't take the strain."

To say that the Tumim Affair is a mini-drama is at once accurate and misleading. Accurate because most colleges are small institutions, with very limited funds and limited academic functions. They are decorative but not essential to the work of a university.

But to call it a mini-drama is misleading for this reason. Look at what the fellows have achieved. Sir Stephen Tumim came to the college

two years ago after eight years as Her Majesty's Chief Inspector of Prisons. In that capacity he became nationally famous for blunt plain-speaking reports about the awfulness of the nation's prisons; he took on Michael Howard and Kenneth Clarke, two heavyweight Home Secretaries, and emerged as a voice of sanity over national criminal policy and administration. By any standards he was a "catch" for the small, obscure and poverty-stricken St Edmund Hall.

Now he has been driven out by the fellows — despite the unanimous protests of the undergraduates — on an assortment of vaguely worded grounds ranging from Tumim's alleged poor man management, his inability to chair meetings, his failure to fundraise and suchlike. Some "catch", some scalp.

Reading between the lines, the Tumims have been driven out because a cabal of fellows persuaded their colleagues that they had had enough of him. Do not expect to know more than that. That is what college life can be like.

I know. I write from first-hand knowledge. I can assure Sir Stephen that once he has got over the immediate annoyance of the whole affair, he will find, as I said when I left Wolfson just 10 months after I arrived there, that "I had better things to do with my life". How right I was; how right I think he will be.

I refer to "the Tumims", plural, because wives are intimately involved in these matters, and not just because their husbands are messed around. My wife Ann and I can see many resemblances to our experiences at Wolfson College. For a start, there is no place for a Head of House's wife in the Oxford scheme of things.

When I took over at Wolfson, Ann was in the middle of researching her book on the Berlin Wall. No

fellow ever asked her about it or indeed, as she put it, "whether I had found it difficult to arrange a transfer to working at the checkout of the Cambridge rather than the Hampstead Sainsbury's". The nearest any fellow came to polite interest came when a distinguished professor of zoology asked her at dinner: "And do you do anything to keep yourself out of mischief, Mrs Tusa?" Resisting the pardonable temptation to throw jelly at him, Ann then told him in exasperating detail about the libraries and research institutes she had been visiting for her book.

Since then, at least three wives of Heads of House have told me that they can't wait for Monday morning to get the first train to London. Another relatively contented wife said: "I don't have any position in the college. Thank goodness I have my own contacts and world in Oxford because I wouldn't get it from our fellows."

I only know one friend who treated a college as they would have treated her. When her husband was being wooed for the headship of a major Oxford House, she let it be known that she would be available at weekends only — out of term.

The Tumims were clearly the victims of plotting and gossip. Looking back at the journal I kept at the time, so were we. Ann and I should have read the warning signals. There was an unconscionable delay in getting ready the very ordinary Cambridge house pompously designated as "The President's Lodge".

There was the difficulty of getting meetings with the architects and garden designers, a transaction that the fellows tried to keep to themselves. There was the constant battle to stop things being done to the house and garden, which we had said we did not want.

There was the mysterious, con-

tinuing failure to connect a telephone to the lodge. And then there was the visit from a senior fellow. Clearly trouble was brewing.

I am struck by the similarity of the tactics employed against me and against Stephen Tumim; classic dons' guerrilla warfare no doubt, of which the first precept is "Get your accusation in first". The senior fellow did.

I was "never there"; I needed to be seen around more; my "absence" were commented on. The fact that I could prove that I kept the nights in residence to which I was committed, and presided over all Formal Hall and Guest Nights, was ignored. So was the fact that I had visited and talked to almost every college fellow in their lab or department, a commitment which the college old guard regarded as unworthy of comment.

When we ran into a serious matter of internal college discipline, the fellows were in their element. One of them said: "There is a lot of poison around, president"; (he did not suggest who was spreading it). Rule two of Dons' guerrilla warfare: "Never attribute a quote or allegation".

Then he added, fatally: "Some fellows are asking whether we haven't made a mistake?" When I replied that we were asking ourselves the same question, his shocked reaction demonstrated that the possibility that I might fight back and had full freedom of action had not occurred to them. At that moment, though, I knew I could be free whenever I wanted.

But as Stephen Tumim and I both found, the core of the difficulty goes deeper than this. He was accused of "differences of opinion

over the interpretation of the role of principal which have proved impossible to reconcile." I was charged with "failing to understand the nature of authority in a college", whatever that meant.

When it comes to colleges, Dons get very vague and misty. They know where power lies — usually in a small coterie — and the introduction of outsiders raises awkward questions about the exercise and the monitoring of that power. That is why outsiders as Heads of House can be a threat. They want to do things differently. They want to get decisions taken and carried out.

One of the defining moments in my own departure came when I told some astonished fellows that their behaviour was intolerable and that I was resigning with immediate effect. One of them protested: "Most people couldn't take a decision like that." Somehow, that remark made leaving even easier.

But colleges need to ask themselves other questions. The better colleges, I think, have answers. Many do not. For instance, what are they for and what do they do? I am the last person to want to inflict the managerial culture on colleges but unless they frame principles around such basic matters as this, someone will make them do it in an alien way.

What, for instance, is the role of master or president? Executive, quasi-executive or purely decorative? My impression is that colleges like to have heads of house like big totems. They show them off to neighbouring institutions. Within the college walls, however, the favourite use and purpose of the totem is to fire arrows into it.

John Tusa is Managing Director of the Furze Centre and was President of Wolfson College, Cambridge, from January to November 1993.

As MPs prepare to vote next week on an equal age of consent for homosexuals, Adam Mars-Jones, now openly gay, recalls how he used to be a homophobic teenager

I didn't like gays. And I am one

The argument for an equal age of consent for homosexual acts, on which MPs will freely vote on Monday, is unanswerable. If there is any justice or common sense, then a long-rank wrong will be undone. Hurrah! But having said that...

There is a self-righteous overtone to the argument. In the gay liberationist rhetoric to which I (essentially) subscribe, it is an act of logic and respect to accord me and my kind our rights. But there is also the implication: you poor pitiful straights can't know what it's like to be a minority member. Walk a mile in my stylish shoes on the path of radical virtue. Then you'll know.

The problematic assumption is: if I wasn't gay, I would be pro-gay. And I don't think it's true. I remember a state of pubescent horror and dismay, in which I was almost precisely what I now recommend. In E-movie terms, I Was A Teenage Homophobe. And I wasn't a unique case.

It happened that my puberty was late in arriving. Only when I was about 16 did I begin to connect with impulses that would undermine what I thought I knew. Before then, I knew that women were meant for men, and I would marry Audrey Hepburn.

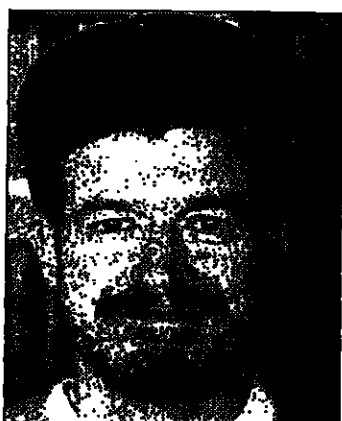
My homophobia was a true phobia: it was terror rather than hatred, but the sort of terror that wants its object obliterated. I had a hysterical need to shun homosexuality, rather abstract because there was no homosexuality in plain view. There were two boys at my school, Westminster, who were referred to as a couple, with a sneer that nevertheless acknowledged a status quo. I don't think I ever saw these two together, but I found them individually impossible to deal with.

older brother. He was more adventurous than I, and like many sixties teenagers he read underground magazines.

I was terrified of these publications, which he kept in the chest of drawers in the bedroom which was mine at weekends during school term and shared by us during the holidays. They made me feel pathetically innocent of sex and drugs.

I was aware in a muffled way of the controversy surrounding Dr David Reuben's book *Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex*, and I knew of his dismissal of homosexuals as fixated on the penis and not the person. I accepted this as the doom passed on what by then I knew was my kind.

Then one evening I leafed through one of these magazines and found a strip cartoon showing two long-haired men in bed together reading Reuben's book, laughing, throwing the book down, and taking each other into an embrace that was an aroused refusal of everything the bigot said. I wasn't turned on by the cartoon, nor altogether convinced. But I did have something to put on the other side of the equation.



Adam Mars-Jones... 'I know that I would marry Audrey Hepburn'

It took me years to go to my first gay meeting, and a good while after that to go to my first Gay Pride march. It wasn't quite a feeling that it was good manners for lepers to ring their bells, but it wasn't pride either, not by a long chalk.

My father's progress was no more headlong than my own. It was 15 years after my coming out before he could accept my life without an outward flinch. Then when it became too much hard work to maintain the anathema, he let it drop as if it had never existed. Although my father's hostility to homosexuality was fierce, I didn't necessarily take the line that someone so threatened was projecting outward, with loathing, something within himself.

But sometimes I do see something similar happening when gay people denounce homophobia. We know homophobia, not just because we have a politics, but because we have a memory, and also, with any luck, a conscience. Sometimes we are only pretending to be shocked. I suppose I am saying that the tone I prefer is weary correction rather than foaming rage.

My father was homophobic for over 50 years, while my own case lasted for less than 10. The mode of his prejudice was disgust, and mine was fear. He warped me, in a sense, and in a sense I educated him. But my desires required that I explore my fears, and that is not actually a heroic enterprise. He only stopped anathematizing gay people when it suited him. But then so did I. I only stood up for gay rights when they turned out to be mine.

The point of this stridently economical argument is not to rehabilitate homophobic discourse, merely to suggest that it comes out of the mouths and pens of people who are not as different from the way we once were as we would prefer to think. There's nothing I enjoy more than being on the high moral ground, and the freshness of the air I breathe there. But we are all only squatters on that territory. The freehold is not on offer.

A longer version of this article appears in the current issue of the New Statesman.

Old, rich but brain dead. Is there any life left in a continent where the great struggles are over, asks **Norman Stone**

Europe's last gasp

The Dark Continent: Europe's Twentieth Century by Mark Mazower 496pp, Allen Lane, £20

We are only capable of the highest degree of mediocrity," said a German lady at an Anglo-German event in Essen some years ago. I dissented. When you see how the Germans have made a go of rust-belt Essen, and the Ruhr in general, and compare it with the near ruin of our Sheffield, you only wish that we might have a slice of their mediocrity.

There must have been quite a bit of to-ing and fro-ing in the run-up to the Blair victory between British Labour and the German Social Democrats, because we seem to have adopted quite a number of things (the federalisation process in Scotland and Wales is an obvious one) that are associated with Germany's post-war success. However, Germans are not really very happy about their own performance, they moan. Many of them even say that eighties Britain, for all its problems, had something to teach them about creativity.

Quite a number of Americans seem to think so too: "Europe is brain dead," says Michael Ledeen in the *American Spectator*. In the fifties he had gone to Europe for the women, the thoughts, the cinema. Not any more. The French commentator Marc Fumaroli echoes this. In a wonderful little book about the state and the arts, he reckons that France is turning into a sort of huge 1780s Venice — pretty dead.

Europe today is rich, but rich in the way pensioners are rich, ringing up the stockbroker while complaining about ailments and the noisiness of grandchildren. It is very, very difficult to make an interesting book about the continent's politics, and if the author's

perspective is centre-left, you are in for an unrelenting diet of worthy musings. It is altogether remarkable that Mark Mazower, one of our brightest young historians, has managed to write about this subject in such a way that you want to turn the pages, and on the way learn about all sorts of odd things.

It is also refreshing, as Margaret Thatcher gradually turns into a national treasure, to find that Thatcher-bashing is still well and truly alive. Mazower moans in his preface about the hard times undergone by British universities in the eighties (he should really look at what happened to them abroad: much worse) and he regards that decade of "neo-liberalism" with horror. This is a relapse into English provincialism, because in every other country the revival of England (and Scotland) in that decade is regarded with admiration, and its architect is still lionised whenever she appears abroad.

Mazower started off with a wonderful book about the Greek resistance to German occupation and the run-up to the Greek civil war. It was a romantic late-sixties sort of book in its approach, but it led the author to see the severe limitations of communism. I have often noticed that lapsed "Euro-Communists" with a southern, Mediterranean perspective write rather interestingly about modern Europe; they understand what it is about and where the real power lies. This present book is really an essay, though one very cleverly wrapped into a chronological account, about the understanding of 20th-century Europe — the victory of a sort of Americanised, middle-of-the-road western Europe over communism, which, for the first part of the post-war period, did appear to be a serious competitor.

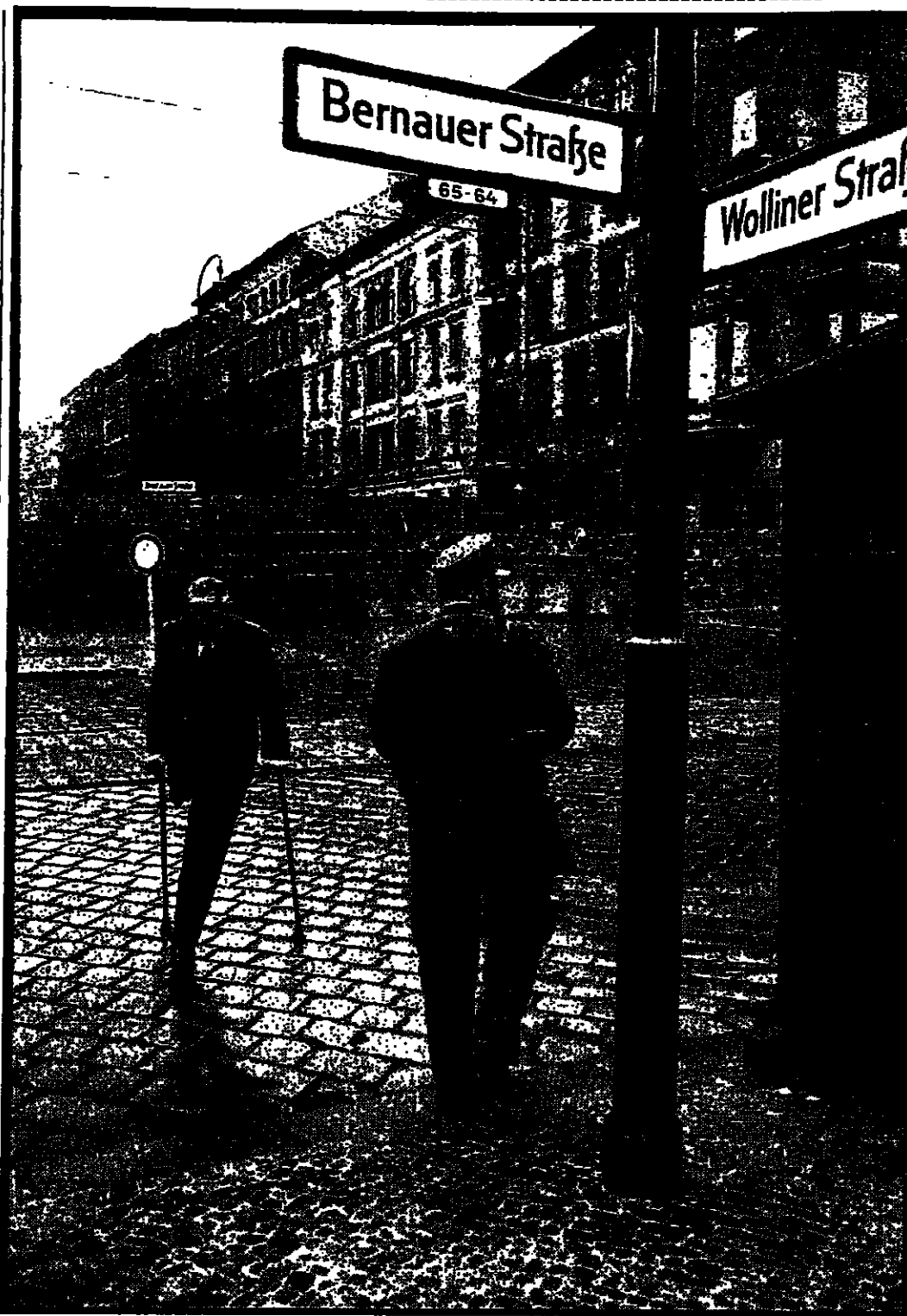
The real spectre in western Europe, says Mazower, was not communism at all, but fascism. Fascism has far deeper roots in European history. It was not a dis-

torion of "capitalism", but had its own economic approach, much of it socialist. In the thirties, the liberal world-order collapsed with the Depression, and, as any historian has to do, Mazower puts the post-war economic miracle of Europe in that perspective.

I wonder if he is right in claiming that the Depression showed the failure of liberal economics, however. After all, Britain herself recovered quite quickly, despite legend, and if American bankers had got their sums right, the whole business need not have been anything like so bad. As you look at the history of "capitalism" over the past century and a half, it is the Depression that looks anomalous, not the booms. Still, it is a challenge to argue against Mazower on these, as on other matters, the more so as he is always coming up with pieces of recondite information which you would not easily find anywhere else.

Communism in eastern Europe does get a certain commendation, in its early period; even (surely a lapse?) east Germany is credited with economic success. It collapsed, says Mazower, because it foolishly took on western debts. I wonder if this is really true. Albania and Czechoslovakia collapsed, but had no foreign debt to speak of; Hungary, with a large western debt, made the transition to non-communism so smoothly that it is difficult to speak of communist collapse at all. Mazower quotes a Hungarian commentator, Pal Kecskemeti, to the effect that communism would have to collapse at the head, in Moscow, and is that not, in the end, what did happen? Sensible Russians realised that they had been overtaken by western Germany, and that some kind of appeal, in a European context, had to be made to Bonn; this meant dismantling the Berlin Wall, and the rest followed.

Mazower is challenging about the role of fascism in the European past, and here he makes me think



The Berlin Wall, 1962; from Henri Cartier-Bresson's *Europeans* (Thames and Hudson, £29.95)

quite hard. It is certainly embarrassing to find modern goody-goody Europe, all those preachy Pauline Greens and Claudia Roths, ticking off countries such as Turkey for bad behaviour, whereas, easily within living memory, the western Europeans, Germans in the lead, were shovelling minorities into camps and claiming the authority of their own history as justification. In non-European eyes, the western Europeans' craven behaviour over Bosnia was just a continuation of these practices, by Serbian proxy, and it cost dozens more times the casualties

incurred in Turkey's war (one supported by many Kurds) against the terrorist PKK. Mazower looks for signs of a return of fascism in modern Europe — not the discredited thirties version, but a more up-to-date, anti-immigrant one. Here, he is quite reassuring: no reason for panic. Europe has solved its problems of the past, is now prosperous and not very important.

As history, Mazower's book is valuable and well written, and I was particularly grateful for the bibliographical pages. So much history gets written nowadays, and we are so swamped in material

about, say, the workings of the Marshall Plan, that the bibliography in itself is a useful exercise. However, this book is a history book for the present: it makes you think about the relationship of economic progress, social conservatism and authoritarian government. If there is a serious slump in Europe in the near future, as so many people foresee, it will be worth keeping a copy of Mazower as a guide, maybe indirect but always interesting, as to what might come.

Norman Stone is professor of International relations at Birkbeck University, Ankara.

The List

Uncommon People: Resistance, Rebellion and Jazz, by Eric Hobsbawm (Weidenfeld, £20) Cunning post-Pulp umbrella title disguises the fact that this mongrel collection of reprinted essays ranges quite arbitrarily from Hobsbawm's celebrated and influential early work on Tom Paine, machine-wreckers and shoemakers, through political pieces written for newspapers and magazines on Vietnam, the soubrette-huited and the Cold War, and some mainly rather placid book reviews about jazz (and does even early jazz warrant Hobsbawm's epithet "American Negro music"?). Good value, nevertheless, as a varied introduction to this infuriating idealist.

Travolta: The Life, by Nigel Andrews (Bloomsbury, £18.99) The dimple-chinned actor who nearly crashed his Gulfstream jet into Washington in 1992, and who believes sweetly in a sinister religion made up by a trashy science-fiction writer, is by all accounts a really nice guy. In this spangly-jacketed and overpriced but engagingly written celebration, Andrews, film critic of the FT, winks countless stories out of colleagues — from Travolta's early days as disco king to his reinvention by Tarantino and, helped by a new mournfulness to the saggy face, stellar recent performances in such cults-in-the-making as John Woo's hilarious *Face/Off*.

Slaves in the Family, by Edward Ball (Viking, £20) Ball's ancestor Elias sailed across the Atlantic in 1698 to claim his inheritance of a plantation and 25 slaves. The expanding business lasted until 1865 and abolition, but not before the family "owned" a grand total of nearly 4,000 people. To confront this bloody uncomfortable history (which is by metonymy that of America itself), Ball's nice idea is to write his family's long story, using plantation records and black and white folklore, and talking to descendants of the slaves themselves. He uncovers tales of opulence, mislaid scandals and violent uprising, and achieves an intriguing synthesis.

The Gay Metropolis: 1940-1996, by Charles Kaiser (Weidenfeld, £20) Ah, the gay metropolis. Weaving what can only be called oral history — the memories of ordinary people in interesting times — with political historiography and analysis of cultural trends, Kaiser sets off on a tremendous same-sex sweep through the latter half of the 20th century. Forceful characters such as Gore Vidal and Leonard Bernstein light up the pages, while the cause of gay liberation is traced through the US, Britain, Paris, Berlin, Cairo and Jerusalem. **Steven Poole**

Decca Aitkenhead on the perils of competing with a famous father

When Daddy went away for ever

Every Time We Say Goodbye by Anna Blundy 225pp, Century, £12.99

There are probably just three ways in which one can usefully write a book about an intimate relationship. It is relatively easy if either half of the relationship — or better still, both — is very famous, because few readers will mind too much if it's any good or not. In the absence of fame, it needs to say something insightful and universal. Or, it can be a testimony so affecting, so suggestive, that it succeeds as an exquisite piece of writing.

Sadly, *Every Time We Say Goodbye* falls into none of these categories. Anna Blundy, who is a journalist, has written about her father David, also a journalist, who was

shot dead in El Salvador when she was 19. She describes visiting the place of his death, and revisits childhood memories of a vivid but mostly absent father. David Blundy led a remarkably interesting life, and so it is disappointing that his daughter should have contrived to make an account of hers with him so remarkably boring.

What Anna had to eat is perhaps the prevailing theme throughout the book — jelly trifle here, oriental chicken salad there, but usually oysters. She also likes to tell us what she had on; when visiting the hospital where her father died, she didn't want to seem morbid, "So I wore a white dress".

The likeness of tone and content between childhood diary extracts — "1981: Today I painted each nail a different colour", and the book — "I watched the El Salvador dust

and sweat trickle through my newly painted toes. Darlene had recommended cherry red" — is unfortunate, suggesting that her editor forgot to tell her the difference between thoughtful detail and the stuff best left out.

Hidden among this is a book which could have been fascinating. Over dinner with Jon Snow ("bite sized pieces of squid", she asks, "How could he leave a child in England, and go off to the other side of the world?") This is the question Anna Blundy could have set out to answer; the paradox of the loving father, driven to be absent by what Snow called a compulsion, is worthy of examination. Instead, we get only flashes of the daughter's resentment, pride and confusion, but these are never analysed, usually because there is another dinner to be described instead.

In the end, many readers might prefer that she hadn't written the book at all. One wants to feel nothing but sympathy for a young woman who has lost her father, but the book manages to make this difficult, what with all the self-involved, and often self-aggrandising, trivia. At one point, she even shows us a letter of condolence from a woman she's never met, who praises Anna's "accomplishments, your wisdom, your humour".

She also relates being told by a drunken hack at a party that her journalism, unlike her father's, is "crap". This was her worst ever "competing with Dad evening", preying on her fears of unfavourable comparisons. You can't help wishing she had remembered that party before embarking on a book which would encourage others to do the same.

The Loafer

Hodder is learning the hard way that you should never work with animals. After paying a reported \$85,000 for Michael Alia's Zaza — the true story of an 18th-century giraffe which walked from Marocilles to Paris after being shipped from Abyssinia — it decided to fly a group of booksellers and literary editors out to La Rochelle to see the poor beast in all its stuffed splendour. The American agent Michael Carlisle went along for the ride. It was particularly unfortunate then when engine trouble struck and the plane was grounded. Carlisle knew that all was not well when he spied a technician standing at the plane's wing, drawing a finger across his throat.



Chris Smith spoke movingly for all persecuted authors at the Arts Council Writers' Awards, designed to encourage impoverished young artists with their works in progress. Jolly decent of him to chuckle over the

— ahem — mixed reception of his recent masterpiece, *Creative Britain*, but unsurprisingly that he still harbours thoughts of revenge against one of his chief critics, his former parliamentary colleague George Walden, who dubbed it an "appalling book, a small tragedy", and Smith himself "aesthetically crass". "I'm looking forward to reviewing George's new book" was all Smith would say. But maybe he — and eager readers everywhere — will be denied the chance. Word is that Walden's foray into fiction has some unmetuck and that his unlikely-sounding novel about dwarfs has failed to find a publisher.

The authorised biography of Margaret Thatcher is to be written by Daily Telegraph editor Charles Moore and published by Penguin. It will only appear after the great lady's

death, leading one to wonder whether, with her famous iron will, she might outlive her biographer. On the other hand the touted advance of £750,000 might inspire Moore to live long enough to finish the task.

A cautionary tale for any publishers eyeing a move into journalism. Joanna Prior, who in January made the unlikely move from her job as publicity director of Fourth Estate to the editorship of the Sunday Telegraph magazine, has swiftly vacated the chair after a dramatic falling out with the delightful Dominic Lawson. After this rocky introduction to the world of newspapers, she may regret her breeziness when the appointment was announced: "Journalism is no mystery when you've been doing what I've been doing for eight years."

The London Review of Books brings you some of the most thought-provoking words in the English language...

FREE OFFER!

If you love reading, delight in literary debate and have a nose for a bargain, there's never been a better time to bury that nose in the *London Review of Books*. Because this month we're offering 50% off the regular rate for a one-year subscription plus six additional issues free. Should you decide to cancel after receiving your

you stand to gain a total of thirty issues, with absolutely no risk.

'Virtuoso performances' In any copy of the *London Review of Books* you'll find essays by leading writers on a wide range of subjects, from literature, politics and history to philosophy, science and the arts. Recent examples include: Adam Phillips on Martin Amis, Iain Sinclair on the Millennium Dome, John Lanchester on 'Fatties', Jenny Diskin on the 'Titanic' and Alan Bennett's 1997 Diary. So engrossing is the magazine's content that many of our readers (over half of whom have two degrees!) spend more than four hours reading every issue. In the words of David Sexton, the *London Review of Books* is known and admired for 'intelligence without stuffiness'. To quote the *Times*, 'virtuoso performances' are what our readers have come to expect.

Less than the cost of a Sunday newspaper With this special offer, the *London Review of Books* costs less than a Sunday newspaper, but provides far more intellectual substance, lasting value and sheer enjoyment. To start receiving your six free issues, with absolutely no risk, send us the coupon with your payment now.

Please send me six free issues of the *London Review of Books* and enter my one year subscription of 24 fortnightly issues at a saving of 50%. I enclose payment now but I understand that if, after six issues, I wish to cancel my subscription, I can do so and receive a full refund. The six issues will be mine to keep at no cost.

Mr/Ms/Ms/Miss _____
Address _____
Postcode _____

☐ Tick if you do not wish to receive information on products or services which may be of interest.

Rate: 1 year (24 + 6 issues) 50% off
☐ UK: £29.95 (save £30.00)
☐ Europe: £36.00 (save £36.00)
☐ Far East & Australasia: £42.00 (save £42.00)
☐ Middle East, Latin America, Africa, India: £39.50 (save £39.50)

☐ I enclose a cheque for £_____ made payable to 'LRB Ltd'.
☐ Please charge my MasterCard/Amex/Visa/Club/Novus

No. _____
Card expiry date _____ Signature _____

Card expiry date: 0171 209 1141 Fax: 0171 209 1151 or Freephone (24 hours): 0500 345789

London Review OF BOOKS
ENGAGING THE MIND



arts

Disappearance II

A short story by Jeanette Winterson

This morning I noticed there was one room missing. In a house like mine rooms can go missing; we close up entire wings during the winter and the house does not fly at all, but sits among the trees, brooding.

In summer, alight with parties and ablaze with sun, the house is lofty, all movement and voices, hardly a thing of stone at all.

Nevertheless, it is my house in winter that I love, my house clipped and silent, and me its master.

You will understand that I do not trouble myself with covering up the furniture or shutting up the fireplaces. Others do that. Room by room the house is quieted for the winter, until only I am its beating heart. Only I, the rise and fall of its lungs, the house and I breathing together in night.

It was my father's house, and his father's before him, and so on, back through history as though history were a family album. I flick through a few hundred years and come to myself, gene descended, different from the Archbishop, the Admiral, the Viceroy of India, by my clothes not my face. My face could be theirs, it is theirs, just as this house was theirs and now is mine.

It is not necessary to prolong life; life prolongs itself. The pen they put down I pick up. The wine they bought I drink. Whose hand turns the knob? Theirs or mine?

When I walk past the family vault and glance at the shelf reserved for me, can I be sure that I do not lie there already? The line between life and death is a couple of inches at most. The width of a door that connects two rooms. The dead are, as we say, on the other side. Indeed they are, the other side of the door, and sometimes the door is open; their hand on the knob or mine?

My family have not been lucky in love. There is a strain of madness on the female side that has been cargoed in the DNA ever since 1590, when the wife of the Admiral had to be locked in the poop of the *Goodship* for six weeks for her own safety. Conditions were not of the best and she starved to death. It is not abnormal for a person to go blind before they die of starvation. They found her, filthy, crawling, dark, and so she is, still, holed down inside us, waiting to break out.

We choose carefully, but the more carefully we choose the more vicious is our disappointment. My mother, as healthy and clean a creature as you could wish for, developed an eating disorder and preferred to take her meals in the stable with the horses. Eventually, to help her, my father let her have her own stall and she slept on straw and ate out of a leather bucket. He had a little saddle made for her so that we children could ride on her back. He called her filly and beauty and treated her as kindly as he could but she had a wild thing's nature and what should have been soft was hoof. My sister and I grew up with a governess, who is here in the house now, using the rooms like tunnels, blinking her way against the light.

I am never sure how many servants we have, a house full or none at all. Things are done but by whom? As I walk from room to room the door I did not enter shuts softly, the fire is lit or swept, there is a tray of refreshments, but no one, no one to say 'Thank you Sir' or curtsy, as in my father's day. In the summer it is quite different. We hire staff like everyone else with a large house open to the public.

But this is not summer. This is winter. The house does not enjoy being violated.

When there was money, real money, the doors were inlaid with mother of pearl and the box hedges were topiary swags. It was my great-grandfather who made a second fortune out of Public Hygiene. That is, he dug the London sewers. I have a sepia photograph of him in his frock coat and top hat standing beside the great blind digging machine on the banks of the Thames.

That sewer, the deepest and biggest of its kind then, silted up within nine months. It had to be abandoned. There it is now, secret, hidden, a history trap. The accumulated waste of the past not dispersed and made neutral by the flow of time, but packed and waiting. Wait-

ILLUSTRATION: CHRISTOPHER BURROCK



ing for what? Human greed to bury its face in filth. You see, the sewer served some of the most expensive addresses in London. Early plumbing was a child's affair, without the bends, traps, waste filters, vents, graded outlets that quietly and efficiently chug away your deposits and mine. Think of straight simple pipes of clay and copper passing from the basin, where Lady Muck bends her head, into the deep sewer. Her diamond earring falls off, down, down into the patient dirt. Think of coins, rings, collar studs in silver, neck pins in gold. Think of teaspoons, medals, watch chains, the boot boy cleaning the boot hooks. Down, down, all down, with the remains of the Clos de Vougeot and the housemaid's swill.

This house has its own private sewer system. I live above a minotaur's maze of brown passages and green chambers. We light our cellars with methane gas piped directly from our ancestral mass. There is a faint smell, not unpleasant, but marked. It amuses me to find my way guided by the last gasp of a good dinner.

There is talk in the village that there is more in these sewers than sewerage. Yes, I say, Yes. But not only these sewers. There is more in your heart than can be spoken. More in your eyes than you will tell. More in the mind of you than anyone can know. More in the night than darkness. More in the river than can be dredged. What more? The hate, envy, malice, greed, stupidity and evil that lies under the floor of everything.

If I have secrets so do you.

My secret life. Secrets scurrying behind the walls like mice in the wainscoting. At night the noises are louder. I have noticed how much talk there is of openness these days which means there is a great deal more to hide.

When I open my house to the public I shut away the precious things. The private apartments are

locked. My visitors trail their way through an impassive sanitised game of a house playing hide and seek with itself. When I welcome the paying herds at the main door I wear a suit I never wear for any other purpose. It is a very good suit and it was made for me and it is quite similar to all my suits. Nevertheless it is a costume.

What do you think? That I am a typical product of my age and my class? Perhaps I am but so are you, and don't you, when strangers and friends come to call, straighten the cushions, kick the books under the bed and put away the letter you were writing? How many of us want any of us to see us as we really are? Isn't the mirror hostile enough?

Hide me, hide me, quiet grave. My face turned away at last. One life is quite enough to bear. Perhaps that is why I never married.

There was someone once. Someone whose fingers curled and uncured like a fern as she slept. She slept on the river bank where the water carried her dreams away. I stood at the weir and caught them. I had no dreams of my own.

On that beat below the house I still see her, her hair down and flowing like the river, her eyes, water-blue. She glistened and shone, my hands were wet, empty and wet, with only the skin of her, her dress left behind.

Things to hide. The archive is never complete. Certain photographs are destroyed. Certain information is withheld.

My name is Samuel Wisbech. I am fifty-three. I live in the county of Dorset, England and have done for three hundred and thirty years. We did some service to Elizabeth the First. That Queen gave us lands and buildings which were for a long time disputed. They are disputed again, this time by some gentlemen from the Tax Office.

Before we were landed we were at sea. All at sea every one of us, Flemish merchants who settled in

London and ran our ships up and down the accommodating Thames. In those days scores were settled with a knife at night. My family were murderers. Most families were. It was difficult to run a business without killing someone now and then. It still is, but we are more civilised. We don't take their lives, we take their livelihoods.

I prefer the more direct method. Don't turn away. It's just a joke. Just a joke.

You will notice that the little preamble I give my visitors is not necessarily well received. Some of them would like to leave at once and I enjoy the visible agony of mind fought out between their distaste that they have parted with £10 entrance money including tea.

The tea wins. It is waiting for them, holding out a promise of the future where all is spice buns and warmth. I am in the past with the murderers. I am a figure already receding down a corridor marked 'PRIVATE'.

PPRIVATE. That's the part they really want, those visitors of mine. There's always someone ready to step silently backwards into the shadows. They duck under the ropes as though the house were a boxing ring. Who is it in the Red Corner? Me, always me, waiting for them politely. A house like this, people don't understand, a house like this is alive. They think it's closed circuit television. No, no, it's the house itself.

The other day the telephone rang and I answered it myself. I had to inform the caller that the house was not open until April. Enthusiastic by race, American, she said 'No problem.' I took that to mean she would book herself on the first tour of the season. She took it to mean she would arrive one evening, face lively, cheque blank.

I answered the door myself. I cannot seem to find any servants at all

at the moment. I answered the door. I am a gentleman. I showed her in and poured her a drink. It was not so very difficult. Perhaps I am too much alone.

My sentences were a little stilted, formal. I tried to say, 'My name is Samuel Wisbech. I am fifty-three...' but she held up her hand. She had heard it already, last summer on a tour, wouldn't I just talk to her, be myself.

Myself? Itself? The house, me, me the house. My voice sounds like the wind at the window. My skin is the texture of flaking plaster. I am upholstered like an old man, an old house, there is decay on us both.

What shall I say? The words here are out of date, we have never replaced them, there is no need of speech when the stones cry out. The house and I understand each other and there is no one else. I think the servants must have left long ago.

I watched my visitor taking in the room. I used her eyes. Perhaps it does look odd, the furniture covering under dustsheets, the paintings taped over with brown paper. I did explain that we were not open.

She asked me to show her over the place, as though she were looking for a mortgage and I were an estate agent. Her voice was as bright as cut glass. She stood up on those heels of hers and we set off, the sound of her tapping like a hammer at my head, myself passing as silent as ever.

'There's plenty of work for you to do before open day,' she said, as another door fell from its hinges. 'These rooms are private,' I said. 'But there are so many of them.'

I smiled. I was turned away from her but I smiled. The secret places pile one on top of the other like bodies in an open grave.

I showed her the revolving fireplaces, the priest's hole, the trap door, the dungeon. I showed her the kitchen and the wheel where the beagle was chained to tread endlessly and turn the spit for roasts. 'How barbaric,' she said. I

noded. Myself, I hardly eat at all these days.

'Here's the dog,' I said, opening a cupboard. A heap of dust fell out, a collar somewhere in the middle of it, worn, chewed, with a lead medallion, REX.

My visitor frowned. I thought she would.

Night came and with it the fog. The house was held in the fog's long embrace. I half-carried, half-dragged my visitor back towards the fire whispering to her, stroking her hair. I told her these stories and many more. The stories I had learned from the house.

As I talked it seemed to me that the house itself was craning inwards to listen. Then I knew it was the house speaking. My lips flapped uselessly. I sat in the lap of the house. The house had its arms around me. I was safe.

April the first. Opening Day. The garden is an orchestra of flowers; strings of wild clematis, tulip flutes, a timpani of lily pads on the skin of the pond, and the raised horus of the daffodils blaring light. Spring is so noisy.

I am pleased. Pleased with the crowd at the door and the new roof for the west wing. My American visitor paid for that. We talk almost every night. She loves the place so much she will never leave. I have let her have mother's room. Did I mention mother's room?

My mother's room is not part of the tour. It is preserved exactly as she left it, in 1921. When she entered the stable. She was bound to keep it as my grandmother had left it, when she died in 1895. The heavy curtains, the ink well, the blotter, yes the blotter with its strange inverted message, 'I am going mad.' There is something theatrical about the female sex.

I took my visitor there on the night she arrived. I thought it unwise for her to attempt to leave in the fog. I made her as comfortable as I could, although the bed was

musty and had a stain in it. I told her to ring the bell if she wanted anything. From my own quarters I heard the bell's dull clapper all night. I would speak to the servants if I could find them.

I took her breakfast the following day. I took her lunch. I thought it unwise for her to leave. We talked that night and many others, she said less and less. It is something to do with the house.

The house. How ruined it seems. How tired. Do the visitors come at all? Are they here today or was it last year, the year before? My name is Samuel Wisbech. I am fifty-three. The record is cracked. The gramophone won't play. We have no servants these days.

I went to find her. I called down the corridors of time, 'Mother, where are you, come out, the guests are here.' She didn't answer me, and the little boy ran faster, pushing open the heavy doors that swung at him like weapons.

Where was she? The house grew bigger and bigger and the room she was in faded further and further away. I saw the outline of her dress, nothing more, and the river pouring into her room.

Spring comes. The river bank flowers and the brown winter waters turn clear for the trout.

The room is there, somewhere, it must be. I can see the window from where I stand at the weir. I know the way through the house. When I go indoors to find her the house mocks me. There is no room.

They must be there somewhere, on the other side of the wall, separated from me by an inch or two at most. I can hear them laughing, the women together, laughing at me, uselessly shaking the dead doors. They are all in there and I am here, caught in my house, room by room, unable to find the only room where there is peace.

© Jeanette Winterson 1998

From *The World And Other Places*, a collection of short stories by Jeanette Winterson published by Jonathan Cape on July 2, price £14.99.

WE

Inside

Super Eagles fly
Nigeria do Africa proud by becoming the third team to qualify for the second round of France 98. A 1-0 win over Bulgaria, thanks to a goal by Victor Ikpeba (right), confirmed them as one of the tournament's most exciting teams page 22

Sister pact
Behind the scenes with and Serena Williams as ready to take Wimbledon storm page 24

Art blanche
Casey Martin headed a costly court battle to win his place at the US Open. Bill Elliott trails the most famous limo in all around the Olympic course page 27

Racing
Chris Hawkins and Laura Thompson on the flat of Royal Ascot 27
David Lacey 23
Harry Pearson 28

Arenalin rush
France 98 fever has scaled new heights in Thailand that plan much a new political party has been put on hold. Locals are spurred by the action that the millionaire Thaksin Shinawatra decided to wait until after July

صوتنا من الامم

Weekend sport

Saturday June 20 1998 www.football.guardian.co.uk/worldcup

Inside

Newsline

Super Eagles fly

Nigeria do Africa proud by becoming the third team to qualify for the second round of France 98. A 1-0 win over Bulgaria, thanks to a goal by Victor Ikpeba (right), confirmed them as one of the tournament's most exciting teams **page 22**



Ones to watch

Sister pact

Behind the scenes with Venus and Serena Williams as they get ready to take Wimbledon by storm **page 24**

Cart blanche

Like Martin, he had a costly battle to win his place at the US Open. Bill Elliott trails the most famous trip in golf round the Olympic course **page 27**



Inside stories



On other pages

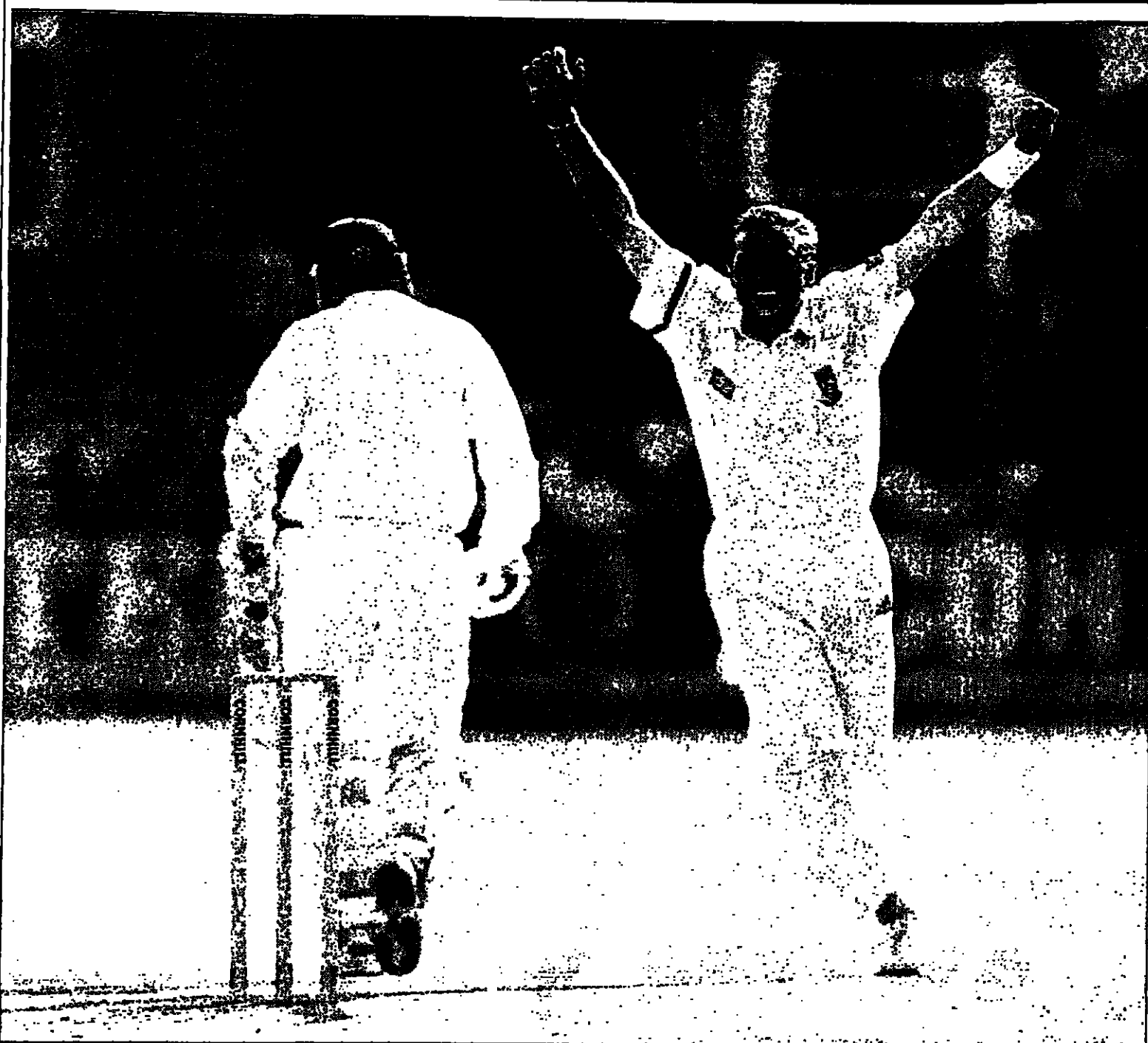
Racing

Chris Hawkins and Laura Thompson on the final day of Royal Ascot 27
David Epsley 29
Harry Pearson 28

Adrenaline rush

France 98 fever has scaled such heights in Thailand that plans to launch a new political party have been put on hold. Locals are so gripped by the action that the millionaire Thaksin Shinawatra has decided to wait until after July 12.

Stewart's side surrender the initiative



Up in arms... Allan Donald celebrates capturing the wicket of debutant Steve James as England's batsmen are made to suffer. PHOTOGRAPH: CLIVE MASON

England v South Africa: second Test, second day

England under the cosh

Mike Selvey at Lord's sees South Africa's fast masters exact some instant revenge

ALLAN DONALD and Shaun Pollock began to exact a terrible revenge on England in the evening sunlight at Lord's yesterday. Humiliated at Edgbaston with a display of bowling so off beam that sabotage to the guidance system might have been suspected, the pair steamed in, cranking the Speedster measuring device up to the 90mph mark and beyond, and in 13 overs, ripping into the England batting.

By the close of the second day, Nasser Hussain and Dean Headley, who had been sent in as nightwatchman, were left clinging on by their fingernails to the superstructure of the England innings as much as the South African batsmen had done in the first session of the match.

In the space of three deliveries during a torrid opening, Pollock and Donald — the latter doubtless fired up by an ill-advised blow in the ribs from Headley — disposed of Mike Atherton without scoring, and his latest opening partner, Steve James, for nine, and Pollock followed up by having Alec Stewart lbw for 14 in the penultimate over. On a pitch that was essentially on the slow side — but now that the sun had been on it, already showing signs of erratic bounce — it was str-

ring, not to say ominous stuff, on 40 for three and if they are to make anything of this game now — a draw at this stage would seem the limit of their ambitions — the remaining batsmen must cope with the pace of Donald and Pollock rather better than those who preceded them.

Atherton, who had played marvellously well for his century in the first Test, even if he did ride his luck like a rodeo king, was undone by a delivery that stood up so startlingly that Mick Hunt must have watered the pitch with Viagra between innings.

James had already confirmed his reputation as a capable disposer of the half-volley by twice clipping Pollock to the outside boundary, but then underlined his fallibility against the ball that is straight and short of a length by gloving a catch down the legside to Mark Boucher. Stewart and Hussain counter-attacked briefly, adding 25, but Stewart, on the back foot, received the scuttling antithesis to Atherton's delivery, and departed shaking his head at the injustice of it all.

The early part of the day had been dominated by Jonty Rhodes and Hansie Cronje, who took their fifth-wicket partnership to 184 — a record

for South Africa in Tests, beating the 157 added by Tony Pithey and John Waite against M.J.K. Smith's tourists at Johannesburg in 1966 — before they were perished. Cronje made 81, but Rhodes, out for 95 in the first Test, went on to reach 117, his second Test century, before he was caught behind by Stewart off the inside edge, just as he had been in Birmingham.

There was further inconvenience from Mark Boucher (35) and Lance Klusener (34),

who added 67 for the eighth wicket before Dominic Cork finished the innings by having Paul Adams caught behind, giving Stewart his fifth catch of the innings and Cork figures of six for 119, further evidence of his re-emergence as a strike bowler of true international quality.

South Africa's 360 — cobbled, remember, from the depths of 46 for four and having been put in — was their highest in 12 matches at Lord's.

Rhodes has been a revelation. Whizz-bang fielder he may be — arguably the finest and certainly the most gymnastic game has seen — but it would not be doing him an injustice to say that as an international batsman he has been a terrific hockey player.

The figures tell their own story: since he first played for his country in 1992, he has played 52 innings in 33 Tests, and a further 124 in 135 one-day internationals as well as 200 in 200 innings in South African colours, in other words, yesterday's innings was only his fourth century. Fielding has given him a head start, but he began this tour as a fringe candidate for the Test series.

Instead, an innings against Gloucestershire — as good as he has played say those who witnessed it — elevated him to the status of major player and now his name will be stencilled onto the honours

board in the visitors' dressing room at Lord's.

It is quite a transformation, and it had its genesis more than a year ago when, it seems, he recognised that there could be no cross-fertilisation where his two sports were concerned. So radical has been the tightening of his technique, that half of his 10 first-class centuries have come in the past 12 months. He plays straight and with purpose in defence now, drives enthusiastically, scampers singles off his hip, and cuts heartily. Good all-round play.

He suffered palpitations yesterday only after lunch when nearing his hundred. He had made 93 when Cronje flailed a drive to extra cover to end their association; when 96 he was lbw to Headley's leg-cutter in the eyes of everyone but George Sharp, the one who mattered; and when 97 the same bowler rattled his brains with a bouncer. "I felt a little bit of a bump," he subsequently admitted. "It came front on; it wasn't something I couldn't handle. Devon Malcolm hit me on the temple in 1994. This time it made me concentrate even harder."

Not that this easy to discern. The subsequently mistimed pull off Cork with which he reached his century might as readily have gone to hand as into the spaces at midwicket. His muted response to the acclaim was probably not so much indifference as the fact that he hadn't a clue where he was.

Scoreboard

SOUTH AFRICA	
First innings (overnight: 135-4)	91
W J Cronje c Ramprakash b Ealham	117
J M Rhodes c Stewart b Fraser	81
S M Pollock c Hussain b Cork	14
M V Boucher c Stewart b Headley	35
L Klusener b Headley	3
A A Donald not out	7
P R Adams c Stewart b Cork	3
Extras (b1, lb20, nb8)	27
Total (108.1 overs)	360
Fall of wickets cost: 230, 273, 283, 340, 353	
Second day: 31-3-78-1, Cork 31-5-119-2; Headley 22-2-89-2; Ealham 19-2-50-1; Cronje 9-0-25-0	
ENGLAND	
First innings	10
S P James c Boucher b Donald	10
M A Atherton c Kirsten b Pollock	10
N Hussain not out	10
W J Stewart lbw b Pollock	14
D W Headley not out	0
Extras (b1, lb20, nb8)	8
Total (for 5, 13 overs)	40
Fall of wickets: 15, 15, 40	
To bat: G P Thorpe, M R Ramprakash, A Ealham, D G Cork, R D B Croft, A R C Fraser	
South Africa: Donald 7-0-15-1; Pollock 6-0-25-2	
England: G Sharp and D B Hair	

FRANCE 98

DAY 11

Group H



Japan v Croatia

Venue: Stade de la Beaujoire, Nantes

Kick-off: 4.30pm BST

Referee: Ramesh Ramchand (Trinidad and Tobago)

Previous meetings: 1997 Japan 4-0 Croatia

Injuries: Croatia's captain Zvonimir Boban is doubtful (leg muscle)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

On a yellow card: Misaki Hara (Japan), Zvonimir Boban (Croatia)

Road to the final



P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Brazil	2	2	0	0	1	6
Norway	2	0	2	0	3	4
Scotland	2	0	1	1	2	3
Morocco	2	0	1	1	2	3

P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Brazil	2	2	0	0	1	6
Norway	2	0	2	0	3	4
Scotland	2	0	1	1	2	3
Morocco	2	0	1	1	2	3

P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Italy	2	1	0	0	3	4
Chile	2	0	2	0	3	2
Austria	2	0	2	0	2	2
Cameroon	2	0	1	1	2	1

P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Italy	2	1	0	0	3	4
Chile	2	0	2	0	3	2
Austria	2	0	2	0	2	2
Cameroon	2	0	1	1	2	1

P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
France	2	2	0	0	6	6
Denmark	2	1	1	0	2	4
S Arabia	2	0	1	1	1	1
South Africa	2	0	0	2	5	0

P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
France	2	2	0	0	6	6
Denmark	2	1	1	0	2	4
S Arabia	2	0	1	1	1	1
South Africa	2	0	0	2	5	0

P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Nigeria	2	0	0	2	6	0
Paraguay	2	0	0	2	6	0
Bulgaria	2	0	1	0	1	1
Spain	2	0	1	0	1	1

P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Nigeria	2	0	0	2	6	0
Paraguay	2	0	0	2	6	0
Bulgaria	2	0	1	0	1	1
Spain	2	0	1	0	1	1

P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Mexico	2	1	0	0	3	3
Belgium	2	0	1	0	0	0
Holland	2	0	1	0	0	0
South Korea	2	0	1	0	0	0

P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Mexico	2	1	0	0	3	3
Belgium	2	0	1	0	0	0
Holland	2	0	1	0	0	0
South Korea	2	0	1	0	0	0

P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Germany	2	1	0	0	3	3
Yugoslavia	2	0	0	2	0	0
Iran	2	0	0	2	0	0
US	2	0	0	2	0	0

P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Germany	2	1	0	0	3	3
Yugoslavia	2	0	0	2	0	0
Iran	2	0	0	2	0	0
US	2	0	0	2	0	0

P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
England	2	1	0	0	3	3
Romania	2	0	0	2	0	0
Colombia	2	0	0	2	0	0
Tunisia	2	0	0	2	0	0

P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
England	2	1	0	0	3	3
Romania	2	0	0	2	0	0
Colombia	2	0	0	2	0	0
Tunisia	2	0	0	2	0	0

P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Croatia	2	1	0	0	3	3
Argentina	2	0	0	2	0	0
Japan	2	0	0	2	0	0
Jamaica	2	0	0	2	0	0

P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Croatia	2	1	0	0	3	3
Argentina	2	0	0	2	0	0
Japan	2	0	0	2	0	0
Jamaica	2	0	0	2	0	0

SECOND ROUND

GAME 1	GAME 2	GAME 3	GAME 4
Group B runners-up	Group A winners	Group C winners	Group D winners
Group B winners	Group A runners-up	Group C runners-up	Group D runners-up

QUARTER FINALS

GAME 5	GAME 6	GAME 7	GAME 8
Group E winners	Group F winners	Group G winners	Group H winners
Group E runners-up	Group F runners-up	Group G runners-up	Group H runners-up

SEMI FINALS

GAME 9	GAME 10
Game A winners	Game B winners
Game A runners-up	Game B runners-up

3RD/4TH PLACE PLAY-OFF

GAME 11	GAME 12
Game C winners	Game D winners
Game C runners-up	Game D runners-up

FINAL

Winner of first semi-final

Winner of second semi-final

Sunday, July 12 - St-Denis (8pm)



Winning dance... Nigeria's Victor Ikpeba, second left, sprints away after scoring the only goal at Parc des Princes

Group D: Nigeria 1 Bulgaria 0

Ikpeba inspires new dreams

Richard Williams in Paris sees Nigeria's Super Eagles soar on with clipped wings

ONE-nil to the Nigerians? Doesn't sound right, somehow. Nigeria are the team who love danger, who act as if making a comeback from a position of peril were somehow the point of the game. That was how they beat Brazil and Argentina to win the Olympic gold medal two years ago, and it was how they announced their presence in the 1998 World Cup last week, with that tumultuous defeat of Spain. So although yesterday's victory over Bulgaria at Parc des Princes earned them qualification to the tournament's second round, it was hardly a typical performance.

Those of us who were entranced by their triumph in the Olympics, and who interpreted it as *prima facie* evidence of their ability to become Africa's first World Cup champions, will have seen mixed signals yesterday. After taking the lead through a wonderful goal by Victor Ikpeba just before the half-hour, Nigeria played entertaining football without managing to increase the margin. It was as if they needed Bulgaria to score in order to raise the level of their own game. And Bulgaria, although generally unimpressive, did indeed come closer and closer to drawing level as the game

wore on. There was a dreadful miss by Hristo Stoichkov after 65 minutes, when he side-footed wide after Emil Kostadinov had beaten the entire left flank of the Nigerian defence and cut the ball back, followed by a piece of bad luck for Kostadinov himself when, with five minutes to go, he fastened on to Taribo West's headed clearance just inside the area, best Mutiu Adegboju with a sublime Cruyff turn, and smashed the ball against Peter Rufai's crossbar.

No doubt Nigeria would have found a reply, had either chance been made to count. But the coaches of other teams will have found some comfort in the comparatively lax manner they defended their lead. They never seemed really interested in emulating the 3-0 score with which they defeated the same opponents in Dallas four years ago, in their first-ever match in the World Cup finals.

With a fit Daniel Amokachi taking his place in the line-up, Bora Milutinovic fielded a side whose balance suggested a concentration on attack. By the end of the match he had also given Nwankwo Kanu, Tijani Babangida and Rashidi Yekini a chance to stretch their legs, which means that, in effect, he now has two complete forward lines ready to go. But the selection of Mutiu Adegboju in place of the

field to send a free-kick screaming past Zdravkov's left-hand post in the opening minutes. But when Stoichkov drove the ball from 25 yards into Rufai's midriff, and Krasimir Balakov only just failed to lob the goalkeeper, there was a feeling that even a misfiring Bulgaria might fumble their way back into the match. The second half, in which Uche Okachukwu, Ikpeba and Okocha followed Adegboju into the referee's book, found Nigeria often on the back foot, with Balakov's left foot threatening to open them up. For Uche, Nigeria's captain, this was a second yellow card, costing him a place in the final group match against Paraguay.

Kanu's arrival with 25 minutes to go was a welcome sight since it was he, as a 19-year-old, who captained and inspired Nigeria to their success in Athens, Georgia two years ago before undergoing surgery for a serious heart condition. Several of his touches yesterday looked like harbingers of the sort of damage he may be causing as Nigeria continue their fascinating progress. Like the rest of the squad, he appears to see no reason why, when it really counts, his team should ever lose a game of football.

Okocha, the star of the team's opening match, and the potential superstar of the tournament, put his tricks on show in the first half, narrowly failing to flick the ball over Zdravkov on the half-hour and firing narrowly wide on the stroke of the interval. Sunday Okocha, who scored the winner against Spain, again took time off from his anchor role in mid-

Calderwood set to return to Scottish camp with no real chance of playing remaining games

Hadji defies injury rumours

Patrick Glenn in St Remy

RUMOUR is the hardest currency at any World Cup, at times seemingly impervious to all attempts at devaluation. Yesterday's, typically, took some time to debunk. The scufflebutt from the Moroccan camp at Aix-en-Provence, a mere 30 minutes from Scotland's headquarters, claimed that Mustapha Hadji, the North Africans' most influential player, had been injured in training. The significance of this intelligence is that the Scots are due to face Morocco in the final Group A match in St Etienne on Tuesday, with a clear opportunity to progress to the second round for the first time. Any diminishment of Hadji's strength would enhance the prospects of Craig Brown's team.

Hadji, however, spoke to Moroccan journalists soon after the morning session, with no apparent invalidity. What is true is that he has been playing with a broken toe an injury that requires an injection before each match. It is believed that the jab is not effective for the duration of a match and that the Drapeau La Corona midfielder starts to feel discomfort in the final third. Perhaps yesterday's rumour-mongers were simply misled by belatedly receiving word of an existing problem.

The Scots, as ever, will proceed on the assumption that Morocco will be as strong as they can be, although the midfielder, Said Chiba, is out of the match, suspended because of two yellow cards. Darren Jackson, the Scotland striker, is similarly unavailable. There is also now genuine doubt over Billy McKinlay, the Blackburn midfielder, whose abdominal strain is still causing discomfort. He missed training yesterday, although with another three days before the game, he has time on his side.

Alex Miller, Brown's assistant, said that he expected "very few changes" to the Scots' line-up, suggesting that the team which finished the 1-1 draw with Norway in Bordeaux last Tuesday will start against Morocco. Colin Calderwood, the Spurs defender who sustained a double fracture of his right hand in that match, had an operation in London on Thursday and is expected to rejoin the party this afternoon. But, despite the persistent claim from Miller that the player could be allowed — in the event of the Scots qualifying — to play in a second-round match, probably against Italy, next Saturday, Calderwood has virtually no chance of resuming.

He himself is resigned to several weeks of recuperation, having been told by specialists that another fall on the hand could cause serious, permanent damage. Craig Brown missed yesterday's media conference in order to edit tapes of the Moroccan camp, so that serious preparations could begin last night. Along with Miller, he is convinced that the Scots' destiny is in their own hands, dismissing the suggestion that Brazil will take it easy against Norway in their game to be played simultaneously. "The Brazilians won't want to upset their own rhythm with any of that nonsense," said Miller.



Taking it easy... Billy McKinlay watches training with Gordon Durie

Hooijdonk set to end Dutch selection crisis

Hooijdonk set to end Dutch selection crisis

HOLLAND are experiencing a selection crisis ahead of today's game with South Korea, writes Martin Thorpe. The problem for the coach Guus Hiddink is who to play up-front alongside the fit-again Dennis Bergkamp. One idea is to move Ronald Boer from midfield, but there is a growing feeling that Hiddink will plump for the Nottingham Forest striker Pierre van Hooijdonk. The Croatian playmaker Robert Prosinecki knows he and his veteran teammates' time in the international arena may almost be over 11 years after winning the World Youth Championships with Yugoslavia.

We are all around 30 now and this is the last chance for our generation to do something big," said the 29-year-old Croatia Zagreb man. Belgium's coach George Leekens is to turn to Enzo Scifo for inspiration after finally burying the hatchet with the veteran midfielder earlier this year. Scifo is seen as the key to unlocking a Mexico side which heads Group E after their opening 3-1 win over South Korea, with the two sides meeting in Bordeaux tomorrow. He said: "Scifo has come along a lot both mentally and physically. He has really impressed me in training. I need someone creative in midfield who can deliver the killer final pass."

Blatter and Platini over rash of

France's playmaker Zidane was named by FIFA for the World Cup matches in the three games — the first between the two sides — a split decision between the two referees down harder.

Fifa's newly appointed Sepp Blatter, who took office at the end of the midweek, said: "I don't think they don't need to be careful." Fifa's top official to Blatter's charge.

Blatter and Platini over rash of

Society

France 98

No logic in punishing England for the antics of the wild bunch who refuse to mend their ways

David Lacey

IN THE World Cup, for the next 72 hours, Toulouse will be the centre of attention for most of the right reasons but many of the wrong ones.

England's match against Romania in the Stade Municipal on Monday will decide the terms on which Glenn Hoddle's players enter the second round, assuming they get there at all. The result will also determine the depth of English embarrassment which will linger all the time the team stay in the competition.

After the rioting by English fans in Marseille, which accompanied last Monday's opening 2-0 victory in the Stade Velodrome, the game in Toulouse will become the focus for a wide variety of interested parties.

The teams, their coaches and the backroom staff, the match officials and the accompanying sports journalists and commentators will be there for the football. So will the several thousand travelling English supporters whose impeccable behaviour inside the stadium in Marseille offered such a bright contrast to the ugliness outside.

The riot police, with their shields, batons and CS gas at the ready, will be there to meet violence with violence. The news media, cameras all set to roll, will be at their shoulders. And, back home, a

whole army of pundits, politicians, psychologists and professional prattlers will seek to rationalise it all and apportion blame.

The hooligan industry, in short, would appear once again to be alive and kicking. It has even managed to provide a spot of light relief in the person of the eccentric MP and historian Alan Clark, who has compared the scenes in Marseille to the Eton wall game and believes the violent behaviour of those who caused the trouble can be excused because of what he claims is a widespread level of prejudice against English people abroad.

Well, there may be a certain degree of antipathy towards those who, in the name of England, smash up bars and cafes, terrorise their customers, beat up foreigners for the offence of being foreign

and throw chairs at passing cars. But back in La Baule, when the England players flew in from Marseille, the locals turned out to congratulate them and the following morning a large party of schoolchildren were the Football Association's guests at a training session.

La Baule is the sort of seaside resort where a sharp intake of breath might be mistaken for a civil disturbance. Compared to Marseille it is on the planet Neptune.

The argument that England should be ejected from the competition because of the violent behaviour of 400 out of a total English following in Marseille of some 20,000 has no logic.

England are in the position of the pedestrian who inadvertently steps in some dog's business. Until they can

wipe their shoes they will be accompanied by a bad smell which is not of their making. Nobody would suggest, however, that they should be prosecuted for fouling the pavement.

Yet even if England are not the cause of renewed English hooliganism abroad they may find it hard to escape the effects if the remaining group games in Toulouse and Lens, and perhaps later matches in Bordeaux or St Etienne, and Lyon or, Heaven forbid, Marseille again, produce further trouble.

ENGLAND's place in the present World Cup would be jeopardised only if matches were frequently disrupted by crowd violence inside the stadiums, and there has been no sign of this happening. But, in September, Hoddle's team

will begin the task of qualifying for the 2000 European Championship in Holland and Belgium, both even more conveniently situated for the revived hooligan export trade.

In September, England go to Stockholm for an opening qualifier against Sweden, whose security forces would have been alerted by memories of what happened in Malmö during the 1992 European Championship, even if there had been no trouble in France. There is also a match in Luxembourg, who in 1983 vowed never to have England back after visiting fans had trashed the stadium for a second time.

After English clubs had been banned from Europe following the Heysel tragedy in 1985, the FA had to do some hard talking at UEFA to win acceptance for England to

compete in the next European Championship. Much more violence in this World Cup and the exercise may have to be repeated.

What price now the FA's decision to switch its vote for the FIFA presidency from Lennart Johansson, the Swedish president of UEFA, to Sepp Blatter, the eventual winner, in the hope of enhancing its chances of hosting the next World Cup but one?

Having first experienced the violent excesses of English fans abroad before many of those responsible for the latest riot were born, it is difficult to be angry, disgusted or sad any more. They came on in the same old way, they were met in the same old way and it was reported in the same old way.

The next generation will probably be at it 30 years from now. Plus ça change...

A case of two halves

Brian

DIARY

Martin Thorpe



THOSE who despair at the power the World Cup exerts on the global imagination should read on and weep even more.

In Iran the trial of Teheran's mayor on corruption charges has been put back four days to allow "the population to follow the sensitive and important match with the US," says the judge.

Similarly at Southwark Crown Court in London, jurors in one case were spared the mental demands of concentrating on justice while England played Tunisia last Monday.

Ted Raynham, the deputy court manager, explained: "The judges in this case gave the jury a break as they had been considering their verdict for a week and as they were under a great deal of pressure it was thought they might not be able to concentrate properly." The jurors' verdict on England's performance is not known.

Finally, someone soon to be seen in court is the chap in Romania who was watching the game against Colombia on television when his wife came in and switched it off. The chap promptly considered her. He then ran out of the house - to watch the rest of the game down at the local bar.

ENGLAND have Eileen Drewery, Monday's opponent, Romania, who have Italian Bona, a local friend who has travelled to France to present the team's coach Anghel Iordanescu with a magic elixir.

This the players have to smear on their faces before a game and then cross themselves three times. It is unclear whether they have followed this advice, but according to the official World Cup programme the Romanians have another trick up their sleeve anyway.

"They are capable of taking many people by surprise," it reads, "with their superb ball-handling skills."

THOSE up-market accessories makers Louis Vuitton are advertising a special gift made especially to give to the France 98 widow. "It's a good way for a man to say sorry for all the time he spends watching the World Cup on television," says the advert hopefully.

Hopefully? The item on offer is none other than a silver bracelet - complete with football, whistle and boot.

DESPITE the fact that Brian Moore is covering his ninth World Cup, he does not always get recognised in his team-mates' self-loves telling the story of the man who approached him one day when he was out walking near his Kent home.

"Excuse me," said the passer-by, "but don't know you?" "How about football commentator?" Moore prompted helpfully.

"No, no, that's not it," replied the man, still struggling to put a name to the face. Then, suddenly, an expression of triumph lit up his features.

"I know," said the man, "you sweep up at Bromley bus garage."

LOCAL FIFA representatives in Bordeaux got a hit steamed up over last Monday's plans to hold a reception for the newly arrived Scottish players' wives. Refreshments included tea - 10 litres of it. Of course, hardly anyone in France drinks the stuff. And only an emergency appeal for bottles in the surrounding area prevented the women from having to forego their cups.

Hoddle voices his fears as referees start to see red

David Lacey hears the England coach call for common sense as Blatter's views are put into play with predictable results

GLENN HODDLE fears the World Cup will be ruined as a spectacle if referees go beyond their brief of eliminating tackles from behind and show players yellow and red cards for any offence because they believe FIFA expects it.

"It's not going to be a positive step for the tournament if we start getting matches reduced to eight-a-side or nine-a-side," the England coach said yesterday.

"As long as the referees punish the tackle from behind when somebody's coming through you, that's fine. Let's not get carried away with showing out yellows and reds. Left, right and centre just because someone wants it."

That someone is Sepp Blatter, the new president of FIFA, who earlier this week issued a fresh edict to World Cup referees. Concerned that Morocco's Said Chiba had not been punished for planting a set of studs high up on Ronaldo's left thigh in Nantes on Tuesday, he ordered officials to be stricter.

"Players have to be protected," said Blatter. "So far only one person has been sent off because of a tackle from behind and I have seen many more. The refereeing should improve."

The effect of these words was dramatic. The first 20 matches in the World Cup yielded four red cards but the next two produced five.

In Jatro Toro Rendón, the Colombian in charge of Thursday's match in Toulouse, dismissed two Danes, Miklos Molnar and Morten Wieghorst, and a South African Alfred Phiri. Only Wieghorst had committed a tackle from behind.

On Thursday night, at St-Denis, the Mexican Arturo Brizola

Carter sent off Saudi Arabia's Mohammed Al-Khulawi for a mistimed challenge from the side and then showed France's Zinedine Zidane the red card for stamping on Amin Faud Anwar. Of all the dismissals that of Zidane brooked the least argument.

The last time three players had been sent off in a World Cup proper was in the 1954 tournament in Switzerland when an English referee, Arthur Ellis, found himself in the middle of a fracas between Brazil and Hungary which will always be remembered as the Battle of Bern.

While FIFA is rightly concerned that such outstanding talents as Ronaldo should not be consistently backed down, Ronaldo's response to Blatter's orders showed how potentially exciting matches could be spoilt by officious refereeing.

This is what happened in the last World Cup when Mexico and Bulgaria met in New Jersey. Syria's Jamal Al-Sharif sent off a player from each side for small offences but allowed more serious fouls to go unpunished.

Hoddle fully supports the campaign to eliminate the tackle from behind. "This has to be right for the game," he said yesterday. "A lot more defenders in this World Cup are staying on their feet and that makes them better defenders. From a positive point of view you can join up from midfield a lot easier and that is much better for the attacking player."

England's immediate concern, however, is Monday's match against Romania in Toulouse, the first they will play since Blatter intervened in Marseille, although Sol Campbell was booked for a foul late in the game against the side. Hoddle's players were generally at ease with

the Japanese official, Masayoshi Okada. A French referee, Marc Batta, will be in charge next time.

Batta caused controversy during the qualifiers last September when Germany played Portugal in Berlin. The Portuguese were leading 1-0 late in the game when he decided they were wasting time over a substitution and gave the replacement a red card. Ulf Kirsten then equalised against 10 men and Germany went on to qualify while Portugal missed out.

"As a Frenchman he will certainly want to stay in the tournament and referee other games," Hoddle mused, "so we've got to be vigilant. He will probably be strict."

Before the World Cup England recruited Paul Durkin, a FIFA official who will be in charge of Italy's match against Austria at St-Denis on Tuesday, to advise them of what to expect from referees during the tournament. After what happened on Thursday the squad have been reappraised of the situation by Hoddle and his assistants.

"As a coach, controlled aggression is always what you're looking for from your players," Hoddle explained, "but a lot depends on the referee. The real test comes when you're 1-0 down and are having to win back possession more quickly. Hopefully we won't be in that situation."

Paul Ince, one of whose tackles is featured in the FIFA video specifying the sort of fouls they want to see punished severely, consoled himself with the thought that as a midfielder most of his challenges were made head on.

"But you can't get away with anything now, so we'll have to be extra careful," he added.

Only one England player has been sent off in a World Cup proper. Ray Wilkins was dismissed against Morocco in Monterrey in 1986 for a second bookable offence after he had disarmed a Paraguayan striker. Wilkins has caused hurt and bafflement to Dutch fans who expect their footballers, like Caesar's wife and Dennis Bergkamp, to be beyond reproach.

Kluivert had intended to use this World Cup to disavow potential new club managers of the absurd notion that, at 21, he is all but washed up, and prove that off the field he is a mature new man who has outgrown his troubled past. Sadly, controversy snags at his heels as doggedly as defenders who, when physical intimidation does not work, have no shame in reminding him of the darkest moments during his short life as a world figure.

Thus Belgium's Lorenzo Staelens, while realising that names may not break bones, correctly judged that they were sticks which could break Kluivert's concentration, if not his spirit.

Kluivert was sent off after swallowing bait, line and hook when Staelens shouted something which produced such a look of disbelief on his rival's face that most onlookers assumed it must have been racist. In fact, the word, as Kluivert has since reportedly told a Dutch journalist, was not racist but rapist.

Adding false injury to false insult, Staelens then fell to the ground from a Kluivert blow to the chest which was no harder than anything thrown at Mike Tyson by Frank Bruno in their second world heavyweight title fight. Staelens has apologised for the dive, if not the insult, though the renewed damage to Kluivert's reputation is far more real than that to the Belgian's ribs. He is also suspended for the final two group games.



In the red... Kluivert is dismissed against Belgium by the Italian referee Pierluigi Collina

PHOTOGRAPH: THOMAS COEX

Orange with a bitter twist

Roy Collins says the banned Patrick Kluivert will be hoping Holland reach the second round and that he can solve their striking problem

THE decline and fall, at least temporarily, of the striker Patrick Kluivert has caused hurt and bafflement to Dutch fans who expect their footballers, like Caesar's wife and Dennis Bergkamp, to be beyond reproach.

Kluivert had intended to use this World Cup to disavow potential new club managers of the absurd notion that, at 21, he is all but washed up, and prove that off the field he is a mature new man who has outgrown his troubled past. Sadly, controversy snags at his heels as doggedly as defenders who, when physical intimidation does not work, have no shame in reminding him of the darkest moments during his short life as a world figure.

Thus Belgium's Lorenzo Staelens, while realising that names may not break bones, correctly judged that they were sticks which could break Kluivert's concentration, if not his spirit.

Kluivert was sent off after swallowing bait, line and hook when Staelens shouted something which produced such a look of disbelief on his rival's face that most onlookers assumed it must have been racist. In fact, the word, as Kluivert has since reportedly told a Dutch journalist, was not racist but rapist.

Adding false injury to false insult, Staelens then fell to the ground from a Kluivert blow to the chest which was no harder than anything thrown at Mike Tyson by Frank Bruno in their second world heavyweight title fight. Staelens has apologised for the dive, if not the insult, though the renewed damage to Kluivert's reputation is far more real than that to the Belgian's ribs. He is also suspended for the final two group games.

Officially, Kluivert will only say: "He reminded me in a very painful way of something that happened in my private life. I know I should have kept my temper but I couldn't handle it at that particular moment."

Kluivert and three friends were accused of gang rape soon after he arrived at Milan at the start of last season, while his girlfriend was in hospital expecting their first child. The case was dropped for lack of evidence four months ago, though the mud stuck to Kluivert, who 12 months earlier had been convicted of being drunk in charge of a car involved in a fatal accident. A jail sentence

comes to finding a new club, he is no longer in a seller's market.

Kluivert started 26 of Milan's 34 league games last season, though before long he stopped asking for whom the substitute's bell tolled when his coach roared from the bench. He finished just 12 of those games, scoring six goals, and on one occasion was replaced after a prolonged touchline argument with Milan's own fans.

In the past, Kluivert has shown remarkable mental strength and single-minded ambition to produce some of his best performances under the blackest clouds. While awaiting the judge in the

baller has not been burned out already by the fires under his private life.

Bergkamp, bringing a spot of the Arsenal group-therapy technique to a normally argumentative Dutch camp, says: "We'll get Patrick back on track." But though the sympathy from his team-mates is genuine, some question whether he will ever be the same man, and player again.

The sending-off is a huge blow to Kluivert and the Dutch team, whose goalless draw against Belgium, the inhibiting factor of Low Countries rivalry notwithstanding, suggested they are not a team full of goals.

Bergkamp will start against South Korea here in Marseille tonight, though he admits he is not fully fit and doubts he will last 90 minutes. Alongside him in attack will be either Leeds's Jimmy Floyd Hasselbaink, who was uncapped before Holland qualified, or Pierre van Hooijdonk, who has scored five goals in 12 internationals.

Holland should have enough quality to take the necessary points against South Korea today and Mexico in St Etienne next Thursday to qualify for the next stage. But should the unthinkable happen, which is becoming the story of Kluivert's life, he will have to wait for another stage, another time, for redemption.

Some Dutch people are now wondering whether he can survive more slings and arrows

was later commuted to 240 hours' community service.

Life, and football, seemed so simple when Kluivert made his first-team debut for Ajax in August 1994, a month after his 18th birthday. Two years later, by which time he had won two league titles and scored the winning goal in the victory over Milan in the European Cup final, he was one of the hottest young properties in world football.

Fabio Capello, Milan's manager on the night of that 1-0 defeat in May 1996, was convinced enough by Kluivert's striking talent to lure him to the San Siro on wages of £17,000 a week. The move has ended in disillusionment both for the Italian fans expecting a new Marco van Basten and Kluivert himself, who has discovered that if and when it

"A COUNTRY DIVIDED. SHERINGHAM OR OWEN? NOUS OR POTENTIAL?"

See Monday's paper



Blatter and Platini split over rash of dismissals

Russell Thomas

AS France's playmaker Zinedine Zidane was suspended by FIFA for two World Cup matches and South Africa's Alfred Phiri for three games - the most severe punishment of these finals to date - a split appeared between the two men who had urged referees to crack down harder.

While FIFA's newly elected president Sepp Blatter, author of the midweek get-tough edict, announced that "Thursday's referees did their job properly", Mi-

chel Platini complained they "had gone too far" on that day, which saw five red and 11 yellow cards.

"I am happy they heard and understood my message," said Blatter. "Players had gone too far in the early matches - I think they have got the message now."

But Platini, head of the France 98 organising committee, said: "One moment they don't hand out enough cards and the next they hand out too many. The referees need to be a bit more careful."

FIFA's top officials, much to Blatter's chagrin, appear

to agree with Platini. Yesterday a delegation including the outgoing president Jose Havelange and deputy secretary-general Michael Zen-Ruffinen met the referees to try to thrash out problems.

FIFA's spokesman Kith Cooper said yesterday: "FIFA is very satisfied with the technical level of referees in calling handballs and fouls etc., but there is room for improvement in how those infringements are punished."

"In the opening days there was too much leniency; yesterday in particular tended to be in the other direction. The theme for today is searching for the right balance."

Peter Schmeichel, who saw two Denmark team-mates sent off on Thursday, said: "The referee was lucky it was the Danish team and supporters. If that were to happen in the England v Romania game, it could cause trouble among the fans."

Miklos Molnar was banned for two games and Morten Wieghorst for one. Both miss Denmark's final Group C game with France next Wednesday. The South African Phiri's elbowing offence was deemed even more serious.

society

Every Wednesday in the

The Guardian

Ghetto sisters out to show no mercy

T WAS A P G Wodehouse character who vehemently declared: "Sisters are a mistake. You should have set your face against them from the outset." Martina Hingis, the leading women's player in the world and reigning Wimbledon champion, might tend to agree.

"It's difficult to play the Williams family two matches in a row," Hingis remarked after this year's Wimbledon Championships in Kent, Biscayne, where the 17-year-old Swiss prodigy saved two match points against Serena Williams in the quarter-finals only to lose to her older sister Venus in the next round.

Hingis established herself as the world's youngest No. 1 last year with victories in three of the four Grand Slams, and reinforced her position with a second Australian Open title in January.

But suddenly she is facing adversity from all sides. A rejuvenated Monica Seles beat her in the semi-finals of the French Open and now Steffi Graf, out injured for a year, is back and hunting for a remarkable eighth Wimbledon crown.

Meantime the American

Williams sisters, irrespective of Hingis, Seles, Graf or the fast improving Anna Kournikova, continue to insist that the future of women's tennis belongs in their hands. "You'll have to wait," says Venus, a 16-year-old Serena, "I was the junior by 15 months."

Both are exceptional athletes: Venus, seeded seventh for Wimbledon, is all arms and legs and well over 6 ft tall, with a powerful muscular and much more sociable. Between them they have raised such a mighty squall of publicity that you might be tempted to believe the best of the rest are, or will be, mere also-rans.

But their actions only whisper when compared to their many words and off-court publicity stunts. Venus reached the final of the US Open at her first attempt last year, losing to Hingis, but she has progressed beyond the last eight in this year's Australian Open and at Roland Garros.

Serena, who many believe to be the better player, made her Grand Slam debut at Melbourne last year, losing to Seles in the second round and then went down to the Spaniard.

Williams sisters, irrespective of Hings, Seles, Graf or the just improving Anna Kournikova, continue to insist that the future of women's tennis belongs in their hands. "They'll have to wait," Venus, the 16-year-old Serena's 1½-year-old sister, said last year. "I'm a Venus's junior by 15 months."

Both are exceptional athletes: Venus, seeded seventh for Wimbledon, is all arms and legs and well over six feet tall; Serena is smaller, more muscular and much more sociable. Between them they have raised such a mighty squall of publicity that you might be tempted to believe the best of the rest are, or will be, mere shadows.

Yet their actions only whisper when compared to their many words and off-court publicity stunts. Venus reached the final of the US Open at her first attempt last year, losing to Hings, but she was less beyond the last light in this year's Australian Open and at Roland Garros.

Serena, who many believe to be the better player, made her Grand Slam debut at Melbourne last year, losing to her sister in the first round, and then went down to Spain's

Antonia Sanchez Vicario, the eventual champion, in the fourth round of the French Open having led her 6-4, 5-2.

Multi-coloured beads, gold jewellery. **Ralph Lauren** shades . . . the **Williams** sisters, variously dubbed the "Cinderellas of the Ghetto" or "Double Trouble" by their enigmatic father and coach **Richard**, have all the trappings of middle-American



Sister pact . . . Venus, left, holds court with Serena and her father Richard in 1990

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLIVE BRUNSILL
AND KEIL LEVINE

The US tennis establishment has always been wary of athletes who are not prepared to be steadfastly refused to place them within the traditional junior circuit. Venus turned professional when she was 14 years old but only to bypass the WTA rules restricting competition between juniors and under 19ers brought into place after the sorry demise of Jennifer Capriati and other prematurely burnt-out victims of the previous system.

Her first players' just nine tournaments between 1994 and 1996, Serena, currently restricted to 11 senior events, has been brought on rather more quickly principally so she can travel with her sister. Their rapid initial success, particularly in 1995, has made them the fastest player in the history of women's professional tennis to defeat five top 10 players, has led to other youngsters challenging the conventional orthodoxy of the junior tennis treadmill. Such a humble start is a far cry from the trend, although it is not clear

whether Richard Williams's offbeat approach has succeeded simply because his daughters are unique.

On her Wimbledon debut last year, Venus lost to the Polish teenager Gabriela. This year, Venus makes her first appearance this week.

The draw has ensured that only one from the Williams sisters, Kournikova and the talented Croatian 16-year-old, Mirjana Lucic, can reach the quarterfinals, which is good news for Hingis. Kournikova, who lost to Hingis in the semifinals last year, may be the Swiss champion's biggest threat again this time, having beaten Graf at Eastbourne on Tuesday.

But although the rapid rise of the teenies has invigorated and unified the women's game, Graf, Seles, Sanchez Vicario and Jana Novotna are sure to claim the sentimental support. Prior to missing last year's Wimbledon, Graf had won seven times in the previous nine years, but the other three have never won a Wimbledon singles title.

Will they do it before the Williams dynasty rules supreme? As for the keepsakes, "I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm coming," says the 20-year-old Venus. "I'll be there."

—Ruth M. S. Weill, special

Four 'old firm' Wimbledon

Jana Novotna
Born 1970, Czech Republic
Wimbledon record 20th 1st
Turner up 1993 and 1997
Seeded 3

Classic serve and volley games, but blew her big chance against Graf five years ago. Has never won a Grand Slam, principally because her nerves desert her at crucial times. Wimbledon is always her best chance.

Monica Seles
Born Nov 24, Yugoslavia
Age 23
Wimbledon record 16-5
Turner up 1992
Seeded 6

Wimbledon is the only Grand Slam to have eluded her, and she vows to win it more.

ers: determining teenage in-

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

Golmard races into last four

NO ONE has enjoyed the grass courts match so much as practising going into Wimbledon — where he could play the champion Pete Sampras in round three — than Scott Draper. But the Australian was totally outplayed by the 22-year-old Englishman in the quarter-finals of the Nottingham Open yesterday.

Goldmad, a 24-year-old left-hander like Draper, reached his first ATP Tour semi-final with a splendid 6-4, 6-3 victory.

The world No. 93, from Dijon, was mustard hot in the second set but with eight singles wins in two weeks — many of Wimbledon's starters will not have seen him — of practise — Draper was not too upset at losing.

"Now that I'm out it may be a blessing in disguise," he said. "I have not lost any confidence. I know I can win those days when I wasn't quite making my shots. Now I can take a couple of days off and do something different."

One break, in the ninth game of the second set, was all the second Draper faltered in the fifth game, losing it on a double fault and race to the last four games in the set.

Goldmad plays Britain's Danny Sapsford in the first round at Wimbledon. Today's

semi-final will be against Jo Bjorn Bjorkman — the Swede's first since February, when he lost to the world's number one, Dutchman Janssen. "I will be played, as will the other, at 11am. The final will not be before 1.30pm."

Bjorkman is not a typical Swede. He is more Stefan Edberg than Bjorn Borg. "I don't like the word 'Swedish', because I always wanted to go to the net and finish the point."

He loves grass, finds it 'fun', bemoans the fact that the season lasts only four months, and that Wimbledon is on his main goal post for 1998. He made the fourth round in 1994 but has won only one match there since.

"I feel I have a lot more to show at Wimbledon and hopefully I can do it this year. I'm getting back to where I was at the end of last year and if guys want to beat me now they have to be at the top of their game."

Dan C. Prinsloo pushed the Swede but after Bjorkman won a close tie-break he hit with increasing confidence, broke for 5-3 when the German double faulted, and seemed set to love.

In the other quarter-finals seventh seed Byron Black defeated the Italian Gianluca Pozzi 7-6 (5), 7-6 while American wildcard, 7-6, 7-6. Samir Sanjari Sanjari was victorious over 1997 Wimbledon champion Andre Agassi 6-2 over sixth seed Brett Steven of New Zealand.

Time running out for Kournikova

ANNA KOURNIKOVA missed the chance of the first Wimbledon title in her career and will need at least two days' break if she is to avoid missing Wimbledon because of a sprained thumb in her playing hand, while leading Stefan Graf in Thursday's quarter-finals of the Direct Line Championships.

The 17-year-old's best win so far produced the most deflating injury of her career, when she was hurt in her best match led to its two biggest attractions being simultaneously removed.

Although the Russian insisted the sprain is "minor" and she was doubtful to have complete confidence in her when she declined to reveal the thumb during a press conference. Instead she mysteriously appeared and disappeared from the track-suit, top draped continuously over her hand like a waitress with a napkin on an arm.

Two other evasions made her underdog Wimbledon opponent at risk of losing its most marketable player: the statement that she had gone to hospital for an X-ray on the left (not the right) thumb and Kournikova's response on Thursday to the question "What about

the hand?" "What about the match?" she answered.

It was clear the swelling and bruising on Sanchez's face diminished little in 24 hours, and hence Arantxa Sanchez Vicario was given the first walk-over of her career into a final.

Jana Novotna certainly pulled like a champion yesterday, beating Arantxa Zvereva 6-2, 6-1, once covering the court so quickly that she made an improbable winning pass from near the ball-girl at the net, putting her head as she came back.

However, Sanchez Vicario is playing as if the transition from clay to grass is nothing.

Her 4-6, 6-4, 6-4 quarter-final win over Serena Williams obliged her to complete the final set yesterday morning and to contain ground strokes which sometimes looked as if they were designed to puncture balls.

Sanchez Vicario rolled and controlled her replies with an enthusiastic mixture of courage and cunning. But Arantxa, a 26-year-old into mis-swinging a short lob spectacularly from the top of the racket frame straight to the backstop. But Williams's day was not through it will come, while Sanchez's day may be today.

**our price
isn't**

G6-

- Intel Pentium II Processor, 233MHz
- Intel® 440LX ACPset

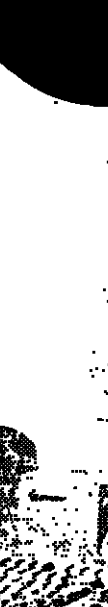
ice

233

- Sound Blaster Audio PCI 64V
- Altec Lansing
- GCS100 Speakers

As
sp
w

load



Pentium III processor
Internet access
Windows 95

you can see, our latest multi-processor specification at a rock-bottom price. You can't start loading yours up until you want it as fast as you can.

[illegible]

17. **Small Business**
 The Small Business Administration (SBA) is a federal agency that provides support and assistance to small businesses. It offers a variety of programs, including loans, grants, and technical assistance, to help small businesses start, grow, and succeed. The SBA also provides training and counseling services to help small business owners and managers improve their skills and knowledge.

**Read the latest
European news without
using a phrasebook.**

*The***Guardian** INTERNATIONAL

هكذا من العمل

Our PC's
loaded,



our price
isn't.

G6-233

- Intel Pentium II Processor, 233MHz
- Intel® 440LX AGPset
- 32MB SDRAM, expandable to 384MB
- 512KB L2 Cache
- 2GB 10ms Ultra ATA Hard Drive
- 3.5" 1.44MB Floppy Disk Drive
- 13X min/32X max 90ms CD-ROM
- MPACT 4MB AGP Graphics Accelerator, with Hardware MPEG2

- Sound Blaster Audio PCI 64V
- Altec® Lansing CCS100 Speakers
- US Robotics® Sportstar Winmodem® with x2™ Technology (56Kbps*)
- 15" EV500 TCO-92 0.28dp Monitor*
- ATX Desktop Case
- 105 Keyboard
- Microsoft® Windows® 95
- MS® Internet Explorer 4.0,
- MS Home Essentials 98
- MS IntelliMouse™
- 3 Year Limited Warranty

As you can see, our latest multimedia PC has a sky-high specification at a rock-bottom price. But as always we won't start loading yours up until you tell us exactly what you want it to do. Once it's yours, there's freephone technical support for as long as you own it and a three year warranty. So if you want a loaded PC that takes a load off your mind, call now for full details.



0800 82 2000

£799 (£972.90 inc.VAT & Delivery)

Let's talk about your Gateway

GATEWAY™ - "Czechoslovakian Industrial Estate" - DESIGN 77 - INSTEAD

<http://www.gateway2000.co.uk>

©1998 Gateway 2000 Europe. All rights reserved. Gateway and the Gateway stylized logo are trademarks of Gateway 2000, Inc. Gateway 2000, Inc. is a registered trademark of Gateway 2000, Inc. The Intel Inside Logo and Pentium are registered trademarks of the Intel Corporation. All other brands and product names are trademarks or registered trademarks of their respective owners. All prices are approximate. All Gateway products are custom-configured by Gateway. Prices and configurations are subject to change without notice. Performance may vary depending on system configuration. *Industry standard protocol is to measure memory using the CRT size. Actual viewing area from the rear view of the monitor is less than the maximum dimension. Performance will vary depending on your local conditions. Gateway 2000 systems will only be delivered following the actualised Microsoft launch date of June 25th 1998.

[illegible]

Putting trouble still haunting Faldo

L

صبركنا من الامل